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**BADGE OF THE SOCIETY
OF THE**



ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

SOCIETY

OF THE

ARMY ^{OF THE} TENNESSEE,

AT THE

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING,

HELD AT

CINCINNATI OHIO.

April 6th and 7th, 1881.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY,

1885.

PRESS OF F. W. FREEMAN,
NOS. 17 AND 19 WEST THIRD STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

The Association shall be known as "THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE," and shall include every officer who has served with honor in that Army.

Honorary members may be elected from those who have served with honor and distinction in any of the armies of the United States.

ARTICLE II.

The object of the Society shall be to keep alive and preserve that kindly and cordial feeling which has been one of the characteristics of this Army during its career in the service, and which has given it such harmony of action, and contributed, in no small degree, to its glorious achievements in our country's cause.

The fame and glory of all the officers belonging to this Army, who have fallen either on the field of battle, or in their line of duty, shall be a sacred trust to this Society, which shall cause proper memorials of their services to be collected and preserved, and thus transmit their names with honor to posterity.

The families of all such officers who shall be in indigent circumstances will have a claim upon the generosity of the Society, and will be relieved by the voluntary contributions of its members whenever brought to their attention. In like manner, the fame and suffering families of those officers who may hereafter be stricken down by death shall be a trust in the hands of their survivors.

ARTICLE III.

For the purpose of accomplishing these objects, the Society shall be organized by the annual election of a President and Vice-Presidents. The Vice-Presidents to be chosen, one from each Army Corps of the old Army of the Tennessee, and a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary.

The Society shall meet once in every year, and those officers who, for any cause, are unable to attend its meeting, will be expected to write to the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and impart such information in regard to themselves as they may desire, and which may be of interest to their brother officers. Honoring the glorious achievements of our brothers-in-arms belonging to other armies, whose services have contributed, in an equal degree, in the re-establishment of our Government, and desiring to draw closer to them in the bonds of social feeling, the President, or either of the Vice-Presidents of this Society shall be authorized to invite the attendance of any officer of the United States Army at any of our annual meetings.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

FIRST. That the first sentence of the third article of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

"The Society shall be organized by the annual election of a President and six Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer."

SECOND. That article third of the Constitution be amended so as to read as follows:

"The number of Vice-Presidents shall be twelve. instead of one from each Corps of the Army of the Tennessee."

THIRD. "That each member may, subject to the approval of the President and a majority vote of the Society, at any annual meeting, designate by last will and testament, or otherwise, in writing, the relative to whom his membership shall descend, and in default of such designation, the same shall, subject to the same approval and vote, descend to his eldest son, and such membership, so descending, shall carry with it all the rights, privileges and obligations of original membership. That in case such deceased member has no son eligible to membership, and has made no designation, then his widow, if she so desire, shall be considered an honorary member, and as such shall receive our care, consideration and respect, and shall be entitled to receive notices of proposed meetings, and reports of proceedings."

FOURTH. "That honorary members may be elected from those who served with honor and distinction in the Navy of the United States."

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

All persons applying previous to, on, or after the annual meeting in eighteen hundred and seventy (1870), for enrollment, shall pay a membership fee of ten dollars (\$10); that the annual dues shall continue to be one dollar (\$1), and persons applying for membership shall pay back dues; that all fees and dues are payable to the Recording Secretary, and all money received by him on account of the Society shall be transferred to the Treasurer, and that all money received as fees shall by the Treasurer be added to the Permanent Fund.

ARTICLE II.

Money for ordinary expenses of the Society may be expended by the Treasurer upon the warrant of the President. All other expenditures only in pursuance of a vote of the Society.

ARTICLE III.

The Treasurer shall make a report to the annual meeting of all receipts and expenditures with vouchers.

The Recording Secretary shall report to the annual meeting all money received by him, and all transferred by him to the Treasurer.

The Corresponding Secretary shall report to every meeting all correspondence of general interest.

ARTICLE IV.

All questions and resolutions shall be decided by a majority of the members present. But amendments proposed to the Constitution shall be acted upon only at the annual meeting subsequent to the one at which they may be proposed, unless the postponement be dispensed with by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

ARTICLE V.

The order of business shall be as follows :

1. Reading of the journal of the previous meeting.
2. Appointment of committees on business and for nomination of officers.
3. Receiving reports.
4. Current business.
5. Election of officers.
6. Adjournment.

ARTICLE VI.

If the Society shall, at any meeting, omit to designate the time and place of the next meeting, the President shall, by due public notice, fix the time and place.

ARTICLE VII.

Whenever any member of the Society is reported to the Corresponding Secretary to have disqualified himself for membership, by reason of dishonorable or vicious conduct, he shall be reported to the President of the Society, who thereupon shall order a court of not less than three members of the Society to investigate the facts and report to the next meeting for the action of the Society in the case.

AMENDMENTS TO THE BY-LAWS.

FIRST. That article fourth of the By-Laws be amended so as to read:

"All questions and resolutions, except amendments to the Constitution, shall be decided by majority of the members present. But amendments proposed to the Constitution shall be acted upon only at the meeting subsequent to the one at which they may be proposed, and shall require a vote of two-thirds of all members present."

SECOND. That any arrears of dues of deceased members may be paid by a relative or friend of a member so as to restore the record of a deceased member, same as provided for restoring the record of a living member who may be in arrears of dues.

PREFACE.

The fourteenth annual meeting was called, and the committee of arrangements announced as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SOCIETY ARMY TENNESSEE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 1st, 1881.* }

To the Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

The fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 6th and 7th, 1881.

The annual address will be delivered by Colonel Ozro Dodds.

All arrangements for the meeting will be under the charge of the following

LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Gen. M. F. Force,	Gen. A. Hickenlooper,	Col. Daniel Weber,
Col. L. M. Dayton,	Gen. Wm. H. Baldwin,	Gen. T. T. Heath,
Major E. C. Dawes,	Maj. Geo. Ward Nichols,	Major T. J. Cochran,
Major R. H. Flemming,	Col. C. W. Moulton,	Col. Jas. S. Wise,
Capt. C. A. Partridge,	Capt. J. V. Lewis,	Dr. E. A. Heighway,
Dr. Wm. R. Thrall,	Dr. D. W. Hartshorn,	Dr. Wm. H. Mussey,
Capt. E. V. Cherry,	Capt. Robert Coverdale,	

Who will give due and timely notice of the details of their arrangements.

Officers who have at any time served with credit in the Army or Department of the Tennessee are, by our constitution, entitled to membership.

Members of kindred societies are cordially invited to participate.

W. T. SHERMAN,

President.

L. M. DAYTON, *Recording Secretary.*

A. HICKENLOOPER, *Corresponding Secretary,*

Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *April 6, 1881.*

The members of the Society having assembled at the Burnet House as headquarters, conforming to arrangements made by the committee, they marched from there to Pike's Opera House, and being called to order by the President, he announcing the Society in session according to its rules, and proceeded to call the orders of business.

On motion of General Slack:

Resolved, That the reading of the Secretary's record of last meeting be dispensed with, and that, as printed in the annual report, they stand approved.

In the order of reports, the Recording Secretary presented statement of affairs as follows:

REPORT OF RECORDING SECRETARY.

CINCINNATI, *November 10, 1880.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,
President:

DEAR SIR:—My last report was dated November 8th, 1879, and was submitted to the Society at its last meeting. Since the date of report, to present time, I have received from the members of the Society, under various dates, an aggregate of \$2,354.76, which has been turned over to the Treasurer as follows:

November 17th, 1879.	\$2,180 00
January 24th, 1880,	75 00
November 10th, 1880,	99 76

Proceedings of the Society

The business of this office has been as usual during the year,—beside the large amount of correspondence pertaining to it, I had a copy of proceedings of last meeting made, and sufficient copies printed to distribute to all the members of record. This action, though not in compliance of any resolution of the Society, has been approved by the executive officers, and I trust will receive the approbation of the Society. The Treasurer has paid the publisher for the amount of his bill.

With this report I hand you a full list of all the books of record, papers and other property of this office, and the same are ready to be transferred to my successor.

Thanking the members, from whom I have received so much kindness and courtesy,

I am respectfully yours,

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

LIST OF RECORDS, BOOKS AND PAPERS,

Belonging to office of Recording Secretary, Society Army Tennessee.

- Nos. 1 and 2. Records of meetings.
- " 3, 4, 10, 11 and 12. Records of money paid by members, memorandums.
- " 5 and 6. Ledger accounts of members.
- " 7 and 8. Receipt books, for monies paid by members.
- " 9. List of members who have gotten certificates.
- " 13. List of officers (incomplete) who served in the Army and Department of the Tennessee.
- " 14. Letter copy book.
- " 15. Blank certificates, for members.
- " 16. Photograph of General McPherson.
- " 17. Two volumes consolidated report.
- " 18. Stamp—Society Seal.
- " 19. Lot of memorandum and miscellaneous papers.
- " 20. Letter Files—1866 to 1880 inclusive.

On motion of General Leggett:

Resolved, That the report of the Recording Secretary be received.

NOTE. Below is a list of names of members who have paid money to the Society through the Recording Secretary during the period January 1st, 1880, to April 23d, 1881, with amounts paid.

The Recording Secretary also calls the attention of the members to Article I. of the By-Laws, which states the amount of the membership fee and the dues. The fee of Life Membership is thirty-five dollars, and, in securing one, a member is credited against above sum all he may have previously paid on account of

membership and dues. When a member is five dollars in arrears for dues, the rule of the Society makes it the duty of the Recording Secretary to drop such member from the report list published.

1880.			1881.		
Jan.	2, Col. H. Van Sellar,	\$1.00	April	5, Col. W. T. Shaw,	23.00
"	10, Surg. C. Gladding,	2.00	"	5, Gen. J. R. Slack,	2.00
Feb.	7, Br-Gen. B. F. Potts,	5.00	"	5, Lieut. R. H. Fouts,	18.00
"	14, Col. James Kilbourne,	1.00	"	5, Surg. W. R. Thrall	2.00
"	14, Capt. Louis Keller,	1.00	"	5, Col. W. M. Dunn,	2.00
"	16, Capt. C. C. Chadwick,	1.00	"	5, Gen. John Pope,	2.00
"	21, Lieut. I. C. Worley,	21.00	"	5, Capt. W. T. Prunty	2.00
Mch.	7, Capt. F. H. Magdeburg,	18.00	"	5, Capt. J. A. Smith,	2.00
"	21, Lieut. F. H. Putney,	2.00	"	5, Lieut. T. W. Bennett,	13.00
April	30, Capt. J. J. Hinds,	4.00	"	5, Col. W. P. Davis,	2.00
May	15, Lieut. F. H. Putney,	2.00	"	5, Capt. A. S. Bixby,	1.00
"	15, Capt. J. S. Menken,	10.00	"	5, Col. P. Flynn,	2.00
Sept.	9, Capt. J. S. Menken,	10.00	"	5, Col. T. T. Heath,	4.00
"	9, Maj. R. M. Thompson,	1.00	"	5, Gen. J. M. Rusk,	2.00
"	9, Gen. W. T. Sherman,	11.76	"	5, Maj. W. H. Plunkett,	2.00
"	9, Br-Gen. B. F. Potts,	3.00	"	5, Col. W. J. Landrum,	1.00
"	9, Col. L. M. Dayton,	3.00	"	5, Col. C. C. Carpenter	2.00
1881.			"	5, Lieut. J. A. Sexton,	1.00
Feb.	9, Col. F. W. Moore,	23.00	"	5, Maj. J. T. Cochran,	2.00
"	9, Gen. G. P. Ihrie,	1.00	"	5, Gen. W. H. Baldwin,	1.00
"	21, Col. D. H. Brush,	2.00	"	5, Col. W. S. Jones,	6.00
Mch.	11, Lieut. Eva Nuckolls,	1.00	"	5, Capt. R. T. Coverdale,	3.00
"	28, Gen. C. J. Wright,	2.00	"	5, Lieut. J. C. Banks,	7.00
"	28, Capt. J. D. Fegan,	2.00	"	5, Gen. B. H. Peterson,	5.00
"	28, Col. B. F. Wright,	1.00	"	5, Col. C. Cadle,	2.00
"	31, Maj. F. C. Nichols,	1.00	"	5, Capt. L. Banks,	2.00
"	31, Maj. O. D. Kinsman,	5.00	"	5, Col. D. Weber,	1.00
"	31, Gen. B. H. Grierson,	6.00	"	5, Surg. A. E. Heighway,	2.00
"	31, Col. J. M. Loomis,	2.00	"	5, Gen. W. W. Belknap,	2.00
"	31, Maj. C. H. Dyer,	2.00	"	5, Capt. E. T. Miller,	2.00
"	31, Capt. E. O. Hurd,	35.00	"	5, Surg. D. W. Hartshorn	7.00
"	31, Lieut. A. H. Mattox,	25.00	"	5, Capt. J. T. McAuley,	2.00
April	2, Capt. A. C. Kemper,	35.00	"	5, Gen. W. E. Strong,	1.00
"	5, Surg. C. Goodbrake,	3.00	"	5, Col. H. T. Noble,	1.00
"	5, Lieut. V. Warner,	2.00	"	5, Lieut. J. L. Bennett,	1.00
"	5, Maj. A. Ware,	5.00	"	5, Maj. D. H. Gile,	2.00
"	5, Capt. M. A. Higley,	2.00	"	5, Lieut. E. E. Nutt,	2.00
"	5, Maj. W. B. Leach,	2.00	"	5, Col. H. Wilson,	2.00
"	5, Capt. C. E. Putnam,	2.00	"	5, Capt. A. W. McCormick	21.00
"	5, Capt. A. R. Robinson,	5.00	"	5, Gen. J. A. Williamson,	2.00
"	5, Gen. J. M. Corse,	2.00	"	5, Capt. C. A. Partridge,	2.00

Proceedings of the Society

1881.

April 5, Col. J. M. Bacon,	5.00
" 5, Lt.-Col. J. H. Thornton,	9.00
" 6, Capt. A. S. Skilton,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. L. L. Parker,	6.00
" 6, Capt. H. M. Neil,	21.00
" 6, Col. Krughoff,	8.00
" 6, Col. J. Kilbourne,	2.00
" 6, Capt. G. W. Porter,	2.00
" 6, Capt. W. S. Burns,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. W. C. Clark,	2.00
" 6, Gen. R. P. Buckland,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. J. W. Porter,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. E. L. Girduer,	2.00
" 6, Capt. J. D. McFarland,	3.00
" 6, Maj. J. S. Wise,	10.00
" 6, Capt. W. A. Wainright,	3.00
" 6, Maj. W. E. Ware,	5.00
" 6, Surg. G. W. Rohr,	5.00
" 6, Col. P. J. Welch,	13.00
" 6, Col. J. C. Stone,	2.00
" 6, Gen. P. Pease,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. D. A. Mulvane,	2.00
" 6, Maj. E. S. Johnson,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. H. C. Adams,	1.00
" 6, Capt. G. A. Pierce,	2.00
" 6, Capt. J. Compton,	5.00
" 6, Capt. A. L. Ogg,	7.00
" 6, Gen. S. Fallows,	1.00
" 6, Lieut. T. W. Letton,	2.00
" 6, Maj. W. M. Beach,	2.00
" 6, Capt. C. C. Chadwick,	2.00
" 6, Capt. Geo. Mason,	2.00
" 6, Capt. W. A. McLean,	2.00
" 6, Capt. E. H. Webster,	3.00
" 6, Surg. J. Keller,	2.00
" 6, Col. L. F. Hubbard,	2.00
" 6, Capt. R. M. Campbell,	1.00
" 6, Lieut. C. F. Matteson,	2.00
" 6, Capt. B. H. Ferguson,	2.00
" 6, Capt. A. C. Fenner,	21.00
" 6, Surg. A. Sabine,	4.00
" 6, Gen. J. W. Fuller,	2.00
" 6, Gen. J. D. Bingham,	2.00
" 6, Capt. C. Reibsame,	2.00
" 6, Gen. W. Warner,	4.00
" 6, Capt. Geo. A. Henry,	2.00

1881.

April 6, Gen. J. W. Noble,	3.00
" 6, Lieut. R. N. Evans,	2.00
" 6, Col. O. S. Jackson,	2.00
" 6, Gen. Jos. Stockton,	2.00
" 6, Capt. E. L. Baker,	2.00
" 6, Capt. A. S. Stewart,	2.00
" 6, Capt. G. L. Paddock,	2.00
" 6, Gen. M. Miller,	2.00
" 6, Capt. W. S. Williams,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. C. Hipp,	2.00
" 6, Capt. I. B. Potts,	2.00
" 6, Capt. C. O. Patier,	2.00
" 6, Col. O. J. Dodds,	2.00
" 6, Col. J. Everest,	2.00
" 6, Maj. E. Powell,	2.00
" 6, Capt. F. Welker,	2.00
" 6, Maj. S. Mahon,	2.00
" 6, Surg. W. F. Cady,	2.00
" 6, Gen. R. N. Pearson,	8.00
" 6, Lieut. C. Gladding,	2.00
" 6, Maj. T. P. Wilson,	2.00
" 6, Capt. J. B. Raymond,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. J. R. Dunlap,	2.00
" 6, Capt. J. W. McMurray,	2.00
" 6, Capt. I. P. Smith,	3.00
" 6, Surg. E. B. Harrison,	2.00
" 6, Maj. F. F. Peats,	2.00
" 6, Surg. O. W. Nixon,	2.00
" 6, Lt. Col. G. H. Hildt,	13.00
" 6, Gen. R. W. Smith,	2.00
" 6, Gen. A. L. Chetlain,	2.00
" 6, Capt. W. H. Barlow,	2.00
" 6, Col. T. Meuman,	4.00
" 6, Maj. J. C. McFarland,	21.00
" 6, Col. B. W. Mason,	4.00
" 6, Capt. J. O. Pullen,	3.00
" 6, Col. D. P. Grier,	2.00
" 6, Lieut. M. Beem,	2.00
" 6, Capt. C. F. Emery,	2.00
" 6, Gen. C. W. Walcutt,	3.00
" 6, Col. G. D. Munson,	3.00
" 6, Lieut. A. G. Gault,	21.00
" 6, Col. C. A. Earnest,	3.00
" 6, Col. J. C. Douglass,	6.00
" 6, Gen. W. H. H. Terrell,	5.00
" 6, Col. W. M. Vogleson,	2.00

1881.		1881.	
April 7, Gen. T. C. Fletcher,	2.00	April 21, — J. W. McElravy,	1.00
" 7, Col. Lowden,	6.00	" 21, Lieut. I. Rapp,	1.00
" 7, Surg. W. H. Mussey,	4.00	" 21, Maj. W. S. Robertson,	1.00
" 7, Maj. R. C. Strong,	1.00	" 21, — W. A. Ruff,	1.00
" 7, Maj. A. Willison,	1.00	" 21, Col. Geo. E. Welles,	1.00
" 21, Gen. W. T. Clark,	1.00	" 21, Capt. B. R. Sherman,	1.00
" 21, Capt. R. B. Frary,	1.00	" 23, Gen. A. H. Sanders,	1.00
" 21, Capt. Jno. C. Hamilton,	1.00	" 25, — R. W. McClaughry,	2.00
" 21, Capt. Holmes Hoge,	1.00	" 25, Col. W. H. Hill,	10.00

The Corresponding Secretary read and submitted the following report:

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

CINCINNATI, April 6, 1881.

Mr. President and Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

GENTLEMEN:—As Corresponding Secretary, I have the honor to report the usual transmittal of notices, etc., and to submit letters received from absent members. I also present herewith, biographical sketches of our deceased members, seven of whom have passed away since our last reunion, viz: Colonel J. J. Palmer, Doctor Thomas L. Harper, General Dwight May, Colonel R. M. Moore, Colonel Joseph C. Audenried, General Charles Turner and Major John E. Simpson.

I can not refrain from again calling your attention to the difficulties experienced in obtaining full and complete biographical sketches of our members after they have died. It should be considered the *duty* of every member of our Society to at once file with the Corresponding Secretary such information as will enable him to compile a brief, but thoroughly reliable, sketch of their lives and military services. The compilation of such a record will, in a very short time, form a most interesting history of the members of our Society.

The "Committee on Invitation" report the receipt of "regrets" from the following named invited guests:

Honorables, C. A. Arthur, James G. Blaine, Robert T. Lincoln, and T. L. James.

Generals, W. S. Hancock, J. M. Schofield, Irvin McDowell, C. C. Augur, D. C. Buell, R. S. Granger Nelson A. Miles, A. H. Terry, Geo. W. Getty, N. W. Brown, H. G. Wright, M. C. Meigs, Godfrey Weitzel, Eli Long, Thomas J. Woods, James K. Barnes, E. D. Townsend, J. H. Taylor, C. B. Comstock, J. S. Fullerton, H. M. Cist, H. C. King and John P. Nicholson.

Admirals, David D. Porter, John Rodgers, John L. Worden, J. S. Rowan and other distinguished officers of the Navy.

Respectfully,

A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary.

On motion of General Slack:

Resolved, That the report of the Corresponding Secretary be received, and together with the biographies of deceased members and the correspondence, be spread upon the records; that the reading of the correspondence be dispensed with and only names of those submitting letters be read.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, *March 13, 1881.*

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret that I shall not be able to meet the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at its next reunion. It is my present expectation to sail from Galveston, Texas for Vera Cruz, on the steamer of April 1. I regret very much missing so many meetings of the society of the army composed of my first command in the great struggle for national existence. But my errand is one of business, and not of pleasure, and can not be postponed.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF WEST POINT, }
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY }
WEST POINT, N. Y., *March 21, 1881.* }

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

89 W. Eighth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have, for many reasons, desired to be at the coming reunion, but I find now that there will be insuperable hindrances in my way.

As the years roll on our numbers are lessening and our heads are whitening. The young people have to labor hard to get even glimpses of the history which our army made; so that more and more our hearts turn to our few remaining comrades for hearty recognition and clearly defined remembrances. I shared with you the fatigues of the campaign and the dangers of the battle. Let me remain in your memories and your hearts as one of your number at least worthy of a yearly recall.

Sincerely yours,

O. O. HOWARD.

(Once) *Major-General Commanding Army of the Tennesseer.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 19, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I shall be greatly disappointed if I can not attend the reunion, but very much fear that it will be impossible for me to do so, as the probabilities are we shall be in the midst of an extra session.

There are a multiplicity of things just now occupying my time to such an extent that I greatly fear I shall be unable to participate. Be assured I will come if I possibly can. Hastily, but sincerely,

Yours,

JOHN A. LOGAN.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY, }
NEW TACOMA, W. T., *April 14, 1881.* }

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I received invitation to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee just five days previous to the day of meeting; of course I could not send regrets by mail. No matter when the invitation had reached me, I could not have attended the meeting. There are constantly pressing duties upon me here and I have to remain at my post.

I want very much the two volumes of the ten annual reports, and will thank you very much to forward them to me by express. If you will kindly inform me of the amount I owe for dues, etc., I will be glad to remit. With kind regards and best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,

J. W. SPRAGUE.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BELVIDERE, ILL., *April 5, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that I shall be unable to attend the reunion to-morrow at Cincinnati. The weather and roads are too treacherous. Good will and hearty greetings to those who do assemble.

Yours very truly,

S. A. HURLBUT.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR SIR:—Your notice of the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee was forwarded to me here from Council Bluffs. I very much regret that I shall be unable to attend.

Very truly yours,

G. M. DODGE.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Secretary Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret sincerely my inability to attend the approaching reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. Your circular notifying of time and place came duly to hand. Official duties confining me to my command compels relinquishing the pleasure which would be enjoyed above all others—

meeting my comrades of this army. The brightest recollections of army life are those connected with this army; its reunions, I hope, will continue to the last survivors. Time, which is so rapidly throwing its veil over the remarkable events of which this army was a permanent actor, is lifted gently by each reunion, that we may look back to the most important period of our lives. Though history will have a secure place on her book-shelves for the Army of the Tennessee, coming generations will think more kindly of our army, whose members met yearly to welcome each other fraternally. When its battles and names of its commanders have become household words, pleasant memories of these reunions will go with them, and as the history of a nation is but a story of its wars, so surely will the Army of the Tennessee be handed down in song and story in years to come. We can scarcely realize how the future will reverence its tattered standards, and the esteem its wonderful leaders will be held. For McPherson, whose statue you are to unveil, a nation's love is secured. To one who knew him, as I did, serving as his chief of cavalry, it is easy to understand why he was so great, and all that served with him should love him. Wishing you a pleasant meeting, I remain,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD HATCH,
Brevet Major-General Commanding.

DECATUR, ILL., *March 18, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Invitations:

DEAR SIR:—I thank the committee for the honor of invitation to the fourteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, April 6th and 7th next, and am sincerely sorry I shall not be able to attend and enjoy the pleasure and interest of the happy occasion.

Your obedient servant,

R. J. OGLESBY.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE, }
COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
FORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, *March 18, 1881.* }

MY DEAR GENERAL HICKENLOOPER:—I very much regret my inability to be present at the next reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee; did not official business prevent, I should be glad to meet once more the gallant survivors of the army which drove the forces of the rebellion before it from the valley of the Mississippi to the shores of the Atlantic. Hoping that your reunion may be a grand success, I remain, with warm regards to yourself and all the other members of the Society,

Very truly and sincerely yours,

GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Burnet House, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHICAGO, April 4, 1881.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Invitations Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have waited until the last moment before replying to your invitation to be present at the reunion of our Society on the 6th and 7th instant, hoping that I might be able to so arrange my own matters as to enable me to attend. I am reluctantly compelled to announce my inability to be present. May you have a successful and pleasant meeting, and each and every one enjoy the occasion as I know I would were I present.

I am, very truly your friend and comrade,

J. McARTHUR.

CAMDEN, CAL., April 2, 1881.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, Cincinnati, O.:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—It is with the deepest regret that I am compelled to forego the pleasure of meeting with my comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 6th and 7th instant. It is doubly annoying, as I had promised myself this pleasure long since, but the distance being so great, it will consume more time than I can possibly spare from my business at this particular time. If you will inform me what my dues are, I will remit same by mail. I know you will have a glorious time, and hope nothing may occur to mar your pleasure. Remember me to my old army friends, and believe me,

Ever truly your friend,

SAMUEL R. ADAMS.

CARBONDALE, ILL., April 5, 1881.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret very much that my business is such that it is impossible for me to meet with my comrades of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the fourteenth reunion. Trusting all who are so fortunate as to be present will enjoy meeting old friends, I am,

Yours truly,

SAM. T. BRUSH,
Adjutant 18th Ills. Inf.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., April 5, 1881.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

Heartfelt greetings to comrades. All greatly disappointed not meeting you.

W. T. BARNUM.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *April 6, 1881.*

To the Army of the Tennessee:

Our hearts are with the Sherman Bummers, but having captured about thirteen thousand prisoners we are obliged to remain on guard.

JOHN T. CAVENDER.

JOHN MCFALL.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman, etc., Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR SIR:—I regret very much that I will not be able to attend the annual reunion of the Society on the 6th and 7th of April. Please remember me to all my old comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

Yours truly,

D. C. COLEMAN,

Late Colonel 8th Mo. Inf.

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE, }
ROSEBUD AGENCY, DAKOTA, *March 18, 1881.* }

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of invitation to the "fourteenth annual reunion" of our Society, and to thank you for the kind remembrance. It is a common thing, I know, to say, "circumstances over which we have no control, etc." and in many cases such excuses go for nothing. Unfortunately I am just so situated, nevertheless, meaningly. The "fortunes of war" and the "smiles of power," have exiled me from the many social and pleasurable enjoyments we love so well. I am sorry I cannot be with you to share in the jollities and mirth that have made our reunions the envy of all societies, is a pleasure debarred me this time. I am too far away; the boundaries of civilization are too remote for me to reach in time to enjoy the blessed privilege of grasping the loyal hands of the true and gallant men who made so many sacrifices in order that our country might live and these reunions be perpetuated. In heart and soul I am with you, and from the "amen corner" if you hear or think you hear "a shout for freedom," charge it to me. The "words of the government," "eight thousand strong" decorated in "union colors" wish you and the society we all love so well, a true Indian blessing and a deliciously joyous voyage when life's labor is ended to the "happy hunting grounds." Make my warmest regards to our brave and gallant chief and the comrades assembled, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN COOK,

Late Brig-Gen. and Brevet Maj.-Gen. U. S. Vol., Ills.

TO GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Receptions, Fourteenth Annual Reunion Army of the Tennessee.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., *March 20, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—Yours of the 17th was received yesterday. Much to my regret I find I shall not be able to attend the reunion of our Society on the 6th and 7th of next month. With kindly greetings to yourself, our President, that superb, grand soldier, (fit to command the Army of the Tennessee or any other army) and all other members of the Society, I am,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

GEO. W. COLBY,
Late Capt. 72d Ills. Vol. Inf.

GENERAL ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee:

KANSAS CITY, MO., *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Society Army Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR COMRADE:—I am in receipt of your circular of February 1st, advising me of the meeting of our Society at Cincinnati on the 6th of April next. Please accept my thanks for the invitation, etc. While I would very much like to be present at this gathering of comrades, I am yet constrained to decline being present, mainly because of pressing business engagements, yet I shall be there in thought and spirit, and I know those who will there assemble will have a joyous time, which I hope will tend to cement yet further those ties which usually bind those together who have borne the brunt of battle and siege in the time of our country's peril. With a kindly greeting to yourself and all my comrades, I remain,

Yours truly,

ROBERT C. CROWELL,
Late Maj. 26th Mo. Vol. Inf.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

NEW YORK, *April 4, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I have deferred writing till the last moment, with the hope and expectation of being present at the meeting of the Society. Owing to pressing business matters, which calls me into another section of the country, I find I must forego the pleasure of meeting with you this year. I regret this exceedingly, as I should like above all things to participate in the glorious time I know you will have, and which I wish you from my heart. With kindest regards to all my old comrades, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JNO. CRANE,
Ex-Adjutant 17th Wis. Inf.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

FORT DODGE, IOWA, *March 30, 1881.*

DEAR SIR:—I have your circular letter of February 28, inviting me to attend the forthcoming annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Ten-

nessee, at Cincinnati, on the 6th and 7th days of April. I regret that circumstances will prevent me from participating in the pleasures and festivities of the occasion. Whilst I cannot be with you in person, in spirit and sympathy I shall participate in every greeting and hand shake and ceremony of the joyous two days reunion. I enclose you two dollars to cover my dues to the Society. With great respect,

Very truly yours,

C. C. CARPENTER.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, *March 29, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—With much regret I am compelled to be absent from our fourteenth annual reunion, in the grand old loyal, social city of Cincinnati. Closing up my business as postmaster—as I am "*de functus officio*,"—my wife succeeding me, compels my presence here for some time. During the summer I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you and renew army recollections and times. With the kindest and warmest greetings to the comrades assembled and personally to yourself, and trusting, as I know you will have, a grand old "camp-fire," I am, fraternally,

Your friend and comrade,

F. C. DEIMLING,

Late Colonel 10th Regiment Missouri Volunteer Infantry Army of the Tennessee.

DENISON, IOWA, *April 2, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

DEAR SIR:—I had intended to be present at the meeting of the Society this year, but find it will be impossible, as I am confined to the house most of the time with a fever sore, caused by a severe attack of typho-malarial fever just after the fight of Pea Ridge, Missouri, in March, 1862. Please change my address from Delart to Denison, Crawford county, Iowa. Sincerely wishing that you may all enjoy a happy reunion, I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

B. F. DARLING,

Late Captain Co. A., 9th Regt. Iowa Vet. Vol. Inf.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., *April 4, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I expected to have the pleasure of meeting with you, but find that I cannot do so, and can only send you my best wishes for an enjoyable reunion. Please send me memoranda of amount of my dues and I will send check.

Very truly yours,

J. C. DARRAGH.

THE FARGO DAILY ARGUS. }
A. W. EDWARDS, 70 FRONT ST., }
FARGO, D. T., March 31, 1881. }

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—The "assembly" for the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee has reached me way up in this bonanza country, and much to my regret, I am compelled to allow my name to be recorded among the absent. Spring, gentle spring, is here and it requires a considerable amount of nerve to leave this balmy northern air, and risk one's self in the snow banks and chilly atmosphere incident to the States. Were I to start, there is no certainty that after leaving the "belt," I would not be snowed in, and be unable to reach you within the time that I could spare from my business. Present my sincerest regrets to the comrades of the Army of the Tennessee that I am prevented from meeting with you. We of the Red river valley of the North are on the picket line, and I know I speak the sentiments of my comrades in this beautiful climate in wishing you a happy meeting, fraught to the brim with pleasant memories of former campaigns.

Very respectfully,

A. W. EDWARDS.

LACON, ILL., March 25, 1881.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE AND OTHERS,

Committee on Invitations Society Army of the Tennessee:

GENTLEMEN:—Thanking you for your invitation to meet the Society at Cincinnati, at its fourteenth annual reunion, I regret to say that it will not be possible for me to attend. Wishing yourself and all the other members of the Society a happy reunion, I am,

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

G. L. FORT,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel Army of the Tennessee.

MARIETTA, O., April 7, 1881.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Executive Committee Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the fourteenth annual reunion of our Society. I regret exceedingly that ill health will deprive me of this great pleasure. You and Sherman and Hickenlooper and Dayton very well know how I should enjoy the greetings, the songs, and every other feature indeed of the meeting. As I read last evening the account of your gathering and the proceedings, the old Tennessee blood in me pulsed through every vein, and stirred me as only the recollection of such events could. I know of nothing that could afford me so great a pleasure as to have been with you yesterday and to be with you to-night at the banquet, to sing the old songs, to recount the old stories, and to drink to the old flag, to the Army and Navy, and the girls,

with every soldier at the table, would have been joy indeed. I fancy there will soon come a reunion, when all who will be able to respond will be the immortal Sherman,* (who will never die) Force, Hickenlooper and Dayton, and probably Caleb Bates, Hunter Brook, and General Nathan Kimball, of the Army of the Cumberland. But my sincere prayer is, this day may be far distant. I am,

Respectfully your obedient servant,

B. D. FEARING.

FORT CONCHO, TEXAS, *March 24, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—Your kind invitation to attend the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Cincinnati, on the 6th and 7th proximo, is received. It would afford me much pleasure to meet and personally greet my old friends and comrades at the time specified, and I greatly regret that official duties here will prevent my attendance. I trust that the meeting will prove pleasant, beneficial, and every way satisfactory to all who participate.

Very respectfully and truly,

B. H. GRIERSON,

Colonel 10th Cavalry, Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

ST. LOUIS, *March 24, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the next reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. Owing to pressing business engagements, I shall be unable to attend, for which I am extremely sorry, as I have always enjoyed the reunions of our Society. Hoping that this reunion may be as pleasant and successful as those in the past, I remain,

Yours truly,

D. P. GRIER,

Late Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.

CHARITON, IOWA, *April 2, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I greatly regret that it will be impossible for me to attend the fourteenth reunion of our Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Hoping it may be as happy and propitious as all its predecessors, I am,

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. GIBBON,

Late Surgeon 15th Iowa Regt., Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Vols.

ELROY, WIS., *March 31, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

*Chairman Committee of Invitations Society Army of the Tennessee,
Cincinnati, Ohio:*

MY DEAR SIR:—I am just in receipt of invitation to participate in the exercises of the fourteenth annual reunion, and I very much regret my inability to be present. I have just accepted a position with the C., St. P., M. and O. railway, and can't get away. Permit me to thank the committee for the kind invitation, and hoping you may have a pleasant reunion and a joyous good time, I am,

Very respectfully,

H. L. GRAY.

PARIS, MO., *March 22, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that I shall be prevented from meeting our comrades in reunion on the 6th and 7th of April, at Cincinnati. I know the meeting will be an interesting one, as they all are, and as the years go by these reunions must grow in interest. Since our last reunion, I have changed my residence from Pekin, Ill., to this place. I find many citizens here who fought against us, but they accept the results of the war, and give Northern men, who come here to settle among them, a very cordial welcome. Hoping the coming reunion will be as enjoyable as those in the past have been,

I am, very respectfully, etc.,

W. F. HENRY,

Late Captain Co. B, 103th Ill. Inf.

DECATUR, ALABAMA, *March 5, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE:

DEAR SIR:—The invitation of your committee has been received via Santa Fe, for which please accept thanks. I am very sorry to be unable to be present with our comrades the 6th and 7th inst., at Cincinnati. Though absent in person, I, with hundreds of others in this section of our common country, are present in spirit, ever holding in sacred remembrance the heroes of Shiloh, which this reunion commemorates—both dead and living.

The federal soldiers of the South send hearty greetings, though largely forgotten by their Northern comrades, and their widows and orphans left to the tender mercies of the ever relentless enemies of the Union. My best wishes for a grand reunion. May the defenders of the Union, North and South, ever be united.

Truly your comrade,

J. J. HINDS.

MILWAUKEE, *March 14, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary:

DEAR SIR:—I find myself unable to be with comrades of the Army of the Tennessee at the coming annual meeting. I feel it a duty to be present when I can, for each year makes sad havoc in the ranks of the living members, but in this case duty to comrades is overcome by duty to others that cannot be neglected. With love to all, and the wish for a glad time, I remain,

Yours truly,

C. S. HAMILTON.

AIKEN, S. C., *April 1, 1881.*

DEAR SIR:—I will not attempt to convey to you my *sincere regret* at my inability to be present at the coming reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Ever since it was determined to hold this meeting in your city, I have looked forward to it with a great deal of pleasure, and *particularly* on account of its being the home of our *faithful and efficient* treasurer and secretaries, as well as a large number of the members of the Society, among whom are many of my *warmest personal* friends and comrades.

Please say to General Sherman and Colonel Bacon that I little thought when I left them at Glyndon, Minn., last July, that my promise to meet them at Cincinnati would not be fulfilled, and that the cause therefor is the result of a *severe* cold contracted while we were at Winnebago, and which accounts for my being here in this land of "sunshine and pines "

Wishing your meeting will be harmonious and profitable, I am,

Faithfully yours,

JNO. C. HAMILTON.

TO GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE, U. S. ARMY, }
 NEW YORK CITY, *March 16, 1881.* }

MY DEAR SIR:—I have this date received notice of the fourteenth reunion Army of the Tennessee, and regret to inform you that I will not be able to be present.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN P. HAWKINS,
Major U. S. A.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Secretary Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. *April 2, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary. Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—Have delayed forwarding my sincere regrets for April 6 and 7, hoping circumstances might so present themselves that I would be able to

participate in the coming reunion. The memory of November '79 still haunts me, and I long for more, but the fates say nay. Enclosed find \$1 draft for annual dues; if I am wrong as to amount, please advise. May the meeting of '81 be crowned with that success your arduous labors merit, and be filled with pleasure and good cheer, is the wish of your fellow member.

HOLMES HOGE,

Late Captain and A. Q. M., of U. S. Volunteers.

COLUMBUS, MISS., *April 3, 1881.*

GENERAL HICKENLOOPER:

DEAR SIR:—I expected to get through a professional engagement here in time to reach Cincinnati on the 6th, but it looks now as though I should be disappointed. I especially regret this inasmuch as the Society did me the honor at its late reunion in Chicago to entertain and refer a proposition of mine looking to some systematic effort to collect and edit biographical facts respecting all the members of the Society. I have thought this might be done; we might prepare and print a pocket biographical dictionary of all members of the Society, which should contain the following statistics: name; name of parents and wife, if married; date and place of birth; early education; collegiate education, if any; professional studies, if any; profession or business; public offices held, with dates of holding them; time and place of enlistment or of entering military service, with rank at that time; subsequent promotions, if any; list of battles, marches, or other services in the army; wounds, if any; capture and place of confinement by enemy, if any; date and manner of leaving the service, if out; profession or business since end of the war; public offices held since end of the war, with time of holding them; post office address. All this to be purely statistical and very brief. It would be our introduction manual and would help to make the members acquainted with each other. *Secondly*, continue to print biographies of deceased members with the minutes of proceedings of the annual reunions. To gather up and edit these biographical facts will require some time and attention, perhaps more than the present officers could spare; hence I thought it might be well to add another who may be called a biographer, or assistant corresponding secretary. Hoping and knowing you will have a good time, if not a "high old time" on the 6th and 7th, I remain,

Yours truly,

CHARLES E. HOVEY.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI, }
CHICAGO, ILL., *March 16, 1881.* }

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR GENERAL:—Regretting my inability to avail myself of the polite invitation to participate in the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, I remain,

Yours fraternally, etc.,

B. J. D. IRWIN,

Surgeon and Brevet Colonel U. S. Army.

*Proceedings of the Society*NEW ORLEANS, *March 21, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

GENERAL:—I find it impossible to be present at the annual reunion to be held April 6th and 7th, in your city. Extend for me best wishes to all old comrades present and absent. I suggest Memphis as a good place for the next meeting: it is central and easily reached by members of the Society living in the South, and will recall old memories vividly to the thousands of the Army of the Tennessee formerly so familiar with that vicinity; it is full of old soldiers of our army and other pleasant people, and is large and active enough to take care of a good sized assemblage, and I know the southern people would extend a cordial welcome, as evidenced by the recent visits to this city of the New York 71st, the Boston Lancers and Charlestown Cadets.

Yours,

E. JONAS.

*Late Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and A. D. C. 16th Corps.*LEADVILLE, COL., *March 16, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—Notice of the meeting of the Society duly received, and I very much regret that I am unable to attend. Please accept my best wishes for all the members of the Society.

Very truly yours,

C. C. KELLOGG.

LEBANON, TENN., *March 29, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR GENERAL:—Had hoped this time to be with you, but circumstances prevent. No doubt you will, as always, have a very pleasant reunion—certainly I hope so. Remember me to all our comrades. Do you know where Cadle is?

Yours truly,

O. D. KINSMAN,
*3d Brigade, Blue Arrow.*WHIPPLE BARRACKS, }
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, *March 30, 1881.* }

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Cincinnati, O.:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have just received your invitation to attend the fourteenth annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Cincinnati on the 6th proximo. I regret exceedingly my inability to be

present, knowing from past experiences how pleasant a time you will have, and hope at some future time to be nearer the scene of action. With kind regards to all,

Very truly yours,

R. S. LAMOTTE,
Lieutenant-Colonel 12th Infantry.

CLEVELAND, *April 4, 1881.*

DEAR HICKENLOOPER:—I regret that it will not be in my power to be present with you at the reunion of the officers of the Army of the Tennessee. Professor Vennor's last effort in his snow contract has left me a daily attendant at surgeon's call. With sincere regards, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

FRANK LYNCH,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel 27th O. V. I.

WEST UNION, IOWA, *March 28, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I had fully intended being present at the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, April 5th and 6th, but a session of our county commissioners at that time will deprive me of the pleasure of meeting our commander and comrades. Trusting that there will be a good attendance and a pleasant good time, I am,

Yours very truly,

J. H. LAKIN,

GALESBURG, ILL., *April 4, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—On account of sickness in my family (scarlet fever), I will be unable to attend the reunion at Cincinnati this year. I regret this very much, as I had looked forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. Hoping you will have a large attendance and a glorious good old time. My kind regards to all comrades. I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

C. E. LANSTRUM.

WASHINGTON CITY, *April 4, 1881.*

MY DEAR HICKENLOOPER:—I am greatly disappointed that I can not be with you at the reunion of our Society on the 6th and 7th inst. I had intended to leave for Cincinnati to-night, having procured my tickets for that purpose. I am an invalid, and we are in the midst of a snow storm, which will render it imprudent for me to take the risk of travel in my present condition. I am

just recovering from a most aggravating catarrhal disease with which I have been afflicted for the past seven years, and am forbid by my physician from taking any chances in such weather. I specially regret not to be with you at the coming meeting, because I have been unable to attend the meetings of late years for the reason given above. How I would enjoy the meeting!—the best days of my life were spent in and about the city of Cincinnati; I know the city and very many of its citizens; I would personally know every member of the Society present, many of whom I have not met for a long time; I would probably know every invited guest. How I would be refreshed by the sweet memories of our early fellowship! May the bonds of that fellowship be more strongly cemented at the meeting on the 6th and 7th. Invoking for you, and all the members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, wherever they may be, the blessings of God and the benefits of the government you contributed so much to save, I am,

Very respectfully, your friend and obedient servant,

A. H. MARKLAND,

Formerly Superintendent of Mails for the Armies of the U. S.

FARGO, D. T., *March 16, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your invitation to attend the fourteenth reunion of our glorious old army was duly received. Important business engagements will prevent my attendance, but I will be with you in spirit, so to speak—and while I think of it, there is where my chief regret is—to miss all the choice spirits, alcoholic and vinous, (to say nothing of the buttered watermelon,) is to a man spiritually inclined a grievous disappointment. But I gracefully submit to the inevitable, knowing, as I do, which is consolatory, that rheumatism of the hair can not be cured in a day, even by the all-powerful St. Jacobs' Oil. Then, whilst I can but envy you the grand old time you will have, I shall at least have the satisfaction of enjoying, in anticipation, the meeting of 1882, which I shall surely attend if I am spared, and Dayton will undoubtedly say that if I am not spared I will not be expected.

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. A. MORTON.

MADISON, WIS., *March 21, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret to say that circumstances will not permit me to attend the meeting of the Society on the 6th and 7th proximo. I hope you will have another of those happy and successful reunions for which the Society has become noted.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. G. MAYERS.

WEST LIBERTY, IA., *March 21, 1881.*

A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of March 8th is received, and in reply will say that it is not in the bounds of possibility for me to be present at the meeting, April 6th and 7th. Hoping that all may enjoy the reunion, and regretting that I cannot be present, I have the honor to be,

Very truly, etc.,

J. W. McELRABY.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 dues. Thanks, I am supplied with the volumes reporting proceedings.

CHICAGO, *March 22, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR COMRADE:—Complying with Dr. Thrall's request, I notify you that my being present at the fourteenth reunion of the dear old Army of the Tennessee Society will be very doubtful. I should be delighted to attend, and will do so if at all possible, but as there is so little hope of my doing so, I will not ask a place saved for me, and if I should come will not complain if I should be crowded out by the great numbers of the old comrades that I hope you may have with you on this occasion. Wishing you all a royal good time,

Very sincerely yours,

J. THOMPSON MOSS,

Late 1st Lieutenant 53d Ill. Vols.

CHICAGO, *March 26, 1881.*

GENERAL ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,

Recording Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—It is apparent to me that I will not be able to attend our reunion at Cincinnati, April 6th and 7th, proximo. I trust those present will have a royal good time.

Yours truly,

BENJ. F. MONROE,

Late Captain 8th Ill. Infantry.

FORT MADISON, IOWA, *April 2, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Burnet House, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR GENERAL:—Invitation to be present at the fourteenth reunion duly received

At the close of the war I turned my sword into a plow-share, and named it the "Morrison plow." It made a very useful implement, and the demand has become so great that I am detained at home supplying the demand.

Although personally unknown to many of you, my heart is with you in

your deliberations. My cheek glows with pleasure, and my heart beats more quickly, when I think over the "old days," when, a beardless boy in the 7th Iowa, we marched to the front, and received the first baptism of blood at "Belmont." God bless you all.

Yours fraternally,

J. B. MORRISON,

Captain 7th Iowa and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your kind invitation to attend the reunion of our Society is just at hand, for which accept thanks. I regret that my business relations are of such a nature as to prevent me from attending. You have my best wishes for a good and successful meeting, which the old Society always has.

Yours truly,

WM. McCRORY.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,
Chairman of the Committee of Invitations, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that business affairs will prevent me from attending the reunion this year, but I can, nevertheless, wish you all a very pleasant time, and hope to "be there" at some future gathering.

Yours, very truly,

JNO. H. MUNROE,

Late Captain and A. A. G., Army Tennessee.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL., *April 6, 1881.*

GENERAL HICKENLOOPER,
Burnet House:

Death in my family prevents attendance. Love to all comrades.

THOS. J. NEWSHAM.

GENERAL SHERMAN,
Cincinnati:

Cordial greeting to old commanders and comrades; health, happiness and long life.

E. F. NOYES,

16 Government Paris Legation K. C.

FORT WARREN, MASS., *March 30, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—Notice of the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee has reached me, and I regret exceedingly that I am unable to

attend. I have had the very great happiness of meeting my comrades at Cincinnati, in 1866; at Louisville, 1869; Madison, 1872, and at Washington, 1876, and I trust I shall be able to meet them each year hereafter until the end. I am, General, with much respect,

Yours truly,

F. C. NICHOLS.

CHICAGO, *March 17, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret that I shall be unable to attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee in your city—a conclusion reached with extreme reluctance, but business engagements forbid.

Very respectfully,

JNO. C. NEELY.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK, *March 23, 1881.*

DEAR HICKENLOOPER:

I regret much to have to say to you that, owing to the business of my office, (tax collecting,) and our city election being on 5th day of April, I shall have to request you to present my regrets to all the boys. We will have quite a fight over city election, and *we* must win it, *and we will*. Kindest wishes to all.

Your friend,

W. S. OLIVER.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO, *March 3, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:

I wrote to you, and also to General M. F. Force, that I would be present at the meeting. I have had a serious attack of rheumatism, within a day or two past, and find that I *will not be able to attend*.

Please tell Force this, and consider me with you, *in spirit*, and hoping you will all have a good time, I am, as ever.

Yours,

J. A. POTTER.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary.

HELENA, MONTANA, *March 25, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—Again I am compelled to send regrets. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to be present at your meeting, but engagements here render my absence an impossibility.

Yours truly,

B. F. POTTS.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

AVON, ILL., *March 18, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—At this time it looks as though I should be unable to be in attendance at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee next month. It is with regret I make this announcement. Trusting that you will have a splendid time, I remain, General,

Your friend and obedient servant,

LEONARD F. ROSS.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Invitation, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHICAGO, *April 5, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman:

DEAR SIR:—I sincerely regret not being able to attend our reunion, owing to the absence from home of my partner, which prevents my being with you on the joyous occasion, also having the opportunity of again paying my respects to the memory of our noble and great McPherson.

Looking back, each year makes us feel more and more lonely, as we realize there are fewer of us, and causes these meetings to be more precious. I feel it more as I see my old and noble battery boys dropping off, and the number left is so small, but in their stead our *families* fill our hearts, our *children* their places, and we trust will stand as ready to answer their country's call. Perhaps I ought to tell why my mind runs in this strain; well I will. Since our last meeting there is added to my family a boy, born on the anniversary of the *surrender of Fort Donelson*, a victory which was celebrated in Chicago with greater excitement than any other during the war, it being the first gleam of success. At the time I was A. A. A. General for *W. H. L. Wallace*, who commenced the battle, and commanded his brigade with marked generalship to the end, and in memory of the victory and my beloved General, who was killed at Shiloh, I named the boy for both, thereby having a *Wallace Donelson* to remind me of the *noble* and the historic past. Wishing you all a very brotherly and happy reunion, I am,

Your comrade,

ISRAEL P. RUMSEY.

CHICAGO, *April 2, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—The usual notice of meeting of Army of Tennessee has been received. I regret that I shall be unable to attend; but will do the next best by enclosing my annual dues, \$1.00, which I would thank you to acknowledge at your leisure. With cordial greeting, I remain,

Yours very truly, etc.,

W. A. RUFF.

CARBONDALE, ILL., *March 17, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati:

DEAR SIR:—Your notice of the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, duly received. I regret I shall not be able to be present.

Enclosed please find one dollar, my annual fees.

Very truly yours,

ISAAC RAPP.

CHICAGO, *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary:

GENERAL:—I regret exceedingly not being able to attend the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in your city, April 6 and 7. Wishing you all a very happy reunion.

I am, very truly yours,

A. N. REECE.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—It is with sincere regret that I find my professional engagements preclude the pleasure of my attending the fourteenth annual meeting of our honored Society. By our valued mutual friend, Colonel Fred. Welker, (God bless him!), I send affectionate greetings to comrades whose hands I would be happy to grasp in fraternal reunion. Wishing you all a most enjoyable occasion, I have the honor to be,

Very courteously yours,

W. S. ROBERTSON

Late Major 5th Iowa Infantry.

CHICAGO, ILL., *April 6, 1881.*

MY DEAR GENERAL:—My health is such that on account of the cold, disagreeable weather, I dare not make the trip to Cincinnati to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and am in consequence greatly disappointed.

Yours, etc.,

J. S. REYNOLDS.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, etc., Cincinnati, Ohio:

HAVANA, ILL., *March 30, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, Society Army of the Tennessee:

Thanking you for your very cordial invitation to attend the meeting of our Society at Cincinnati, on the 6th and 7th of April, I have to announce my very great regret at not being able to be present on the occasion, which will doubtless give so much pleasure to those in attendance. I am,

Yours very truly,

J. M. RUGGLES.

MADISON, WIS., *March 26, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I have been absent from home for a long time, and but for this your letters, etc., would have been promptly answered. I hope to be at the meeting of our Society on the 6th and 7th proximo, but as the time for making the necessary preparation is short, I can not to-day say positively that I will be with you. Hoping you may have, as usual, a good jolly time, I am,

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

GENERAL HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary, etc., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CATALINA, ARIZONA, }
 SANTA CATALINIA MOUNTAIN. }

MY DEAR HICKENLOOPER:—Few of our army meetings have I missed, and I exceedingly regret that I have to let Shiloh's anniversary go by. I remember so well how splendidly the rebels struck us in the face, and pounded us all that Sunday, and I remember with vastly more pleasure, that when Nelson took a hand in the fight, how we turned the scale and drove the gallant boys into their hole at Corinth—when Albert Sydney Johnston went down the fight was ours.

Jeff Davis went to Atlanta and relieved Joe Johnston, who never left us a camp kettle on that whole grand campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Davis lost. Sherman and Johnston played the most magnificent game of chess on our going to Atlanta, that history has recorded. I would like to see Sherman and all of you, and stay with the bummers all night. I would like to hear Church sing "Old Shady." I am afraid the dear old fellow is dead. Let me know; if he is not send him out to me—this climate may save him. I can't get to you this time on account of my mining, so *please* send me your papers giving the account of the proceedings, won't you? I will send to town and get a demijohn of whisky and invite every soldier in this mountain that I know to my cabin, and have a reunion of my own, at the time of your banquet in Cincinnati.

Very truly your friend,

E. W. RICE.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DECATUR, ILL., *April 6, 1881.*

DEAR GENERAL:—At the last moment I find that it is impossible for me to meet with our comrades of the "Army of the Tennessee" in this, the fourteenth annual reunion, which none can regret as much as I. Please remember me to all the members present. Wishing you all a very happy reunion, I am,
Yours truly,

GEO. R. STEELE.

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Invitation, etc., Cincinnati, Ohio.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., *March 17, 1881,*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—It is my hope and desire to be present at the annual meeting of our Society of the grand old Army of the Tennessee, but cannot as yet, from certain business anticipations, fully decide. Nevertheless, should I fail to come, you and my old comrades may be sure my heart and best wishes are with you.

Fraternally yours,

J. A. SMITH,

Late Captain 7th Ill. Vet. Infy. Army of Tennessee.

DES MOINES, IOWA, *April 9, 1881.*

GOVERNOR A. HICKENLOOPER,

Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have just returned from an absence of several weeks. I very much regret that it was impossible for me to meet with you and our Society, but it was utterly out of the question. I could not escape my business engagements. I am glad to know, through the papers, that the occasion was an enjoyable one to all who were so fortunate as to be present, and I sincerely hope we may all be spared to meet once again at our next reunion.

Enclosed please find amount of my annual dues.

Very truly yours,

B. R. SHERMAN,

Late Captain "E" 13th Iowa Infy Vols.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, *March 29, 1881.*

GENERAL M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Committee of Invitation, etc., Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge invitation to attend the fourteenth reunion of Society Army of Tennessee, to be held in April, at Cincinnati. My "regrets" on this occasion, of inability to attend, are the more

sincere from the fact that the reunion is to be held in the city where I was born, and where I lived till, in patriotic spirit, I sacrificed my own personal interests for the glorious city's welfare, and got out of it. Some similar patriotic feeling, even in less sensitive natures, like "Hick's" and Dayton's, for instance, might have lost Cincinnati a few more citizens, but possibly destroyed the success of this reunion.

It is a gratifying reflection to me, however, that if I cannot be with you at "Pike's Opera House," I anticipated, by more than half a century, the good taste which made you select its particular locality for a grand purpose, by having, in the grander design of a future militia brigadier, consented to be born right there. Allow me to say, sir, in wishing all of "youn's" a good time at the fourteenth reunion, the voice of no orator at the Opera House will ring louder to-day than mine did over fifty years ago, within a hundred yards, perhaps, of the identical spot where the speaker stands, nor secure a more "spanking breeze" of applauding response.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ADD. H. SANDERS,
Colonel 16th Iowa, Bvt. Brig.-Gen. Vols.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., *April 4, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret much that I cannot be at our reunion in your city. I had made arrangements to go down, but I find it impossible to get there in time for even the last day, so don't reserve a seat for me. I know you will have your usual good time.

Very truly,

EDWARD SPEAR.

PEORIA, ILL., *March 29, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret most exceedingly my inability to attend the reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee, to be held in your city April 6th and 7th, 1881. Will try to attend the next reunion, wherever it may be held. Trusting you will all have a very enjoyable time, I remain,

Very truly,

S. S. TRIPP.

PECATONICA, ILL., *April 4, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Secretary Army Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND OLD COMRADE:—I am pained to announce, at the last moment, my inability to be present at our reunion of the old Army of the Tennessee. May the anniversary of the great field battle that occurred at

"Shiloh," prove more pleasant to those assembled now, than to us, who participated in that engagement.

Please see that the notice of the death of our worthy and gallant comrade, Colonel J. J. Palmer, is spread appropriately upon the records of our Society.

Assuring you of my best wishes for a pleasant meeting of the old members of the Society, and my regrets that I cannot participate therein,

I am truly yours,

O. C. TOWNE.

CHICAGO, *April 4, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I had hoped, until to-day, to be able to attend the meeting at Cincinnati, but find that it will be impossible for me to do so. I regret this exceedingly, as at our meeting here, I was so much occupied with attending to the work which devolves upon the local committee, that I had hardly any opportunity to even chat with the members of the Society. Hoping you may have a pleasant and successful meeting, I am, with kindest regards to every member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,

Yours, etc.,

RICHARD S. TUTHILL.

MADISON, WIS., *April 4, 1881.*

MY DEAR COLONEL DAYTON:—I am compelled by professional duty to deny my heart its share in the pleasures of the reunion at Cincinnati; pleasures which, I need not say, grow yearly sweeter to every member of the Society. I have hoped, until a few days since, to make such arrangements as would admit me to go, but have failed. I can only feed on my yearnings to participate what those who attend will possess, and send my hearty wishes that their possessions of joy shall be equal to the great actions which give them their title to such enjoyment. I had a duty assigned to me as a committee of the Society, two years ago, and enclose my report of its performance, which I pray of your kindness to deliver in at the proper session.

Pray oblige me still further by presenting my duty and regards to General Sherman, and cordial remembrances to General Hickenlooper and other friends, and accept the sincere good wishes of

Your friend and servant,

WM. F. VILAS.

HELENA, MONTANA, *March 23, 1881.*

GENERAL ANDREW HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—It is with pleasure that I have received the invitation to attend the annual reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee, to be held in

Cincinnati, on the anniversary of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, one of the most heroic and hard fought battles of the war. It is with sincere regret that I have to write that I cannot be present. Time, means and distance render it impossible. I trust that when the North Pacific railroad reaches my home, to be able once again to meet my old comrades in arms, and to fight our battles o'er again around the festive board.

Truly yours,

WM. F. WHEELER,

Late Captain of the 4th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry.

BELVIDERE, ILL., March 28, 1881.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that I shall be unable to attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, at Cincinnati, on the 6th prox.

Hoping it will be an occasion of great enjoyment and success, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

W. W. WOOD.

Adjutant 95th Ill. Infy.

BOSTON, April 2, 1881.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I am in receipt of the circular of General Sherman, President, giving notice of the fourteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Cincinnati, on April 6th and 7th, and in reply have to express my regret that I shall not be able to be present. I hope you will have a first-class time.

Please send me statement of my dues and such publications as I may be entitled to under your rules, and oblige,

Very truly yours,

J. H. WILSON.

TURNER JUNCTION, ILL., March 28, 1881.

DEAR GENERAL:—Your meeting is near at hand, and it calls up pleasant recollections of the past and great hopes for the future. Please remember me kindly to Generals Sherman and Hickenlooper, and say to them that I am better, and full of hopes to be with them the next meeting. *When the General breaks from the regular programme, you can imagine me singing:*

Git up, old massa, and blow de horn,
Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn?
Dem am Sherman's bunnners shur's I'm born.
A coming, A coming,
Hail mighty day.

Yours very truly,

L. B. CHURCH.

TO GENERAL L. M. DAYTON,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW YORK, *March 30, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I sincerely regret that my business engagements will not permit me to have the pleasure of being with my comrades and friends at the meeting to be held in April. If circumstances allowed it, I should always attend the meetings of the Society. I have no doubt the coming reunion will be pleasant and profitable. My sympathies will be with you all.

Respectfully yours,

E. F. WINSLOW.

TOLEDO, O., *April 5, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

*Corresponding Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
Cincinnati, Ohio:*

DEAR GENERAL:—I have been anticipating all winter the pleasure of attending this reunion, and have been intending and planning all this day to take the night train and be with you on the 6th and 7th inst., but other engagements will prevent me from coming.

With the kindest greetings and regards for all my old comrades who may be at the meeting, which I hope may be as pleasant and successful as all our other reunions have been,

I am, very truly yours,

GEO. E. WELLES,

Late Col. 69th Ohio Vet. Infantry.

SHREVEPORT, LA., *March 17, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of circular announcing the meeting of Society at Cincinnati. I have to regret my inability to be present at the meeting, on account of urgent business here. I can assure you that it is with great reluctance I deprive myself of the pleasure of meeting with the Society in your city.

Very respectfully,

J. R. ZEARING,

Late Surgeon 57th Ills. Infantry.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *April 7, 1881.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President of Army of the Tennessee, Burnet House:

The Franklin County Ex-Soldiers and Sailors Association, at a large meeting held to-night, instruct us to send their heartiest greetings to your association.

GEO. K. NASH,

President.

J. W. MYERS,

Secretary.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Colonel John F. Palmer died at New Orleans, La., December 4, 1878.

Colonel Palmer was born at Auburn, New York, in 1834, and removed to Rockford, Ill., just as he attained his majority. He was always interested in military affairs, and at the time the war broke out he was Captain of the City Greys, with which he entered service in the 45th Illinois Infantry. He served throughout the war with distinction, passing through various grades, and leaving the service as Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. After the close of the war, he accepted the position of route agent on the North-Western Railway, but impaired health rendered it necessary that he seek a warmer climate, he was therefore transferred, and assigned to duty in the New Orleans Post Office. He was a member of the Grand Army and a Mason in good standing. Whether during the stirring scenes of war, or the more peaceful pursuits of civil life, he was ever found in the front rank of duty.

Doctor Thomas L. Harper died very suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs, at Cincinnati, O., December 20, 1879.

Surgeon Harper was born in the county of Antrim, Ireland, August 18, 1817, shortly after which his parents removed to the United States. After receiving a thorough medical education, he located in Cincinnati, in 1855, and continued the practice of medicine until the breaking out of the civil war. He was first commissioned as Assistant Surgeon in the 54th Ohio Infantry; with this regiment he participated in all the various engagements until February 9th, 1863, when, in accordance with department orders, he assumed charge of the general hospital at Youngs Point. For valuable service here rendered he was recommended for promotion, General Sherman indorsing the application: "I heartily approve the within, and recommend Doctor Harper as a gentleman worthy of professional advancement;" and General Grant adding, "I am pleased to add my testimonial to Doctor Harper's energy and efficiency as a surgeon, and his fitness for the promotion to which he has been recommended." He accompanied his command throughout the several engagements resulting in the fall of Vicksburgh, after which his failing health impelled him to resign. Recuperating, he again entered the service as Surgeon and assumed charge of various hospitals in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and thus served until the close of the war. As a surgeon, Doctor Harper stood high in his profession, and his integrity as a citizen cemented the affectionate remembrance of his old comrades in arms.

General Dwight May died at Kalamazoo, Mich., January 28, 1880.

General May was born at Sarsfield, Mass., September 22, 1822, and, with his parents, removed to Michigan in 1834. He entered the Michigan Univer-

sity in 1846, and graduated in 1849, at once entered upon the study of law, and in 1850 was admitted to practice. He took a deep interest in the public schools, and labored diligently to establish the present excellent school system of his State. In 1854 he was elected to the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Kalamazoo county, which position he filled for six years. He entered the service as Captain Company I. 2nd Michigan Infantry, was rendezvoused at Detroit. With this regiment he participated in the first battle of Bull Run, after which sickness, induced by exposure, compelled him to resign. In October, 1862, he again entered the service as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th Michigan Infantry, was soon promoted to Colonel and assumed command of a district in southern Arkansas, and afterwards participated in the marches and battles in which the regiment was engaged. In 1866 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor; in 1868, Attorney-General, and in 1870 re-elected Attorney-General of the State. In politics he was an ardent Republican. September 4th, 1849, he married Amelia S. Kellogg, who, with but one child, (Mrs. M. K. Brown, of Mt. Pleasant, Mich.,) survives this distinguished soldier, whose courageous and sterling qualities will cause him to be long remembered by the citizens of this State.

Colonel R. M. Moore died at Cincinnati, Ohio, February 23d, 1880.

Colonel Moore was born at Cookstown, Ireland, October 29th, 1816. In 1832 he emigrated to America, and after a year spent in other places, finally located at Cincinnati, which city then contained a population of only thirty thousand inhabitants. Here Colonel Moore formed a partnership with Robert Mitchell and established the nucleus of the business, which afterwards developed into the largest furniture factory on the continent. He served as Captain of Company A, 1st Regiment Ohio Volunteers, during the Mexican War. On the breaking out of the civil war he entered the service as Captain of Company D, 10th Ohio Infantry, and in January, 1862, was promoted to Major, and one year later to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was severely wounded at the battle of Perryville, but held to the end. The guardianship over his men did not cease with the war, but without one cent of personal compensation he procured pensions not only for the wounded and disabled men of his own command, but for all ex-soldiers who solicited his services. In 1877 he was elected Mayor of the city of Cincinnati, and his last illness and death may be attributed to the exposure and fatigue due to the zealous discharge of his onerous duties. Many a quiet tear will be shed by the meek and lowly over the grave of the benefactor who lived more for them than for himself.

Colonel Jos. C. Audenried died at Washington City, June 3d, 1880.

Colonel Audenried was born at Pottsville, Pa., November 6th, 1839, shortly after which his widowed mother removed with him to Philadelphia. After attending the high school and Dickinson College, he was, in 1857, appointed a cadet at West Point, from which he graduated June 24th, 1861, and at once entered the service as 2nd Lieutenant of the 4th U. S. Cavalry. He served in various staff positions until June 20th, 1863, when he was ordered to report to General U. S. Grant in front of Vicksburgh. He was soon thereafter assigned

to the staff of General Sherman, commanding 15th A. C., and with this distinguished commander served until the war closed, when he was promoted to a captiancy in the U. S. Army and assigned to duty with the Lieutenant-General, as A. D. C. with rank of Colonel.

Colonel Audenried was young in years and of high promise; kind, gentle and brave, he was endeared alike to officers and men.

For us there is left but the precious memory of varied and valuable services in the Army of the Tennessee.

General Charles Turner died at Pekin, Ill., July 13th, 1880.

General Turner was a native of Connecticut, where he was born on the 2d of March, 1825. At an early day his parents moved to northern Ohio. In 1851, after having been admitted to the bar, he removed to Pekin, Ill., where he continued to live up to the time of his death. Shortly after his location there he was elected Police Magistrate of that city, which office he held until 1861. In 1862 he raised a company, of which he was elected Captain, and mustered into the 108th Regiment Illinois Volunteers. Upon the organization of that regiment he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, and upon the resignation of Colonel John Warner, of Peoria, he assumed the command of the regiment as Colonel, which position he held until the close of the war. At the close of the war he was appointed a Brigadier-General by Brevet. The greater portion of his service was with the Army of the Tennessee, in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills and the siege of Vicksburgh. From the latter point he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where he did gallant service, closing his military career in the capture of Mobile. Upon his return to civil life, in the fall of 1865, he was elected Treasurer of Tazewell county, and held the office until June, 1873, when he was elected Judge of the then Twenty-first Judicial Circuit, composed of the counties of Tazewell, Mason, Cass and Menard. That office he held for a term of six years, after which he was appointed Deputy-Collector of Internal Revenue for that district, and continued to discharge the duties of that office up to about two years ago.

In all the official positions held by Judge Turner, he showed himself to be a man of ability and integrity, and gained the confidence of all with whom he came in contact. On the 20th of October, 1853, he married Miss Sarah E. Henry, daughter of R. I. Henry, of Portage Co., O., by which union they have had born to them four children, three daughters and one son, all of whom survive their distinguished father.

Major Jno. E. Simpson died suddenly at St. Louis, Mo., August 2d, 1880.

Major Simpson was born near Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, November 1st, 1839. His father having been unfortunate in business in New York, whither the family had immigrated while the subject of this sketch was still an infant, removed to Detroit, Mich., and afterwards to Michigan City, Ind. The boy got a free-school education, and early familiarized himself with the knowledge of the world that is not written between book covers. At the age of eleven he was selling papers in Chicago. He next became a

messenger boy in the telegraph office, and was only thirteen years old when given a position as operator in Detroit, being then one of the youngest wire manipulators in the country. From the telegraph office he changed to railroad work, entering the employ of the Michigan Central and remaining there two years, when, at the age of twenty, he was appointed assistant train dispatcher of the Louisville, Albany and Chicago Railroad. He became prominent in literary, military and other matters in Michigan City, and made a record there that won him numerous friends and placed him high in everybody's esteem. He was still engaged at railroad work when the war broke out, and answering the call to arms, was elected and commissioned Captain of Company H, 59th Regiment Indiana Volunteers. Soon after the battle of Pittsburg Landing he joined the army of the Tennessee and went through all the engagements which that army fought, including the siege of Vicksburgh and the memorable march to the sea. During the last two years of his service he was on the staff of Major-General John E. Smith, commander of the third division of the 15th Army Corps of the Army of the Tennessee. When mustered out of the service, he accepted the position of train dispatcher and superintendent of telegraph for the Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad, and in this year, on December 20th, he was married to Miss Hattie L. Sherman, daughter of Dr. W. G. Sherman, of Michigan City, Ind. In June, 1870, Major Simpson was appointed division superintendent of the Vandalia line (then completed,) between Indianapolis and Terre Haute. In November, 1870, when General T. A. Morris and W. J. Booz were receivers of the Indianapolis, Cincinnati and LaFayette Railroad, they offered Major Simpson and urged him to accept the position of general superintendent of that road, but the officers of the Terre Haute would not release him. In July, 1871, they made him general superintendent of the entire line from Indianapolis to St. Louis. On November 19th, 1875, he became general manager of the combination, which includes the Vandalia and St. Louis and Indianapolis lines, which position he still held at the time of his death. The funeral took place on the following day at 5 o'clock. There was a throng of railroad officials, members of the order of Elks and prominent business men in attendance. After religious services in the hotel parlor, the remains were taken to the depot, and went out on the regular Vandalia train in President McKeen's special car, which was heavily draped. Mrs. Simpson, Dr. W. G. Sherman, the widow's father, Mrs. E. A. Jernegan, the widow's sister, Mr. J. B. Sherman, Mrs. O. Reynolds, the deceased's sister, Miss May Jernegan and Mr. H. Sleight were in the same car. In another Pullman coach were President McKeen, of the Vandalia, E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Colonel Thomas McKissock, General Superintendent of the Western, St. Louis and Pacific, A. A. Talmage, General Superintendent of the Missouri Pacific. The escort of Elks was as follows: W. D. Wetherell, Jos. C. Hanson, Charles E. Barney, Charles Warner, Dr. E. W. Jamison and Mexley Austin, and an escort of fifteen Master Masons, from the Ancient Landmarks, No. 319, of Indianapolis, Ind., as follows: Chas. Fisher, General Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, William J. Smythe, General Secretary of the Indiana Lodge, R. S. Foster, Marshal, Willis D. Engle, Henry G. Werbe, Frank Wilson, J. R.

Wickum, Chas. Lauer, W. S. Rich, H. O. McVey, Albert Baylor, J. E. Collins, F. Christman, F. D. Wagner and J. A. Seaton.

Strict attention to business made Major Simpson successful in every place of honor and trust confided to him. Self-made, unimpeachable honesty and thoroughly enterprising, he fought his way through life with only these strong and sterling qualities as his weapons, and in every position he held, from the humblest to the proud and exalted place he has just quit forever, he made a record which his friends will seek to perpetuate, and which will be among the brightest memories that are preserved of the action, enterprising and reliable business men of the Mississippi valley who have passed into eternity.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

TREASURER'S OFFICE.
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE. }
CINCINNATI, *April 6, 1881.*

At the last report, the Permanent Fund consisted of seven thousand dollars of Government four per cent. bonds, and six hundred and eighty-nine dollars forty-seven cents cash. It has since received from Colonel L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, nine hundred and forty-seven dollars; from the publication committee from sales of the consolidated reports, seven dollars and fifty cents and from interest on bonds, five hundred and ten dollars, making a total of cash, two thousand one hundred and fifty-three dollars and ninety-seven cents.

Two Government four per cent. bonds, one for one thousand dollars, and one for five hundred dollars, were purchased November 22nd, 1879, just after the last meeting, for one thousand five hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty cents. Another such bond for five hundred dollars was bought March 29th, 1881, for five hundred and sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents, the premium at that time being thirteen and one-half per cent. The total spent for bonds is, two thousand one hundred and twenty dollars. These bonds, like all owned by the Society, are registered bonds, payable to "Treasurer of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee." The bond last purchased has not yet been transferred by the Treasury and I hold a receipt for it.

This fund now consists of nine thousand dollars Government bonds, and thirty-three dollars and ninety-seven cents cash.

The General Fund consisted at last report of three hundred and eighty-two dollars and two cents, cash. It has since received from Colonel L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, one thousand four hundred and eight dollars and seventy-six cents, making a total of one thousand seven hundred and ninety dollars and seventy-eight cents.

The expenditure has been, expense of the office of the Recording Secretary, for postage, printing and stationery, forty-nine dollars and eighty-six cents; bill for advertising, eleven dollars and seventy-six cents, and cost of printing

last report, three hundred and forty dollars, making a total of four hundred and one dollars and sixty-two cents. The balance now remaining in this fund is one thousand three hundred and eighty-nine dollars and ten cents.

The vouchers for expenditures are annexed to this report, and the Treasurer's account book and bank book are produced herewith.

M. F. FORCE,
Treasurer.

SUMMARY.

Bonds on hand, at last report,.....	\$7,000 00
Bonds on hand now,.....	9,000 00

CASH.

Permanent Fund, old balance,.....	\$ 689 47	
Permanent Fund, receipts,.....	1,464 50	
Permanent Fund, total,.....	2,153 97	
Permanent Fund, expenditure,.....	2,120 00	
Permanent Fund, new balance.		33 97
General Fund, old balance,.....	382 02	
General Fund, receipts,.....	1,408 76	
General Fund, total,.....	1,790 78	
General Fund, expense,.....	401 62	
General Fund, new balance,.....		\$1,389 10

On motion of Major Dawes :

Resolved, That the report of the Treasurer be received and accepted.

In appointments of committees the President announced the following:—For nomination of officers for the ensuing year; General J. A. Williamson, Colonel John M. Bacon, Captain J. T. McAuley, Colonel H. T. Noble, Colonel Ad. Ware, Colonel G. D. Munson and Captain Fred. Welker.

For selection of orator for next meeting of the Society: General J. N. Rusk, Surgeon Vogelsson, General Peterson, Major Plunket, Colonel Shaw, Colonel Fletcher and Colonel Thrall.

For naming place and time for holding next meeting: Colonel T. C. Fletcher, Major W. E. Ware, Colonel Krughoff, Major Dawes, General W. E. Strong, Major Bell and Major Fleming.

The President presented the following letter:

CHICAGO, ILL., *February 23, 1880.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—I am very desirous of having my son, Levi W. Hart, succeed to the honors, etc. of membership in the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, as provided in the constitution of that organization. He is the only son of Captain Levi W. Hart (deceased,) of the 1st Illinois Artillery.

I have been recommended by General Hickenlooper (as per correspondence enclosed,) to communicate with and solicit your approval and favor of my son's nomination, subject to the ratification of the Society at its next annual meeting. If you will, therefore, favor me with such recognition of my wishes as will enable General Hickenlooper to bring the matter before the Society, I will be very gratefully obliged,

Very respectfully,

Signed:

MRS. L. W. HART.

And said the application met his approval, and put a motion that the request be granted, and it received a unanimous vote.

General Buckland called up the case of Dr. Canfield—who was an applicant for membership at a former meeting—son of Colonel Canfield. It was then stated that Colonel Canfield had not been a member of the Society, and under our constitution membership could not be given him. General Buckland then moved to amend the constitution so as to grant the application, but as notice a year in advance must be given in order to amend, he withdrew his motion and gave the notice at this time.

Colonel Fletcher, chairman of the committee to select the place and time for next meeting, here stated he had also been named as one of the committee to select the orator and requested to be relieved the latter, which was complied with, and Captain W. F. Emery appointed in his place.

General Warner asked the indulgence of the Society, and suggested our next meeting be held in Atlanta or Chattanooga, giving, as his reasons, that it would be interesting for the members to go to either place, that there were many Union soldiers in the South who would gladly welcome and care for us, and the citizens would do the same. He hoped the Society would instruct the committee to so report, but the President said the matter was in the hands of the committee.

Colonel Fletcher announced he desired his committee to meet at 5 o'clock at parlor 6, Burnet House.

General Williamson asked the committee to nominate officers to meet in parlor 8, at half past five o'clock.

General Rusk requested the committee appointed to select orator, to meet in parlor 7 at 2 o'clock.

The Recording Secretary presented the following communication and report:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

GENERAL:—The undersigned was appointed at the meeting of the Society held at Indianapolis, in October, 1878, "to examine all the papers presented by Major McGinness regarding the property presented by him to the Society, indicated as that upon which General McPherson was killed, also the law of the State of Georgia, and have the transfer made and the title vested in the Society;" and having attempted the discharge of the duty imposed by the appointment, respectfully begs leave to submit the following

REPORT.

That in March, 1879, your committee received from the Recording Secretary, Colonel L. M. Dayton, the deed from James Brown to Major McGinness, with letter of the Major tendering the property to the Society, which letter, with the communication of the Secretary to your committee, is returned to the custody of the Society herewith.

That subsequently your committee addressed a letter making inquiries, and suggesting matters of criticism to Messrs. Lanier and Anderson, eminent lawyers of Georgia, residing at Macon—a copy of which accompanies this report—and received from them the valuable and definite reply which is herewith transmitted. According to the advice of these gentlemen—to whose courtesy and learning the undersigned gratefully acknowledges his obligations—a deed from Major McGinness to General Sherman, and his successors in office as President of the Society, appears sufficient to establish in the Society control of the legal title, and accordingly such a deed was prepared by your committee and was duly executed by the parties at the meeting of the Society in Chicago, in November, 1879.

It also appeared by the advice of Messrs. Lanier & Anderson, that the execution of the deed from Mr. Brown to Major McGinness was defective, and that it had not been recorded in the proper county, whereby the title was exposed to loss in case of the sale of the property by Brown, the grantor.

The undersigned, therefore, employed Frank A. Arnold, Esq., an attorney of Atlanta, Georgia, to procure the necessary steps to be taken to correct the informalities of its execution, and properly record the deed to Major McGinness, and also to record the deed from the latter to the President. All this has been correctly done, and herewith are transmitted the deeds mentioned with the certificates of record endorsed. The draft of Mr. Arnold for his services and for the expenses has been paid. He writes under date of March 24th, 1881, that "upon an examination of the records in DeKalb county he finds nothing of record which will impair the title."

It is respectfully suggested that it may be necessary, from time to time, to see that no tax liens are allowed to affect the property.

There now appears no reason to doubt that—through the reverent regard and generosity of Major McGinness and the officers who co-operated with him—the Society hold in legal control, as in hallowed memory, the sacred place where the noble soul of McPherson parted forever from the manly form of the soldier whom his comrades so honored and loved.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. F. VILAS.

MADISON, WIS., *April 4, 1881.*

The correspondence mentioned in the report of Colonel Vilas, is given below:

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
RECORDING SECRETARY'S OFFICE, }
CINCINNATI, *March 2, 1879.* }

MY DEAR COLONEL:—Herewith I send you the deed of the "McPherson Memorial Monument Lot" at Atlanta. There were no papers accompanying it except Major McGinness' letter, which I also enclose. If there is anything else that you need, a certified copy of the resolution authorizing your action, or any other, please advise me, and I will make them up for you. With best wishes for your good health, I am,

Yours, &c.,

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

COLONEL WM. F. VILAS,
Madison, Wis.

MADISON, WIS., *July 7, 1879.*

MESSRS. LANIER & ANDERSON,
Macon, Ga.:

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to ask of your professional kindness, *sub mutual vicissitudinis obtentu*, some information respecting your laws about real estate.

Major John R. McGinness, U. S. A., undertook to secure the title to the spot on which Major General James B. McPherson fell in 1864, near Atlanta, in order that the regard of his comrades and friends might provide a suitable memorial. He caused, in connection with some other officers, a monument and fence of gun barrels to be built there, and then tendered to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee a conveyance of the title he had acquired, to be held in trust to preserve, or perhaps add to or make anew, the monument, etc. I was appointed at the last meeting of the Society to take the necessary steps to have the title made secure, so as to justify such action as should be deemed proper in regard to it, and give the Society a legal title or right to the ground.

I take the liberty to enclose a copy of the instrument which was executed between Mr. James Brown, the owner of the farm on which the spot of ground is situated, and Major McGinness.

It seems to me to be a very unsatisfactory instrument in some respects, but yet that it is valid as a contract, at least, which will be enforced in equity. As a deed, it begins with an absolute conveyance to heirs and assigns, which would give an absolute fee. It is followed by covenants on the part of the grantee, which hardly amount to limitations or conditions on the grant, but seem to have been inserted for that purpose. It is not acknowledged or attested in the usual manner in which your laws, as stated in your compilation in Hubbell's book, require; yet it was admitted to record by the clerk of the Superior Court in Fulton county. Under it Major McGinness has taken possession, and, as already stated, fenced the ground and erected the monument.

First. Whether this is a good conveyance of the ground, although not acknowledged, or for want of any other requirement being complied with?

Second. Whether, though admitted to record, the recording is not ineffectual as notice, because the deed was not so certified as to be entitled to record?

Third. Whether, notwithstanding the want of acknowledgement and due record, the deed is not valid *inter partes*, and whether the actual possession taken is not a sufficient constructive notice to protect the title? In our State the rule hinted at by the last query would be sufficient to protect the grant, although the conveyance be not well recorded or entitled to record. But it would be presumptuous in me to hold an opinion upon the laws of another State, without advice from counsel there.

If this title be now sufficient, it is desired that Major McGinness should convey to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. That Society is not incorporated, but a mere voluntary association. Can such an association take title to real estate in Georgia? If not, can the title be conveyed to General W. T. Sherman, and his successors in office, as President of that Society, in trust, for the uses and purposes specified, or to the Secretary of War and his successors, in such trust?

I hope I do not encroach too much on your courtesy by these inquiries, and shall esteem any suggestion you may make as an obligation personal, which I hope for an occasion to requite,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. F. VILAS.

MACON, GA., July 10, 1879.

WM. F. VILAS, ESQ.,

Madison, Wis.:

DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter, with copy deed enclosure, we state:

First. That the absence of the words signed, sealed and delivered in the deed, and of an actual seal thereto, does not affect the *execution* of the instrument. The "record" of the deed is sufficient proof of delivery. The clause "in witness whereof, etc.," in connection with the attesting word "witnesses," goes to show sufficiently the *execution*, which involves *delivery*.

There being several witnesses, the last of whom signs as a "Justice of the Peace," the deed, if recorded in the proper court, would have been properly

recorded and notice to all the world, and, of course, good between the parties, (but as to record in Fulton County, see fourth).

Second. The covenant is consistent with the grant to "McGinness, his heirs and assigns," the grantee, his *heirs* and *assigns* having the right to hold, for the express purpose and object of the grant, *so long* as the user is consistent with that object. A user for some other purpose would, of course, work a defeasance. The "five hundred dollars" expressed in the deed, we think is the maximum of any demand for further pay by grantor in the event contemplated.

As the Society is not incorporated, a conveyance by McGinness to some officer of the Society, and to his successor to hold in trust for the uses expressed in Brown's grant would, we have no doubt, fully preserve the benefit of the grant to the Society. A conveyance to the Society would not do for various reasons.

Fourth. We observe that there is nothing in the deed to show in what county it was executed, nor in what county Waters, J. P., acts, also that the land lies in DeKalb county, and the record of the deed is in Fulton. Let the J. P. (Waters, if now a J. P.) append a certificate to the deed that he was then a J. P. in——county, and that the execution took place in——county. (If he is not now a J. P. let him make affidavit to that effect on the deed.) Let the deed then be recorded in DeKalb county, where the land lies. The present record in Fulton is a nullity, and the officer recording the deed acted without authority. He probably supposed the land lay in *Fulton* when he commenced to record the deed. The present record is no notice to anybody, but the parties to the instrument are bound without the record. Another deed to a bonafide purchaser, without actual notice of the former, would defeat the present grant under our law, notwithstanding possession followed the grant. But another such deed, after the *actual* recording of the former in DeKalb county, though such recording is done more than twelve months after the date of the former deed, would not effect the former—being good *constructive* notice from the date of the recording. So that it will be well to get the deed recorded in DeKalb as *early as possible*.

Very truly yours, etc.,

LANIER & ANDERSON.

ATLANTA, GA., *March 28, 1881.*

WM. F. VILAS, ESQ.,

Madison, Wis.:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor 24th inst. with deed to McPherson lot is at hand. I have had the James Brown deed properly proven and both deeds recorded, and herewith hand you the same.

I have made three trips to DeKalb and paid about seven dollars expense, and take the liberty of drawing on you for thirty dollars to cover expense and charges.

I trust the deeds may reach you in time for Cincinnati meeting.

Very truly,

FRANK A. ARNOLD.

On motion of Colonel Fletcher:

Resolved, That the report of Colonel Vilas be accepted and spread upon the records with the thanks of the Society.

The President then presented the following letter, which was read and directed spread upon the records.

McPHERSON BARRACKS,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *December 12, 1880.* }

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL:—The railing surrounding the McPherson monument has been restored, painted and put in complete order, the gun barrels and arrow heads required were supplied by General Brevet and Major Flagler, of the Ordnance department, and the work done by the mechanics of Brewerton's battery. No expense has been incurred.

It has been recommended from time to time by the superintendent of the Marietta National Cemetery, that the grounds within the enclosure be improved and planted with shrubs, etc. This can easily be done, if desired, but I would not recommend it. The monument is a large iron gun, on a plain granite pedestal. It stands in the midst of a dense wood, and simply marks the spot where McPherson fell. I think it was in excellent taste to leave the ground otherwise just as it was *at* the time, and have therefore not disturbed it.

If it is desired, however, I can have earth transported to the place, shrubs planted, etc.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY J. HUNT,
Colonel 5th Artillery, Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

General Sherman then, with brief explanatory remarks, presented and read the following paper:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

We are again assembled pursuant to adjournment of our last meeting in Chicago, and according to the Constitution of our Society. It was once said that the Army of the Tennessee could safely meet on any day of the year, and that day would prove to be an anniversary of some one of our battles, but it is plain to me that the local committee has chosen this particular day because it is the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, which gave us much of the fame of which we, the survivors, believe we have just reason to be proud.

Nineteen years ago to-night we lay down on the bare ground, in heavy rain, after a bloody battle, to steal a few hours of rest and sleep, certain the next day to renew a struggle, which for better or worse, was to have a tremendous influence on the history of our race.

I do not intend to enter on a narrative of events, for I have already done that in print; nor do I wish to revive any of the controversies to which that great battle has given rise, like Waterloo, Gettysburg, Konniggratz and hundreds of others, but simply to ask your indulgence for the few minutes of time allotted to me to illustrate some of the minor phases common to all battles.

In Badeau's Military History we have recorded substantially General Grant's account of the antecedent events, and of the battle itself. In volume seven of the United States Military reports of the Rebellion, compiled by Colonel R. N. Scott, we have on two hundred and thirty-four pages the official reports of the commanders of divisions, brigades, regiments and detachments; and in volume three, part one, of the same compilation, we have the Confederate reports of the same battle on two hundred and forty-eight pages. Besides these, I have in the course of my official life examined thousands of pages of other manuscript matter, all more or less bearing upon this particular battle, and my conclusion is that General Badeau's condensed account is as near the exact truth as history will likely reach; and that my own account is good enough to stand by, being the exact truth from my standpoint.

These varied accounts of the same general event, illustrate what has been remarked by every lawyer, that the best witnesses testifying in court, will describe the same circumstance differently, just as every landscape in nature presents a different aspect from each point of the compass. Every man naturally exaggerates the importance of what he himself has done and seen, and correspondingly depreciates that of which he saw nothing; and it is perfectly consistent with truth that those who were near Shiloh church on the eventful days of April 6 and 7, 1862, should vary in their narrative of events, from those who remained at the steamboat landing, three miles away; or the more intelligent and disinterested observers who wrote from their offices at Paducah and Cairo, two hundred miles away. Yet for our present purposes it is sufficient for us to know that on the 6th of April, 1862, five

divisions of the Army of the Tennessee were encamped in the woods back of Pittsburg Landing on the upper Tennessee river; that our numbers were about 32,000 men; that we were attacked furiously by the Rebel army, ably commanded, composed of at least 42,000 men; that we fought unaided during all that day; were beaten back step by step, till at night we formed two sides of a rectangle, the right covering Snake creek bridge, and the left a ravine above the steamboat landing; that we were not beaten or demoralized, but were abandoned by many of our comrades and dreadfully exhausted, with nine thousand of our comrades dead or mangled on the field, mingled with an equal number of our foes; that during that night we were re-enforced by Lew Wallace's division of our own army, and by three divisions of Buell's Army of the Ohio, just arrived from Nashville, and that on the next day we swept the field and gained a glorious victory for our country, the moral effect of which lasted throughout the war.

Notwithstanding that we now have the official statements of the chief actors in that drama, I am conscious that some of the good people of Cincinnati prefer to believe the first accounts of their own "reporters on the spot," viz: at Paducah and Cairo, who gathered their knowledge from fugitives and deserters; yet we, who remained to the last, prefer to believe each other; and in this connection I propose to recount some of the smaller episodes not heretofore given.

General James H. Wilson, who commanded a cavalry corps about the end of the war, tells a story of his once approaching the head of his column, engaged in a noisy skirmish, when he met one of his men hurrying back to the rear, evidently demoralized. He called on him to halt, and commenced calling him hard names, among others, "coward." The man protested he was not a coward, but insisted that he "had lost confidence in his Colonel," so at Shiloh, some men lost faith in their Colonels and naturally justified themselves by decrying their commanders.

My camp, or bivouac, was on a small hill near the old log house called "Shiloh Meeting House," which gave name to the battle. We had a colored man called "Bustamente," who was our cook, and looked after our horses. I remember that morning well; we all mounted our horses after an early breakfast and started to the front. The battle soon begun and none of us had much time to think of our camp afterwards. During all that day we fought,

and night found us a mile to the rear of our camp, which was in possession of our enemy. The next day we gained ground steadily, and about 4 P. M., I was again on horseback close by our old camp; the tents were still standing, though riddled with bullets. At the picket rope in front lay two of my horses dead. Dead bodies of men in blue and gray lay around thick, side by side, and scraps of paper shew what was the fact that Beauregard, Breckenridge and Bragg—old personal friends—had slept the night before in my camp, and had carried away my scanty bedding. That night of the 7th, as I lay side by side with the dead, I wondered what had become of Bustamente. His dead body was not there; he was neither “present or accounted for.” Several days passed, and we had become convinced that our enemy had gone, and gone in disorder and retreat. But where was Bustamente? About five days after the battle, returning from an extensive reconnoissance, tired and weary, who should appear but the veritable Bustamente himself, radiant and undoubtedly happy, to resume his place as cook and hostler. “Where have you been, you old rascal?” “Why, master, this was no place for sich as me, I done and git out, cotched a steamboat and went to Paducah; heard you was all right again and here I is,” and there he was sure enough, and he served us well for many a weary month afterward. I think Bustamente was not only right, but reasonably prudent. The 6th of April, 1862, was not a healthy place for “sich as he,” but for some others I can never be as charitable.

My Aide-de-Camp, Den. Sanger, also had a colored servant whom he had brought from Illinois, who stayed near us all that day—generally availed himself of the cover of a good sized tree, but I recall with gratitude that at night he came to us with some hard biscuits and boiled pork, which he said he had found in McArthur's camp. Again the next day, April 7, he *found* in some sutler's camp a big cheese, which he brought to us and spread out on a log, which cheese formed the basis of a claim against Uncle Sam for loyal property appropriated by the army in the subsistence of his troops, and for the evidence of which that sutler persecuted me for years afterwards.

There is no movement laid down in tactics so intricate and skillful as the “zig-zag” that boy would perform in coming from the rear to the front with a cigar, or anything called for; down behind a log, then a bee line for a big tree, a good peep around

the corner, and then a run for another tree, till he was in sight of the party sought for, when signals were begun. We have always given General Albert Myer the credit of being the author of our system of army signals, vulgarly known as the "wig-wag," but I must testify that Sanger's boy practiced them in the woods at Shiloh before any of us had ever heard of the Army Signal Service.

For some days after the battle of Shiloh, and during the march to Corinth, my camp was often visited by my old class-mate and friend, George H. Thomas, and his staff, and also by General Grant and his staff, and it was as good as a farce to watch that boy as he waited on the gentlemen. He could slip a bottle from one hand to the other quicker than Signor Blitz, and Lagow rarely managed to get anything else than "commissary," whilst Thomas, his favorite, always got the best in camp.

In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about 4 o'clock P. M., when my division occupied the line from Snake creek bridge to the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road, there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. Birge's sharpshooters or "squirrel tails" occupied the stables, granaries and house near the bridge as a strong flank. My division occupied a double line from it along what had once been a lane, with its fences thrown down and the blackberry and sassafras bushes still marking the border of an open cotton field in front, and the left was in a ravine near which Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the Colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfill my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeney, a one armed officer who had lost an arm in the Mexican war and did not belong to my command stood near by and quickly spoke up: "I understand perfectly what you want, let me do it." "Certainly," said I, "Sweeney, go at once and occupy that ravine, converting it into a regular bastion. He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred single achievements which I have since heard "saved the day," for we

held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory.

In like manner, on the 8th, when I was ordered by General Grant to move forward with one of my own brigades and another of Thomas J. Wood's division of the Army of the Ohio, to ascertain if the Rebel army had actually retreated to Corinth, or were simply repairing damages to renew the attack, I led in person Hildebrand's brigade. We reached, about six miles out, an old cotton field with deadened timber standing, fences all down, and mud in the road and in the plowed field ankle deep. Seeing ahead a large number of tents with men and horses moving about, I concluded to deploy a couple of companies of the leading regiment forward at "five paces interval" with the remaining eight companies in line in support, leaving the rest of the brigade to follow along the road by the flank. I gave the orders in person, when the Colonel confessed that he knew not what I wanted or how to perform so simple a tactical manœuver. Thus were we forced to teach tactics on the very field of battle. Fortunately, Major Fearing, now a citizen of Cincinnati, spoke out, "I know what you want and can do it," and promptly he deployed the leading companies as "skirmishers" by the right flank across that old cotton field with the remainder of the regiment in line following in support. We moved forward guide left, I, with my staff, close to the support. As we approached the ridge, down came, with a yell, Forrest's cavalry firing right and left with pistols, over the skirmish line, over the supports, and right in among me and my staff. Fortunately, I had sent my adjutant, Hammond, back to the brigade to come forward into line quickly. My Aide-de-Camp, McCoy, was knocked down, horse and rider, into the mud, but I, and the rest of my staff ingloriously fled, pell mell, through the mud, closely followed by Forrest and his men, with pistols already emptied. We sought safety behind the brigade in the act of forming "forward into line," and Forrest and his followers were in turn "surprised" by a fire of the brigade which emptied many a saddle, and gave Forrest himself a painful wound, but he escaped to the woods on the south of the road. We promptly moved the whole brigade in line of battle over that cotton field to the ridge and captured the *last* of the Rebel hospitals in charge of Surgeon Lyle.

McCoy came in afterwards, covered with mud, but in posses-

sion of a jaded horse which he had picked up, different from his own, but there was no one there to question his title, and on the whole he concluded he had got the best of the bargain.

All who were with me on that 8th of April will recall the scenes of desolation and misery we beheld by the roadside and at the hospital camp of Surgeon Lyle. Wagons hauling in dead men and dumping them on the ground, as cordwood, for burial in long trenches, like sardines in a box. Wounded men with mangled legs and arms, and heads half shot away, horrible to behold, and still more of the wounded appealing for water, and for help in any form. If there be any lesson I would impress on the young of to-day it would be to warn them against the men who make war necessary ; men who like Jeff Davis, Yancy and Toombs, usually arouse the passions and prejudices of their fellow mortals till war becomes a necessity, whilst they, the real cause, hold back and leave their deluded followers to catch all the blows and buffets of the storm which they had no hand in creating. I wish that some man, Dr. Lyle himself, if living, would paint in true and graphic colors what he saw and endured on that 8th of April, 1862, on the ridge behind Pittsburg Landing, for I believe it would be a better warning against war in the future than all the humiliations of Appomattox and Greensboro.

I have seen Forrest since the war ; have talked with him about this very matter, and he explained that he was left behind by Breckenridge to protect this hospital camp, and if possible to check the pursuit by our forces which was naturally expected after the close of the battle of Shiloh. I am sure that had he not emptied his pistols as he passed the skirmish line, my career would have ended right there.

War has its ludicrous, its farcial features as well as every day life. Every one can at this distance of time recall events at which he laughed as heartily as he ever mourned the death of a comrade. I remember to-day the expression of face of an Arkansas ranger brought in as a prisoner of war, leading a sorrel mare into our camp near Corinth. When led up to me he said, "General, he" (pointing to the guard) "fooled me; he had on a white hat, and called out, 'come over here.' I came over, and he said, 'you are my prisoner.'" It was the white hat that caught him. Then the Arkansas man said : "General, you are not going to take my horse are you?" "Certainly," I said, "your horse is

captured property." "But it is a race horse," said he. "All the better" said I, and I think one of my staff officers rode that same sorrel mare many hundred miles afterward, but I never saw that ranger again. The provost marshal took him in.

All reliable accounts agree that General C. F. Smith posted the Army at Pittsburg Landing to fulfill General Halleck's instructions of March 1, 1862; that General U. S. Grant succeeded to the command and exercised it at the time of the battle, and that the division commanders ranked in the order of McClelland, Lew Wallace, Sherman, Hurlbut, Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace; yet I am often held responsible by the critics for the "surprise and stampede" of the fugitives, although it is equally well known that McPherson and I had previously reconnoitered the country forward for ten miles and had been skirmishing with the enemy for several days prior to the battle. I have never been in battle but *somebody* was surprised. A good many persons were surprised at Shiloh, but not one who had not fair notice to be ready for anything—for everything that might happen, and the report that anybody was bayoneted in bed has long since been exploded. Prentiss' division and mine were in the extreme front—were all ready when the blow came, and all the others were behind us and had ample time for preparation. The simple truth is that we were on the west bank of the Tennessee with a purpose to attack the enemy's position at Corinth; that General Buell's army of the Ohio was marching from Nashville to re-enforce us, and that the Rebel General Albert Sydney Johnston resolved not to await our attack at Corinth, but to attack us before Buell could arrive.

His army was divided into three corps, commanded by Polk, Bragg and Hardee, with a reserve commanded by Breckenridge. His object was to capture or destroy us before these re-enforcements could arrive. He failed in this most signally and therefore to us belonged the victory, a victory little appreciated at that time, and not fully comprehended to-day. But that victory was one of the most important which has ever occurred on this continent. It dissipated forever that nonsense of one Southern man whipping "a dozen Yankees." It gave us the *prestige*, which we had only to follow up, as we did at Corinth, at Iuka, at Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Columbia and Raleigh, yea to the end of the war, to insure absolute success.

I have always estimated the victories of the Army of the Tennessee at Fort Donaldson and Shiloh as the most valuable of all, because of their moral effect. They gave our men confidence in themselves, and in a corresponding degree shook the confidence of Southern men in their own prowess, for at no subsequent battle did they ever attack with as much vehemence and perseverance as they did on the morning of April 6. The battle of Shiloh was the precursor of many subsequent victories which ended, as all the world knows, in the *triumph* of our *arms* and of our *cause*; so that we have good reason to assemble here to-night in commemoration of that eventful battle.

General H. W. Halleck at that time was in chief command over all the armies in the west, with his headquarters in St. Louis, but soon after he came to Shiloh in person with many able and experienced staff officers, among them Colonel George Thom, then and now of the engineer corps. He caused the battlefield to be surveyed, and his map is still the standard one. But as Colonel Thom was not present before or during the battle, I am certain he has located on his map the several divisions incorrectly. I know such is the case with regard to my own, and believe so in regard to others, and, therefore, I have had prepared a tracing of his map and have located the troops as I believe they were at the beginning and end of the first day. The map, as thus modified, tells the story of the battle.

The many roads indicated on this map did not exist at the time we first reached "Pittsburg Landing" nor at the time of the battle. Then there was but one single road—"the Corinth road,"—which reached the river, affording room for only four or five boats to unload, but as other boats accumulated, other roads were improvised up the hill from the water's edge to the general plateau above, and new roads were made by the wagoners hauling out from the boats to the several camps. All these roads as marked on the maps were mud roads; not roads at all in a military sense, but simply open ways by which six mules could haul about a ton of freight from the river to the camps. The general plateau, excepting the cleared fields, was wooded with oak, maple and hickory, the latter in some places so thick that there was real difficulty in forcing one's way through on horseback.

I know there are many present in this room to-night who can

verify the changes I suggest, and I will leave this traced map with the Secretary of the Society for future use.

I will also file with him another map prepared by Colonel O. M. Poe, U. S. Engineers, of my staff, which shows the relation of Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing, to Savannah, Crump's Landing, Purdy, Corinth, Iuka and Eastport, all of which places entered into the general strategy of the campaign.

On motion of Major Beach:

Resolved, That the paper read by General Sherman be spread upon the records of the Society.

General Miller and Colonel Shaw made quite extended remarks regarding the battle of Shiloh, stating many facts in connection with their experience in the battle.

On motion Major Dawes:

Resolved, That General Madison Miller, who commanded the Second Brigade of General Prentiss' Division, and Colonel W. T. Shaw, Fourteenth Iowa, who commanded a Brigade in General W. H. L. Wallace's Division, are requested to furnish the Secretary of the Society with a report of the part taken by their commands in the battle of Shiloh, to be published with the report of this meeting.

General Sherman then called attention to and read parts of the following article which appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* of April 2d, 1881:

"WE'RE WHIPPED!"

The Thrilling Sight Witnessed by Buell's Advance at Shiloh.

[E. Hannaford in the Philadelphia Times.]

Nelson was never debonair while on duty. The scene at the landing (which has never been adequately described, and perhaps never will be) was well fitted to excite the scorn and indignation of such a combative nature as his; yet it may well be doubted whether, if he were alive to-day, he would not wish to expunge from his official report the harsh statement that he finally "asked permission to fire upon the knaves."

"Get out of the way you d——d cowards!" he exclaimed, furiously, as the frantic throng pressed toward a boat whence one of his favorite regiments was debarking. "Get out of the way! If you won't fight yourselves, let these men off that will. Men, follow me!"

"I shall never forget," says Doctor Bradford again, "the forming line on the bluff at Pittsburg Landing. I doubt whether on any other battlefield of the war any set of men formed under just such circumstances. Most of our



batteries gone, a thousand wagons gone, nearly all our tents gone; our entire force seemingly driven into twelve or fifteen acres of ground; the enemy pressing on with batteries and musketry in front and a cross-fire of cannon from above and ten thousand panic-stricken men out of the fight crying; 'We are whipped!' 'The battle is lost!' 'It's no use to form!' 'They're driving us into the river,' etc. In this terrible extremity the command fell quickly and orderly into line, and at the word moved gallantly forward. I could not resist the temptation of riding my iron gray close up to the line and crying out, 'Bully for the Sixth Ohio.'

"As we landed," wrote Colonel Grose, with pardonable enthusiasm to his wife, immediately after the battle, "there were at least 15,000 of Grant's panic-stricken troops who had thrown away their arms and were pressing to get on board the boats, and as my regiment marched up the hill we could here the cowards say to my men: 'You will get it!' 'You will come back!' 'You will see!' and many other such expressions: yet our men went bravely up and formed in line of battle, Generals Buell and Nelson both with me. While forming, the heavy fire of the enemy was passing thick and fast around us. Poor White was struck by a canister shot and both his legs were torn off, and about the same time a staff officer, ten feet in front of the line, on horse, between General Nelson and myself, had his head shot off by a cannon ball, and fell a ghastly sight before my regiment, at seeing which a few of our men nearest the scene, fell back a few steps, but as soon as I commanded them to dress up the line, they did so promptly, and obeyed the command to 'forward, march,' in line of battle. We moved off about one hundred yards to support one of our retreating batteries, and there we opened up a severe fire on the approaching enemy, which, I think, was the first evidence the rebels had that the advance of Buell's army was arriving. The fire of our regiment checked the enemy for the night, and, as everybody here says, turned the tide of battle and saved Grant's army.

Every survivor of the Tenth Brigade will recall how the shocking death of General Grant's aide, as mentioned by Colonel Grose, was talked about for weeks afterward, and the more because the same, or a nearly simultaneous discharge, shot away the saddle from under Lieutenant Graves, a volunteer aide of General Nelson, and then went plunging over the bluff, producing the wildest consternation among the fugitive thousands there herded. It can not but strike one as singular, therefore, to know how completely this ghastly incident was ignored by the contemporaneous accounts of Shiloh. Byron's famous satire on military glory defined it as being killed in battle and having one's name misspelled in the official gazette. But what shall we say of this case, where a brave man met the most tragic of deaths, and his name—nay, even his fate—was not so much as hinted?

And characterized the statements as untrue, and specifying particulars. He asked that every member of the Society who commanded troops in the Battle of Shiloh, would take the time to make complete statements of the part they took in the battle,

in order that their men may be protected against such untruthful assaults.

General Buckland made remarks concerning the part taken by his command in the first day's battle.

Colonel McCormick verified the statements of General Buckland, as did others the statements of General Sherman. General Leggett recalled circumstances that have confirmed him that there was no surprise at the battle of Shiloh; and several others mentioned incidents confirming the statements made previously by those who had taken part in the battle, and in this discussion.

NOTE.—Since the meeting of the Society, General Miller and Colonel Shaw have complied with the request expressed in General Dawes' resolution and their papers are given below:

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

In obedience to resolution passed at your last annual meeting, requesting a statement in writing of my remembrance of the battle at Shiloh, I have to say that it is almost twenty years since that battle took place, and at this late day the new people will take but little interest in a recital of personal acts and doings of any one in that battle; a motive of far more importance induces me to comply with your request, is the fact that in making up the original record a portion of the regiments that stood in the front line of battle from early morn until the cessation of the fight on the first day have had no recognition—or, if any, it was slanderous.

If, as it has been asserted, time and again, that Prentiss and his men were captured while eating their breakfast, or in bed, as some would have it—without arms, how was it that so many were killed or wounded. Were the rebels so blood-thirsty as to shoot down men who offered no resistance? Let us, even if it is so late, let us have the truth and let the record of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee do justice to those regimental and company officers, and the men who stood with them throughout that long and eventful day, and let them have their share of glory, be it much or little, in staying the onward march of the then victorious rebel army.

Shall no effort be made in behalf of the gallant dead? Shall the brave Peabody, who with many others of his brigade poured out their life's blood upon that fatal field, have no recognition? And

shall all those who belong to my own brigade, such men as Cooper, Clark and Godfrey, captains, and Lieutenants Dayton, Sharp and Edgar, of the 18th Missouri, the Colonel and Major and others of the 18th Wisconsin, and those of the 8th Iowa and 23d Missouri, who joined with my brigade later in the day, shall they too be classed as only a portion of a disorganized mob captured with Prentiss in the early morn.

The acrimonious contradictions that have appeared in the newspapers since the late meeting of the Society, impels me to give more in detail these events of the day, that had there been no controversy, would be required. I well remember, whilst eating an early breakfast, that General Prentiss rode up and called to me to form line of battle—the drummer that had been stationed at my headquarters—in view of a sudden call—at once beat the long roll, and my horse, ready saddled and held in hand by my trustworthy friend—I say trustworthy for he proved himself so from the fact that months afterward, when I returned from a Dixie prison to my home in St. Louis, I found my personal baggage, trunk and mess chest with all their contents safe and sound, having been cared for and taken home by one, who in these later days has made for himself a record, I refer to J. Milton Turner, but who at that day was only known as headquarters' Jim.

Without delay my brigade was in line and taking position a short distance in advance of my color line, facing an old field and behind an imperfect defense made of logs, stumps and brush taken from the field which I had cleared off for drill ground. General Prentiss, who had been absent whilst the brigade was getting under arms, now rode up and ordered me to advance my line and take position upon the *further side of the field*. With great reluctance, I confess, I obeyed this order and formed a line L-shaped, facing south and westerly, in direction of the then heavy firing, and was formed in this new position with a dense thicket of underbrush in our immediate front and had time to ride along the line thus formed and caution the men before a single shot was fired at us. Here I held the enemy until I received a second order from General Prentiss to fall back, which was done in good order, and resuming my first position behind my breastworks, slight as it was, and holding it until I was again ordered by General Prentiss in person, to fall back as the enemy was passing my right flank. I leave for those who saw that old field after the

battle was over, with its dead and wounded of both sides, to say where Prentiss' second brigade was, and what they were doing in that early morning.

This second retrograde movement was continued some half mile until we met troops coming to our aid. These troops under General Hurlbut, as I was informed, immediately halted and facing southwardly, formed line of battle, and in their rear my command, then consisting of the Eighteenth Missouri and the Eighteenth Wisconsin regiments, was formed by their own officers and served with fresh ammunition, and General Jno. S. Cavender and others, of the First Missouri regiment of artillery will bear witness of our presence at this locality. General Hurlbut was soon heavily pressed by the enemy, and I was ordered to advance, and we were again under heavy fire. Here we held our position, repulsing several fierce assaults of the enemy. Those who were familiar with the battlefield may remember that at this portion of the field there was an old roadway east and westerly, sufficiently worn away so as to form a shelter for the men by lying down in this washout. I had my two regiments—what was left of them—to lie down. Seeing other troops on my right standing up, I rode to them and insisted that they too should lie down, and I well remember the officers to whom I spoke refused to do so until one of them, a captain whose name I cannot now remember, recognized me, and giving his brother officers the assurance that I was *all right*, they ordered their men to take position with us; this was the Iowa Eighth. I saw no field officer with them. This gallant regiment maintained its position and remained with me the balance of that day, and was captured with my own command. We repulsed every effort made to dislodge us, the men being well sheltered, and not an officer on horseback in sight, excepting Colonel I. V. Pratt, of the Eighteenth Missouri, and myself.

The enemy, seemingly tired of such unavailing assaults, ceased firing. During this cessation General Prentiss ordered me to form a new line on a slight elevation in open woods, changing our front facing more eastwardly, the Iowa Eighth on my right and another regiment, which I learned afterwards was the Missouri Twenty-third, on my left—then two regiments, with my own two, the Eighteenth Wisconsin and the Eighteenth Missouri, withstood the massed columns of the enemy in front of us—Gen-

eral Hurlbut and his forces having withdrawn—and General Prentiss must remember that I said to him that the enemy was passing from the right to our left—that our position was untenable. His reply was, you must retain your position, that General Lew Wallace would soon join us, he had positive information thereof, and that he intended to sleep in his own quarters that night. But in lieu of the troops of General Wallace, a column of butternut shotguns, and a line of cavalry marched by our rear until they met those who had passed by us on the east, and when they had thus united with lines extending front and rear beyond our flanks, left as well as right, and a battery playing upon our rear, I was forced to the conclusion that I must get away from such an untenable position, and without waiting or looking for a commander, I ordered a retreat by a left flank movement to get away from the battery, and passing over a depression to the upland I found, very much to my surprise, General Prentiss with quite a number of men without arms, and was told that they had surrendered.

Have I said enough, or shall I tell you how some of my brave men came to me with tears in their eyes, begging me only to give the order, and they would break the rebel lines or die in the effort? Or, shall I tell you how General Leonidas Polk came to me asking who I was and what was my command, and when I offered him my sword, his reply was, "No, no, keep it sir. No man who has fought as you have should be deprived of his side arms. Remain quiet and in a few moments you will be removed." And very shortly thereafter we were marched, certainly not more than a mile and a half, when it becoming dark, the prisoners took position in the middle of an old field near the headquarters of General Beauregard, as was said, and with a double cordon of sentinels around us, we lay down to sleep as best we could—supperless as well as dinnerless, wet ground under, and rain clouds for a cover. Thus ended the first day for us unfortunates.

And now, in conclusion, Mr. President and your brave comrades, may I ask that in the future, when speaking of the grand battle of Shiloh, one of the decisive battles of the rebellion, you will not ignore the heroic men and their officers of the second brigade, and the gallant Eighth Iowa, and the Twenty-third Missouri, who joined and stood with them to the bitter end.

Respectfully,

MADISON MILLER.

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

I herewith furnish my mite to the history of the battle of Shiloh. My regiment—Fourteenth Iowa Infantry—formed part of the brigade of W. H. L. Wallace, of C. F. Smith's division. On the morning of April 6th, 1862, General Smith, not being able to take the field, General Wallace took command of the division, and Colonel Tuttle, Second Iowa, of the brigade.

Colonel Tuttle's brigade consisted of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa Infantry. These regiments were all tolerably efficient in company and regimental drill, and they had all been under fire at Fort Donelson, Belmont and other battles. Three of their commanders had served in the Mexican War, so that they could hardly be called "raw troops." The *morale* of these regiments, like that of all other Iowa troops, was of the highest order.

Here let me state that I shall be governed entirely by General Sherman's map of the Battle of Shiloh in giving roads, places, distances, etc.

On the morning of the 6th, our division was encamped to the right of the Corinth road, about one mile from Pittsburg Landing. About 8 A. M., when firing in front indicated a general engagement, the brigade of Colonel Tuttle moved forward on the Corinth road, passing General Hurlbut's camp and through a field about eighty rods beyond, where there were two or three cabins—noted by three dots on Sherman's map—and on which field was the camp of the Third Iowa. Passing beyond this field about sixty rods, we formed in line of battle about eighty rods from the forks of the Purdy and Corinth roads and in rear of a small field. Our right rested on General Sweeney's brigade of our division; our left about one hundred yards to the right of the Corinth road, and two hundred yards from General Prentiss' right. Our line extended from near the Corinth road northwesterly towards Owl creek.

The space occupied by Tuttle's and Sweeney's brigades was entirely unoccupied by Union troops at the time of our arrival on the ground—about 9 A. M. The enemy was in force in front of us, having several batteries within short range. Our line was barely formed when we were attacked in force by the enemy, whom we handsomely repulsed.¶

About this time Colonel Geddes' Eighth Iowa, of Sweeney's brigade, came up and filled the gap between our left and General Prentiss' right. The enemy's attacks were renewed almost continuously from this time till about 4 P. M., without moving us from our position one foot, although many of our regiments had suffered severely, particularly the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa.

In the meantime the battle had raged terrifically on our left. Hurlbut and Stewart, who were to the left of Prentiss, had contested every foot of ground but were gradually forced back, thus compelling Prentiss to throw back his left till he had changed his front so as to form an acute angle with our line. The fighting on our right was less severe and less continuous, receding gradually toward the Landing.

Thus matters stood at 4 P. M. One division, or at least six regiments of that division—this being all I could see—had held their ground right in the center of our lines till 4 P. M.—fighting continuously for over six hours without being surprised, demoralized or thrown into confusion. To show that I am not mistaken in the above statement, I will make some extracts from the reports of officers commanding on this part of the field.

General Prentiss in his report says:

"Being again assailed in this position by an overwhelming force, and not being longer able to hold my ground, I ordered my division to fall back to the line occupied by General Hurlbut, and at 9:30 A. M. reformed to the right of General Hurlbut and left of General Wallace, whom I found in command of Smith's division. About 10 A. M. my line was again assailed, and finding my command greatly reduced, I communicated with General Wallace, who sent to my assistance the Eighth Iowa, Colonel J. L. Geddes. After having once driven the enemy back from this position, General Grant appeared upon the field. I exhibited to him the disposition of my entire force, which received his commendation, and I received my final orders, which were to maintain this position at all hazards. This position I did maintain till 4 P. M., when General Hurlbut being overpowered was forced to retire. I was then compelled to change front, occupying a portion of the ground vacated by General Hurlbut. Shortly after this General Wallace retired with his division, excepting the Eighth Iowa, Colonel Geddes; the Fourteenth Iowa, Colonel Shaw; the Twelfth Iowa, Colonel Wood, and the Fifty-eighth Illinois, Colonel Lynch."

Colonel Tuttle reports:

"On the morning of the 6th, I proceeded with my brigade, consisting of the Second, Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, to form on the left of

our division. We had been in position but a few moments when the enemy made their appearance and attacked my left wing—Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa—who gallantly stood their ground and compelled the assailants to retire in confusion. They again formed and attacked my whole line but were repulsed as before. A third and a fourth time they dashed upon us, but were each time baffled and completely routed. We held this position about six hours.”

Colonel Wood, Twelfth Iowa, reports:

“Having taken our position, we awaited the approach of the enemy. Soon he made a bold attack on us, but met with a warm reception and was quickly repulsed. Again and again did he attack us, trying vainly to drive us from our position, but failed to move us an inch. On the contrary, we repulsed every attack and drove him back in confusion. Thus matters stood in our front till 4 P. M.”

I might give extracts from other reports, but these are sufficient to show that our position, which was over two miles from Pittsburg landing, was held steadily till 4 P. M., when the troops on our right and left by falling back let the enemy into our rear. General Wallace then withdrew his division, excepting the four regiments named above. In passing through the cross fire, General Wallace was killed. Colonel Tuttle then took command and reformed his line near the camp of our division, about one mile from the Landing. Here he was immediately attacked by the enemy, but held them in check till night.

After Colonel Tuttle had withdrawn with the Second and Seventh Iowa, the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa “about faced” and attacked the enemy in our rear and between us and the Landing. Having driven them back, I was about advancing when the Twenty-third Missouri, of Prentiss’ division, came from the right—our former left—in some confusion, their Colonel having been killed. While I was assisting in rallying them and forming them on my left, General Prentiss came up. I asked him what was to be done. (This was about 4:45 P. M.) Before he could answer the enemy opened fire on my right and front. I immediately turned my attention to the enemy and did not see General Prentiss again that day. After about thirty minutes the enemy gave way and I attempted, by a rapid movement by my right flank, to disentangle myself from the enemy who were on my front, rear and left. Having been struck in the face by a branch of a tree and my hat knocked off, I recovered from the slight confusion caused by the blow only to find myself in front of a rebel regiment,

drawn up in line along the Corinth road, and within a few steps of its commanding officer. I think I was for the first time that day a little surprised. I immediately stopped and I think my men did the same without orders. The officer introduced himself as Major Whittlesey, commanding Eighth Alabama, Confederate Army, and said: "Colonel, I think that you will have to surrender, as you are entirely surrounded, and the rest of your troops have already surrendered," pointing to a crowd of Union and Confederate soldiers mingled together in the field where the cabins were—mentioned in the beginning of this article. I replied: "Well, Major, it looks that way," and taking out my watch, I remarked that it was a quarter to six, and asked him if it agreed with his time, as it might be of consequence to me to know at what time I had surrendered. He replied that my time was about right.

At this moment Lieutenant Dorr, Quartermaster Twelfth Iowa, came up and said: "Colonel, what are you going to do? Are you going to surrender?" I replied: "I see no help for it; we are entirely surrounded." I then turned to my men and told them to stack arms. The Twelfth Iowa, which was some fifty yards from me among the cabins in the field surrendered at the same time. About the same time, also, the Eighth Iowa, and Fifty-eighth Illinois surrendered.

I have dwelt a little longer than would have been necessary, perhaps, upon the fate of these four regiments, but from the fact that I wished to fix the time of General Prentiss' capture—which could not have been earlier than 5 P. M.; also that I wished to show that, at that hour, there was a considerable force of Union troops on the Corinth road, two miles from the Landing, which must have seriously embarrassed the Confederates and weakened their attack on our right and right center,

As my principal object in this article was to settle the question as to the time of the surrender of General Prentiss and of the troops surrendering at about the same time, perhaps it would be as well to stop here; but as many who may read this may never see General Sherman's map; some few explanatory remarks may may not be amiss.

I will here state that the position taken by Wallace at 9 A. M. was fully up to the front. The divisions of McClernand and Sherman on the right were heavily engaged with the enemy.—Prentiss on our left had just fallen back—or, rather, was just fall-

ing back and taking up his new position in line with our division and with that of Hurlbut on his left. Our army seemed, as far as I could judge from the firing, to present a good and firm front to the enemy. On our left the roll of musketry was terrific and continuous, exceeding anything I ever heard, before or since. There was no slacking up—no break for nearly six hours, and although I saw nothing of this part of the field—nor do I know or care what might have been the conduct of individuals or of individual regiments—I *do know* that no troops could have withstood that terrible fire for six long hours, without having fought bravely and and stood firmly as a whole.

Of the right I was less able to judge, as the firing was more irregular and less in volume, particularly after 12 M., sometimes being very heavy and then dying out almost entirely. As far as I could judge from the direction of the sound, our line could not have been so well formed or continuous, but each regiment seemed to be fighting on its own account.

Finally, while it cannot be denied that our advance forces were driven back nearly a mile upon their reserves at 9 A. M., still they held their ground from that time till 4 P. M.—the right and left wings only giving way gradually. The center did not break or give way at all, but a portion of it retired to form a new line, while a part held their ground till entirely surrounded and compelled to surrender at 6 P. M.

The reverses of the day were due more perhaps to the inexperience of brigade and division commanders than to any other one cause. Many of the brigades were newly formed. Some of the regiments had never, till within a day or two, been organized into brigades, and the brigade commanders had not seen the commanders of their regiments and were unable to recognize them on the field. Most of the brigade commanders had never seen a brigade drawn up in line of battle. Add to this the fact that the battlefield was mostly heavy timber, the ground broken and cut up with creeks, gullies, and swamps, and it is not very surprising that they lost their unity and that each regiment acted on its own responsibility. The divisions were, if possible, in a worse plight than the brigades. Many of the regiments had been ordered to report to certain division commanders the day before, or even on the day of the battle, so that there was no time to brigade them; and as many of them were just landing from their boats, it was

uncertain whether they would get to the front at all, and perhaps if they arrived there they were found to be without ammunition, or as frequently happened, they were directed to another part of the field, causing great confusion and loss of time. So perhaps it is not very surprising that the state of affairs was so bad, but it is rather to be wondered at that it was no worse.

WM. T. SHAW,

Colonel 14th Iowa Infantry Vol. at Battle of Shiloh.

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee :

COLONEL:—At the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, in Cincinnati, April 6th, 1881, General Sherman read a paper on the battle of Shiloh, and submitted a map (made by himself) of the battlefield and the location of Union troops on Sunday morning, and at the close of the fighting at night. This map he sent to my seat and requested my opinion as to its correctness. From a cursory examination I expressed the opinion that it was substantially correct. At the same time I said that the commencement of the battle of Shiloh had been grossly misrepresented, and the truth about it had never been properly understood by the public. That the first accounts published in the Northern papers from their correspondents, particularly the account of "Agate," (Whitelaw Reid) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, stated that officers and men of my brigade, among others, were surprised in their tents, etc., and these accounts had been adopted by historians, whereas there was not one word of truth in such a statement. I then made a brief statement of the events which occurred within my own knowledge in front of Sherman's division during the three days preceding the battle, and the circumstances of the commencement of the battle on Sunday morning, and the position of my brigade at the close of the fighting at night. My remarks were very imperfectly reported in the papers, and have been criticised by the *Gazette's* correspondent, "H. V. B." I had not read Agate's account for several years. Upon examination of it as published in "The Record of the Rebellion by Frank Morse," I find that he does not say that my brigade was surprised in their tents, but as this account of Agate has been quoted for history, I will give here the following extract :

"THE BATTLE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 6."

"OUR MEN SURPRISED."

"About dawn Prentiss' pickets were driven in; a very little later Hildebrand's (in Sherman's division) were; and the enemy were in the camps almost as soon as were the pickets themselves."

"Here began scenes which, let us hope, will have no parallel in our remaining annals of war. Some, particularly among our officers, were not out of bed; others were dressing, others washing, others cooking, a few eating their breakfasts. Many guns were unloaded, accoutrements lying pell-mell, ammunition was ill-supplied—in short, the camps were virtually surprised; disgracefully, it might be added unless some one can hereafter give some yet undiscovered reason to the contrary—and were taken at almost every possible disadvantage."

"The first wild cries of the pickets rushing in, and the few scattering shots that preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their peril. An instant afterward shells were hurling through the tents, while before there was time for thought of preparation, there came rushing through the wood, with lines of battle sweeping the whole fronts of the division camps, and bending down on either flank, the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy."

"Into the just aroused camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they came, and springing toward our laggards with the bayonet. Some were shot down as they were running, without weapons, hatless, coatless toward the river. The searching bullets found other poor unfortunates in their tents, and there, all unheeding now, they still slumbered, while the unseen foe rushed on. Others fell as they were disentangling themselves from the flaps that formed the doors of their tents; a few, it was even said, as they were vainly trying to impress on the cruelly exultant enemy their readiness to surrender."

"Officers were wounded in their beds, and left for dead, who through the whole two days' fearful struggle, lay in their agony, and on Monday were found in their gore, inside their tents, and still able to tell the tale."

"Such was the fearful disaster that opened the rebel onset on the line of Prentiss' division. Similar were the fate of Hildebrand's brigade in Sherman's division."

"Meantime, what they could, our shattered regiments did. Falling rapidly back through the heavy woods till they gained a protecting ridge, firing as they ran, and making what resistance men thus situated might, Sherman's men succeeded in partially checking the rush of the enemy, long enough to form their hasty line of battle. Meantime the other two brigades of the division (to the right) sprang hastily to their arms, and had barely done so when the enemy's lines came sweeping up against their fronts too and the battle thus opened fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right."

"This is certainly a most sickening, and if true, would be a disgraceful picture of a great army surprised and slaughtered by its

enemy, but I aver that as to the three brigades of Sherman's division camped near Shiloh Church there is not a particle of truth in this story of surprise on Sunday morning. I have no personal knowledge as to Prentiss' division, but I have good reason to believe that the story as to that division is equally false.

Again "Agate" writes to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, under the date of April 15th, 1862, and after saying that other troops besides Ohio's run on Sunday, says:

"The amount of that 'disgraceful running of Ohio troops' on Sunday morning is substantially this: The men were completely surprised; some of their officers were bayoneted in their beds; others were shot in their tents while sleeping; all were under heavy fire from an enemy fairly in their camps before they had an instant for seeking and grasping their weapons. There may have been Spartan veterans who, under such circumstances would have stood to be shot down rather than 'disgracefully run,' but I suspect that modern armies do not contain many of them."

In Headley's History of the Great Rebellion, among other equally absurd and false statements about the surprise at Shiloh, I find this:

"The on-pouring thousands swept the camps of the front division like an inundation, and the dreadful spectacle of a vast army in disorderly flight, before it had time to form a line of battle, was presented. So swift was the onset on Buckland's brigade, of Sherman's division, that between the long roll of the drum and the actual presence of the shouting foe in the camp, the officers not yet up and had not time to dress, and the troops seizing their muskets as they could, fled like a herd of sheep toward the rest of the division.

Such are the first reports of the commencement of the battle of Shiloh, given by newspaper correspondents, who must have obtained their information from the cowards who sneaked away to the rear on the first appearance of danger. These widely published newspaper reports have been adopted by several historians as true and are still believed by some people. The facts which I shall give will show how utterly false and groundless are all such stories as to these brigades of Sherman's division camped near Shiloh Church,

Sherman's division was organized at Paducah, Ky., about the 1st of March, 1862, and contained four brigades, each of three regiments of infantry, as follows:

First—6th Iowa, Colonel McDowell commanding brigade;

46th Ohio, Colonel Worthington, and 40th Illinois, Colonel Hicks.

Second—55th Illinois, Colonel Stewart commanding brigade; 54th Ohio, Colonel Smith, and 71st Ohio, Colonel Mason.

Third—77th Ohio, Colonel Hildebrand commanding brigade; 53rd Ohio, Colonel Appler, and 57th Ohio, Colonel Mungen.

Fourth—72nd Ohio, Colonel Buckland commanding brigade; 48th Ohio, Colonel Sullivan, and 70th Ohio, Colonel Cockerill.

Most of these regiments were new and reported at Paducah mostly unarmed. My brigade embarked on the steamers on the 6th of March, and our arms were sent on board in boxes and were distributed to the men on the boats after we left Paducah. We left Paducah on the 7th of March, in advance of General Sherman, with orders to report to General C. F. Smith, near Fort Henry, he then being in chief command. I reported to General Smith, who ordered me to remain there until further orders. After some delay we steamed up to Savannah, then up to the mouth of Yellow Creek, above Pittsburg Landing, for the purpose of cutting the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, but the extreme high water prevented the accomplishment of that purpose, and we came back to Pittsburg Landing. On the 18th of March we commenced disembarking at that point, and on the 20th we took our position at Shiloh Church, fronting towards Corinth. The road leading from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth passes close to and on the left of the Church. The right of Hildebrand's brigade rested on the road, and the left of mine at the Church, there being only a few rods between the two brigades. The 70th Ohio on the left, 72d Ohio on the right and 48th Ohio in the center. McDowell's brigade was some thirty rods to the right of mine there being a considerable ravine or valley between the two. Stewart's brigade was located, as I understand, about one mile to the left of Hildebrand's, and to the left of Prentiss' division, to guard an important crossing of Lick creek. In front of our line was Owl creek which is a crooked stream and ran nearer our line at the Church than at any other point. According to my recollection the creek was about thirty rods from the left of my brigade and about twice that distance from the right. The space between my color line and the creek was covered with woods and underbrush, but not very thickly. Along the creek and beyond it was densely wooded. There was a bridge across the creek on the Corinth road

and we built a bridge about in front of the center and another to the front and right of the brigade. It seems to me that this latter bridge was near half a mile from the right of my brigade. Something like a mile in front of our line were large open fields, beyond which our picket line was established, and beyond these fields were dense woods for several miles. I don't know whether any regular cavalry pickets were established in front of our picket line or not, but the Fifth Ohio Cavalry were out in front of us frequently and had frequent skirmishes with rebel cavalry for ten days or two weeks before the battle.

On Thursday, April 3, General Sherman ordered me to take my brigade to the front on the Corinth road four or five miles, send out scouting parties and see what I could discover; but cautioned me not to be drawn into a fight with any considerable force of the enemy. I marched my brigade to the forks of the road about five miles from our line, where I halted and formed the brigade in line between the two roads facing toward Corinth. Both roads, as I understood, led to Monterey, about two miles farther toward Corinth. I then sent two companies of the 70th Ohio, under Major McFarran, forward on the left hand, and two companies of the 72nd Ohio under Major Crocket, on the right hand road. They both encountered rebel cavalry pickets within less than half a mile, and commenced skirmishing with them. Major Crocket soon after sent word to me that there was a large force of cavalry in sight, and that he would need reinforcements. In accordance with my instructions not to be drawn into a fight, I ordered Major Crocket and Major McFarran to return to the brigade. While there several of the soldiers reported to me that they distinctly heard the long roll in the direction of Monterey. I did not. Soon after the scouting companies returned, we commenced our march back to camp, where we arrived a little before dark, and I reported to General Sherman.

The next day, April 4, about 2 o'clock p. m., a considerable force of rebel cavalry attacked the left of my picket line, capturing a Lieutenant and seven men of the 70th Ohio. Happening at the time to be near the right of the line, where the 72nd Ohio was drilling under Major Crocket, I rode in the direction of the firing, directing Major Crocket to follow with his regiment. On ascertaining what had occurred I sent Lieutenant Gier of the 48th Ohio, acting as my aide, to inform General Sherman, who soon

returned with word that General Sherman would send one hundred and fifty cavalry to pursue the enemy. In the meantime, on learning from Major Crocket that he had sent company B of the 72nd to scout outside the picket line, I told him that was wrong; the officers and men being inexperienced, I feared they would get into trouble and directed him to take company H, find company B and return with them to the regiment as soon as possible. Soon after we began to hear musketry firing in front. Colonel Cockerill arrived on the picket line with several companies of the 70th Ohio. The firing in front became constant and more regular. We therefore concluded that our men were intercepted and unable to return as ordered. I took three companies of the 72nd, A, D and I, and started into the woods in the direction of the firing, directing Colonel Cockerill to come to my aid if he heard heavy firing. We had not gone far when we met some of Major Crocket's men and learned that they had been intercepted and attacked before reaching company B, the Major either killed or captured, and that company B was surrounded by a large force of rebel cavalry. About the same time there came upon us one of the severest rain and thunder storms I ever witnessed. My boots worn outside of my pants filled full of water and ran over the tops. The storm stopped us and the firing for a time, but as soon as the storm was over the firing commenced again, and we pushed on with as much speed as possible, my men being deployed in line, and I riding eight or ten rods in front. About two miles from the picket line, on reaching near the top of something of a hill, I discovered through the thick underbrush that I was nearer a line of rebel cavalry faced from me than I was to my own line, and the rebels just at that moment gave a cheer evidently preparatory to charging on company B. I waved my hat to my men, indicating that I desired them to hurry up. As they came in sight of the rebel line, distant only a few rods, they opened a destructive fire, taking the enemy completely by surprise, and threw them into such confusion that they made but a short stand. My men charged upon them and drove them from the field, killing a considerable number of horses and men, and capturing several prisoners, and company B was saved. I soon discovered that the enemy were re-forming in great force, with the evident intention of charging back upon us; and whilst I was getting my men in position to meet the charge, Major Ricker came up with his 5th Ohio cavalry, and inquired where

the enemy were. I pointed them out to him, and he immediately charged them, dispersing them and capturing several prisoners. I followed him as rapidly as I could. We pursued about a mile, when the enemy commenced firing artillery at us. Some of Major Ricker's men charged right into a rebel battery, and one of his men was killed at the battery. We discovered that the enemy had a large force of infantry and artillery in line. We thereupon deemed it prudent to retire to our own lines with as little delay as possible. When we reached our picket line General Sherman was there with several regiments in line of battle. When I rode up to him at the head of my column, with about fifteen prisoners close behind me, the General asked me what I had been doing. His manner indicated that he was not pleased. I replied that I had accidentally got into a little fight, and there was some of the fruits of it, pointing to the prisoners. He answered that I might have drawn the whole army into a fight before they were ready, and directed me to take my men to camp. I knew enough to know that my proceedings were irregular, but consoled myself that I had saved one of my companies from annihilation, whatever might be the consequences of myself. Soon after reaching camp, one of General Sherman's aides came and said, "the General desires you to send him a written statement of what you have done and seen to-day," which I did the same evening. General Sherman afterward informed me that he sent my statement to General Grant the same night.

Saturday, April 5th, I was along the picket line several times during the day and saw rebel cavalry at different points in front of the line. The pickets reported seeing infantry and artillery. I saw Lieutenant Colonel Canfield, commanding the 72d regiment, Colonel Hildebrand, and several other officers of the division, on the picket line watching the movement of the enemy in our front. I talked with Colonel Hildebrand and other officers about the situation, and it was the belief of all that the enemy intended to attack us, either during the night or early in the morning, and I talked with Colonel Hildebrand particularly about the measures we ought to take to prevent a surprise. Colonel Hildebrand went with me to General Sherman's headquarters, and we told him what we had seen and that we apprehended an attack. I saw General Sherman several times during the day, and talked with him about the matter. He said we must strengthen our pickets,

and instruct them to be vigilant, and keep our commands in readiness for an attack at any time. He said he was embarrassed for the want of cavalry, that his cavalry had been ordered away that morning, and that the cavalry he was to have in their place had not arrived, and that, as soon as his cavalry reported, he would send them to the front and find out what was there. My understanding was that, by order of General Grant, there had been a re-assignment of both cavalry and artillery, which was being carried into effect on Saturday.

Late in the afternoon I had a consultation with the commanders of my regiments, and it was agreed that several additional companies should be sent forward to strengthen and sustain the pickets, which was done accordingly. I also established a line of sentinels from my camp to the reserve of the pickets under command of an officer, with instructions to notify me instantly of any alarm on the picket line. Officers and men of my brigade were well aware of the near approach of the enemy; all were expecting an attack, and such precautions were taken that a surprise was impossible. The same must have been true as to McDowell's and Hildebrand's brigades, for there could hardly have been an officer or soldier in the three brigades ignorant of the fight on Friday, or of the presence of the enemy in our front on Saturday. Officers of my brigade were instructed on Saturday evening to be prepared for a night attack, and to have their men up and at breakfast as soon as daylight or before. As may well be imagined, I was very uneasy during the night, and slept very little. I was up before daylight and ordered my horse fed and saddled. Soon after daylight, before I had finished my breakfast, word was brought that the enemy was advancing in strong force. I immediately ordered the long roll, mounted my horse and rode toward the picket line. I found the reserve of the pickets had fallen back across the bridge in front of the right of my brigade, and the pickets were skirmishing with the enemy's advance, and slowly falling back. I instructed the reserve of the pickets to make a stand at the bridge, take to the trees and keep the enemy back as long as they could. I then returned and found my brigade formed on the color line, awaiting orders. I rode through and along the line, and spoke to Colonels Sullivan and Cockerill, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Canfield and others in passing, telling them that the rebels were coming, and that we should have a big fight, and cautioning

them to be ready. I rode to General Sherman's headquarters, eighty to one hundred rods to the left and rear of my camp, and about in the rear of the right of Hildebrand's brigade. I informed General Sherman that I had been to the front and found the enemy advancing in strong force, and my pickets falling back; that my brigade was in line, ready for orders. He answered: "You must reinforce the pickets. Send a regiment forward and keep them back." I returned and met Colonel Sullivan and Lieutenant-Colonel Parker on their horses, in the rear of the Forty-eighth Ohio. I told them what General Sherman's orders were. They both requested me to send their regiment, which I designed to do, it being the center regiment. I ordered Colonel Sullivan to take his regiment, as speedily as possible, across the bridge in his front, take position in the woods beyond with the pickets, and keep the enemy back as long as possible. When the head of the column reached the bridge he discovered that the enemy was forming line of battle under the bank, on our side of the creek, to the right. He fell back a short distance, and reported the fact to me. I first ordered companies A and B of the Seventy-second forward as skirmishers, and in a few minutes after ordered the Seventy-second and the Seventieth to advance, and the Forty-eighth to form on the advanced line. We advanced from thirty to forty rods, to within full view, and short musket range of the enemy's line and the fight commenced simultaneously on both sides. The right of the brigade was considerably in advance of the left to take advantage of the formation of the ground, the creek being much nearer the left than the right of the brigade color line. Up to this time there had been no artillery firing or heavy musketry on any part of the line. My brigade had been in line awaiting orders full one hour before it advanced, and before any fighting anywhere within our hearing, except skirmishing by the pickets, and the brigade fought with great bravery in this position more than two hours, driving the enemy back under the bank of the creek as often as they attempted to advance; and the right of the brigade was advanced considerably forward during the fighting, to obtain a better position, which widened the space between my right and the left of Colonel McDowell's brigade. I sent an officer to say to Colonel McDowell that I feared the enemy would turn my right and get in between the brigades, and ask him to look to it. Colonel McDowell sent Colonel Hicks with the Fortieth Illinois,

who took a position to the right and rear of my right flank, where he remained at least one hour. I remember of riding up to Colonel Hicks and speaking to him twice during the time he was there. The first time I asked if he did not think my men were fighting bravely. He replied, "yes, they are doing splendidly." The second time was after we had been fighting about two hours, and I found the Seventy-second was getting out of ammunition. I asked Colonel Hicks if he would hold my position until the Seventy-second could replenish their ammunition. He replied that he was ordered not to engage in the fight unless attacked in his position. After we had been fighting about one hour, one of General Sherman's aides came to me and said: "The General desires to know whether you can hold your position." I replied, "Tell General Sherman that my men are fighting bravely, and I will hold my position." At that time I had not the least idea that we would be compelled to go back, although Lieutenant-Colonel Canfield, commanding the Seventy-second, had been mortally wounded and carried from the field, leaving the Seventy-second without a field officer, and many company officers and men had been killed and wounded. My adjutant's horse was killed and my own horse wounded just in front of the saddle, and was bleeding profusely. As I rode along the line, speaking to officers and men, I found them everywhere standing up to the work bravely, and when I saw that my brigade was making a glorious fight and beating back every attempted advance of the enemy, I felt highly gratified and full of confidence. As the Seventy-second was without a field officer to command, the senior captains of companies A and B were both sick, and unable to command their companies, Captain Wegstein, of Company H, was killed early in the fight, and other company officers had been wounded, and I, with the efficient aid of Adjutant Eugene Rawson, who displayed great courage from the beginning to the end of the battle, having to command the Seventy-second, as well as the brigade, spent most of my time on the right of the line, the Forty-eighth and Seventieth having all their field officers. Consequently I did not know what was going on in Hildebrand's brigade on my left. I discovered, however, that the enemy were bringing up heavy reinforcements in my front, and after we had been fighting about one hour and a half, I sent word to General Sherman that the enemy were being heavily reinforced, and that I would need help. He returned

for answer that he could not send me any reinforcements and that I must do the best I could. This answer convinced me that matters were going wrong somewhere, and that sooner or later I would be compelled to fall back, and so I informed my Quartermaster, Lieutenant D. M. Harkness, and my surgeon, Dr. J. B. Rice, and directed them to make arrangements to take the sick and wounded to the rear as speedily as possible. We maintained our position, however, along the whole line for more than two hours, when the Seventy-second was compelled to fall back for ammunition, finding it impossible to distribute it along the line under the fire of the enemy, but the enemy did not advance at that point. The Seventy-second quickly filled their cartridge boxes, and were advancing into line again, and were about ready to renew the fight when I received an order from General Sherman to fall back to the Purdy road. The Seventy-second marched by the right of companies to the rear through their camps. In the meantime, Hildebrand's brigade had been fiercely attacked and given away, so that my left flank was completely turned, and Colonel Cockerill was compelled to face his regiment to the left. We fell back in good order to the Purdy road, followed closely by the enemy in front and on the left. We had formed our line on the Purdy road, and were ready to renew the fight, when we were shoved out of the road and thrown into confusion by Berh's battery of artillery, which came rushing along the road at full speed from the right, and a mass of flying men from Hildebrand's brigade on the left. The enemy were so close upon us that it was impossible to form again along the Purdy road. Back of the road was all woods and thick underbrush, and I found great difficulty in riding through it. Farther back—some forty rods—it was more open, and I succeeded in forming a new line, but in the confusion the Seventieth Ohio became separated from the rest of the brigade, but was constantly engaged in the fight farther to the left, and rejoined me later in the day. Soon after leaving the Purdy road I received an order from General Sherman to go to the left, and as soon as I had succeeded in rallying my men, I attempted to obey the order, but encountered a superior force of the enemy and was compelled to fall back again. We were all day contending against the superior numbers, and resisting their advance at every point as long as we could.

Late in the afternoon, after the last repulse of the right of our

line, my brigade was near a bridge across Snake Creek, which, I was informed by some staff officer whom I did not know, that it was very important to protect, as General Wallace would have to cross his division over it in coming from Crump's Landing. I placed my brigade in position to defend the bridge, but after remaining there some time and no enemy appearing, I was not satisfied that I was where I ought to be, and rode to the left to find General Sherman and get his orders. I had not gone far when I found a new line being formed, and not finding General Sherman, I said to the officer in command that if desired I would form my brigade on the right of his line, which he said he would be glad to have me do.

When I returned to my brigade, to my surprise, I learned that the Forty-eighth Ohio had marched away toward the Landing. I immediately formed the Seventieth and Seventy-second on the right of the new line about one mile and a half from the Landing. Soon after my line was formed, General Sherman came along our front and said to me: "You are just where I want you. Remain where you are until further orders."

About dark General Wallace's division commenced arriving, and formed to the right of my brigade. About 10 o'clock my Quartermaster, Lieutenant Harkness, came to us from the Landing. I learned from him that the Forty-eighth Ohio was at the Landing, and had been ordered by General Grant in position to defend his batteries, and that the regiment had done good service there. I sent orders by Lieutenant Harkness to Colonel Sullivan to join me with his regiment forthwith, but owing to the rain and darkness he did not arrive until just after daylight. Colonels Cockerill and Hildebrand and myself tied our horses to trees, and lay down together for the night, in rear of and close to my brigade line. The rebel's line was only a short distance from us on the other side of a ravine.

General Wallace opened his batteries on the enemy early Monday morning and the three regiments of my brigade were formed in a line of battle, with all their field officers present, except Lieutenant-Colonel Canfield and Major Crocket of the Seventy-second, the one having been mortally wounded on Sunday morning, and the other captured on Friday. Sherman's division during the day occupied a position on the left of Wallace's division, and we kept steadily up with his left, frequently under very severe fire

from the enemy. General Wallace in his report, says that at one time, "the right of Sherman's division fell hastily back." I think General Wallace is mistaken. I know that my brigade was not driven back one rod on Monday. On one occasion, when General Sherman ordered an advance under heavy fire of musketry and artillery from the enemy, I gave the order, but, at the moment **the men seemed to hesitate.** I immediately rode to the color-bearer of the Seventy-second Ohio, took hold of the flag-staff, and conducted the bearer to the point indicated. The whole brigade quickly advanced, and was on the desired advanced line as soon as I was. Colonel Sullivan was wounded and taken to the rear.

Our forces drove the enemy back over the same ground that they drove us the day before. The fighting was severe but not so destructive, at least to our troops, as on Sunday. We drove them back more rapidly than they drove us. About 4 P. M. the enemy were in full retreat, and about 5 P. M. my brigade took possession of its camps at Shiloh Church. The rebels took such articles as they could on their hasty retreat, but my tent and bed I found in good condition and I enjoyed a good sleep in them Monday night.

Early Tuesday morning, I with others, visited the ground of our fight on Sunday morning. In a small space on the line of the enemy in front of the Seventy-second were found eighty-five dead bodies, and the dead of the enemy were found thickly strewn all along the line in front of the brigade. General Wallace also visited the battle ground, and when he saw the number of dead bodies of the enemy in so small a space, asked what troops did that. When told that it was the 72nd Ohio, he said, "that was the best fighting on the field." The number of the enemy wounded in that Sunday morning fight with my brigade must have been very great, as the number of the wounded is always much greater than of the killed. The underbrush between the two lines was literally mowed down by musket balls. Not a twig could be found that was not hit; and every tree, from the ground ten or fifteen feet up, was literally peppered with bullets. I think more of the enemy's fire was too high than of ours, and for that reason, more of the enemy were killed. The enemy in that fight greatly outnumbered my brigade, but our men, though inexperienced in war, were, many of them, used to the rifle at home, and took good aim.

I have detailed incidents of small importance in themselves,

perhaps, in order that the reader may better judge how much truth there is in the charge that my brigade was surprised, in any sense, on Sunday morning. Instead of being surprised, we were all expecting an attack early in the morning, if not attacked during the night, and we took every precaution and made every preparation that one knew how to make to be ready for the attack whenever it should come, and we were ready when it did come, as the result abundantly proves. I feel perfectly justified in saying that no troops ever went into battle more deliberately or with more coolness, and none ever fought more bravely or effectively than did my brigade on Sunday morning.

On this question of surprise I give the following extract from a recent letter to me from General M. T. Williamson, now United States Marshal at Memphis, Tennessee, who was First Lieutenant of company C, Seventy-second Ohio, and in command of the company at the commencement of the battle. General Williamson says:

"On the morning of the 5th of April, company C furnished a portion of the pickets for the Seventy-second, under Lieutenant Hoffman, and company E the remainder under Captain Blinn. In the afternoon I went out to the picket line and could distinctly see some suspicious movements on the Confederate side. We were confident they were preparing for an attack and I knew this was your conviction. We expected it before morning and had arranged a line of communication from the pickets to the camp so as to know when the forward movement began. I have forgotten the name of Captain Snyder's company clerk at that time, but he communicated with me during the night. I was up early Sunday morning and had breakfasted, as had the men of the regiment, before the long roll was ordered, and I do not believe there was a man in the regiment but what expected the long roll before it came, and every man was ready to fall in when it did come."

Since writing the foregoing I have read, with great interest, the article on the battle of Shiloh, by General B. W. Duke, published in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of the 28th of May. The article evinces candor, and was evidently prepared with care and consideration. He fully sustains all I have said in regard to the fight my brigade made on Sunday morning, but he is mistaken about McDowell's brigade participating in that fight, and as to some other matters. He says:

"While McDowell's and Buckland's brigades of Sherman's division had not been fiercely assailed at the inception of the Confederate advance, they soon received their full share of attention. The ground which they occupied, how-

ever, was perhaps the strongest position on the line. Every demonstration against it was repulsed; artillery was used in vain against it; some of the best brigades of the army moved on it, only to be hurled back and strew the morass in its front with their dead. The Confederate loss at this point was frightful. At last, after having held the position from 7 or 7:30 A. M. until after 10 A. M. everything upon its right (left) having been driven back, and the Confederate artillery having reached a point where the guns could play upon its rear, it was abandoned as no longer tenable. The tenacious defense of this position, and the fact that, by massing on his own right, General Johnson turned it, when it proved impregnable to direct assault, ought to be of itself a sufficient explanation of the correctness of his plan of battle. Sherman falling back, formed on McClellan's right, the same relative position he had previously held."

Now, the fact is that McDowell's brigade was not attacked at all on the front line, and did no fighting until after we had fallen back to the Purdy road. As I have stated above, the Fortieth Illinois, Colonel Hicks, at my request came and took position to the right and rear of my right flank, and remained there without firing a gun until the Seventy-second went back for ammunition, when the Fortieth Illinois marched back to its own brigade; and this was after my brigade had been fighting more than two hours, and only a few minutes before the whole line was ordered back to the Purdy road. What General Duke says about the fighting at this point is all true, and his is the first account I have seen that does full justice to my brigade. My brigade advanced to the front and commenced the fight before Hildebrand's brigade was attacked, and remained until ordered back to the Purdy road after Hildebrand's brigade had been driven back and the enemy had completely turned my left flank.

General Duke, in another part of his article, says:

"Hardee's line carried all before it. At the first encampment there was not a semblance of a check. Following close, and eager after the fleeing pickets, it burst upon the startled inmates as they emerged half clad from the tents, giving them no time to form, driving them in rapid panic, bayoneting the dilatory—on through camps, swept together pursuers and pursued."

I wish General Duke had pointed out what camps were thus surprised. They certainly were not the camps of McDowell, Hildebrand or Buckland's brigades. Captain Skelton, of the Fifty-seventh Ohio, one of Hildebrand's regiments, informs me that the first alarm he heard was the long roll in my camp, which was immediately followed by the long roll in the camps of Hildebrand's brigade, and that the brigade was in line of battle very

soon after. I saw the brigade in line when I was returning from General Sherman's headquarters with orders to send a regiment forward to sustain the pickets. General Sherman says he rode to the front of Hildebrand's brigade into the woods, where his orderly, Holliday, was killed. He then went to Colonel Appler, of the Fifty-third Ohio, and ordered him to hold his position. It cannot be, therefore, that any of Hildebrand's brigade were surprised, bayoneted or shot in their tents.

It is a well established fact, I think, that General Prentiss was well aware of the presence of the enemy in considerable force in his front. His cavalry had skirmished with them on Saturday, and at 4 o'clock in the morning of the sixth he sent to the front one of his regiments to look for the enemy.

General Prentiss has made his statement, in which he says: "My division was in line of battle near one-fourth of a mile in advance of the color line, and received the assault of the enemy at an early hour of the morning of April 6th, 1862, and held them in check for hours until the enemy appeared in our right rear, and as I learned afterwards, aided by the misconduct of a regiment not of my division." He further states that his division fought gallantly during the day, and at 5:30 completely surrounded by numbers so numerous, the gallant officers and soldiers, with myself, were compelled to surrender."

It is quite probable that some sick and wounded men were left in the camps, but I cannot believe the enemy would have shot and bayoneted such, or any unarmed or helpless men. Private—Smith of company I, Seventy-second Ohio, was shot through the breast and left in camp, or near it, as too badly wounded to be moved. When we returned to camp on Monday evening we found him alive in one of the tents. The enemy had taken good care of him, and he is now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, therefore, I am compelled to believe that all these horrible stories about our officers and men being surprised, shot and bayoneted in their tents are false.

¶ There has been a persistent effort on the part of newspaper correspondents and others, ever since the battle, to make it appear that Sherman's and Prentiss' divisions were asleep on the morning of the 6th, ignorant of the approach of the enemy, and surprised and thrown into almost utter confusion by the first onset of the enemy. I think the facts I have given ought to convince

every candid person that such was not the case. It is true that Colonel Appler, of the Fifty-third Ohio, of Hildebrand's brigade, after his regiment had fired a few rounds, ordered a retreat, and then abandoned his regiment to its fate. This was no fault of the regiment. Such conduct of a commanding officer would demoralize any troops. This gave the enemy such advantage over Hildebrand's brigade that, although Hildebrand heroically strove to maintain his position, he was unable to withstand the overpowering onslaught, and his brigade was forced back and irretrievably broken to pieces. Yet a large portion of his officers and men rallied by companies and squads, joined other commands, and fought bravely during the day. But for this unfortunate conduct of Colonel Appler, of the Fifty-third, which is the regiment whose bad conduct is referred to in the statement of General Prentiss, I have no doubt but Hildebrand's brigade would have maintained its position as did mine, and we would have held the enemy in check on the front line much longer, and given McClermand's and other troops ample time to come to its support, or place themselves in positions where they could best meet the enemy. The stubborn resistance of my brigade alone saved our army from greater disaster. The splendid fighting of our troops during the entire day is a sufficient answer to the charge that any considerable portion of them were demoralized by being surprised in their camps, or otherwise. The number that disgracefully fled to the rear was not much greater, if any, than in other great battles. Sutlers, teamsters, and all other non-combatants and hangers-on of the army were concentrated into a small space at the Landing, and mixed with the sick, the wounded and run-aways, and altogether they made a great panic-stricken mob. No wonder Buell's men, in passing through such a mob, supposed the Army of the Tennessee was demoralized, but if they had been in front, at any time during the bloody day, they would have come to a different conclusion.

If General Lewis Wallace, with his division of eight thousand men, had continued on the road he started upon, which I think he ought to have done, and struck the enemy on his left flank and rear by 2 or 3 o'clock P. M., the tide of victory would have been turned against the enemy; it would have saved the disaster to Prentiss' division, and I think we would have driven the enemy from the field on the first day. I will not undertake to say who

was in fault for the course General Wallace took. It is not the purpose of this article to defend Generals Halleck, Grant, or Sherman, but to state facts within my own knowledge and observation, and such as I believe to be true, taken from other reliable sources, and leave the reader to determine, in his own mind, from the facts, where blame or credit should be awarded.

Respectfully yours,

R. P. BUCKLAND,

Commanding Fourth Brigade Sherman's Division.

The Corresponding Secretary read a telegram stating the serious and probably fatal illness of General Spooner, and on motion:

Resolved, That the members extend their sympathy to General Spooner and hope for his recovery.

On motion of General Hickenlooper:

Resolved, That the Recording Secretary is permanently directed to publish the records of the meeting of the Society.

On motion:

Resolved, That the Society accept the invitation for a reception by the Merchants' Exchange and do now adjourn for that purpose.

MUSIC HALL MEETING.

CINCINNATI, *April 6, 1881.*

The Society assembled at the Burnet House and was escorted to the Music Hall by the First Regiment Ohio National Guards, and George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. The entrance to the hall was certainly an ovation of note and the scene one long to be remembered. The audience,—invited guests of the committee—fully six thousand ladies and gentlemen rose and greeted the Society with loud and prolonged cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, and while being seated the band and the organ playing “Hail to the Chief.”

The evening’s entertainment began with the

REVEILLE, by Drum Corps First Regiment Ohio National Guard.

MARCH, by Organ.

Both of which were so well rendered as to claim applause from the entire audience.

General Force, chairman, in behalf of the committee then said:

It is almost impossible, comrades, to feel that only sixteen years have passed since we founded our Society at Raleigh, North Carolina. We expected soon to separate, and proposed to keep fresh old friendships and dear memories. At every meeting we find some of our number have dropped by the way; more vacant chairs at the table. But friends are like the Sibyl’s books—though their numbers diminish, their value remains the same.

The resident members have toiled to make your fourteenth reunion pleasant. The work has been a labor of love. The members of other societies and other armies have aided with equal zeal, and throng here to share the evening with you.

The local military companies have turned out in your honor. Some of their members served with you in the field, and all of them know that the cost of a military establishment in time of peace is the premium that nations pay to insure against the conflagrations of war.

The citizens are here to greet you. If they were not in the field, some of them rendered service quite as important as bearing arms or fighting battles; and all of them are citizens of a republic that is not ungrateful.

The ladies of the city smile upon you with gracious welcome. Though they seem all gentleness and elegance, they are of the same blood and formed in the same mould as the noble women who assuaged the wounds of war and showed how tenderness and charity can bloom amid its horrors. [Applause.]

Men who made history, commanding armies and presiding over the government of the nation, have come great distances to give dignity to your reunion.

And now that all are assembled, the local committee give way to one who was our General, is our president, and always our commander, whom it is alike a pleasure and a duty to obey. [Applause.]

General Sherman then arose and in the few words following assumed the direction of the meeting. He said:

Whilst we recognize the presence of this most extraordinary audience, I beg them to understand that we are a society meeting, and that we propose to go on as though we were alone. You are welcome to see and to hear everything you can; if some things seem strange to you, bear in mind we are assembled here to-night as the Society of the Army of the Tennessee; and according to our ancient usage—fifteen years old, [laughter,] I now call upon the Reverend Mr. McKnight to open this meeting with prayer.

PRAYER BY REV. CAPTAIN H. W. McKNIGHT.

Almighty God, and forgiving God, and giver of every good and perfect gift, by Thy favor we are happy and permitted to assemble at this meeting. Lift upon us the light of Thy countenance, and sanctify the exercises and enjoyments of this meeting. We thank Thee that so many of those who stood shoulder to shoulder in the day of trial and battle are spared to meet each other again and enjoy a season of social intercourse. And whilst we indulge in reminiscences of camp and field, of battles and victories, may it be without hearts filled with anger, without all bitterness and with thanks to Thee for the peace, prosperity and

unity of our common country. Graciously remember those who are prevented from meeting with us this evening; those who are maimed, sick or poor; cheer and sustain them in their trials and sufferings. Comfort the sad hearts that still weep and mourn for those who died in the service; for those who loved the right and died for their country. O God, hear the widows' wail and the orphans' cry, and help us, and help a grateful people to bear and heed that wail and cry also.

Bless our land, bless the President of the United States, bless all who are called to exercise authority in this land; and in these last days, bless and re-establish unity and patriotic love of our country, that this country, this grand Republic, may live to do justice to mankind. Teach us to walk humbly before Thee. Enable us to dwell together in fraternal unity and brotherhood as one people, rejoicing not so much in outward prosperity and material strength, as in virtue, morality, intelligence, and in liberty. Strengthen the weak against the strong; fight for those who battle for liberty, for the privilege of being men. Grant that oppression, tyranny and war may cease, and that righteousness and peace may be established in all lands. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

General Sherman then introduced the Hon. Charles Jacob, Mayor of Cincinnati, who responded as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Proud is the city of Cincinnati to welcome to its midst the heroic representatives of the Army of the Tennessee, and on its behalf I most cordially welcome you. I will make no ambiguous comparisons here upon the bravery of that body of men who have served our country. You will always remember our city as a place where you will find true friends. Again I welcome you. [Applause.]

The President then presented Governor Foster, as follows:

Now, my friends and comrades, soldiers, all, in the land from which I recently came we hear occasionally of Ohio. They rub it into our memories freely enough [laughter] and it is a great pleasure to me to-night to be in the State of Ohio and to present to you one of whom you have also heard, the Governor of the

great State of Ohio, the Honorable Charles Foster. [Applause.]
He was received with hearty cheers, and said:

GOVERNOR FOSTER'S SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

As the representative head, and on behalf of the people of Ohio, it is my pleasant duty to extend to you a cordial and sincere welcome to the State. [Applause.] Just as warmly, just as thankfully, do we now extend to you our welcome in these quiet days of peace, prosperity and plenty, in the plain dress of citizens, as we welcomed you when you returned from the war, crowned with victorious banners, and clad in the war-worn blue of the Union. [Applause.] To you, and such as you, we owe the glory of a united people, and the countless blessings enjoyed by the people of the nation to-day. It is well for you, it is well for all to preserve the high and noble sentiments and sacred brotherhoods of the great war, to keep alive the memories of that grand organization, the splendor of whose achievements have covered it with imperishable renown, and the names of whose leaders are written in the top-most list of soldiers and patriots, who have embalmed their memories in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. Before the smoke of battle had cleared away, in the heart of the enemy's country your society was formed, after the Army of the Tennessee had written its sublime record at Donelson, at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, at Resacca, at Atlanta, and down to the sea. No more brilliant deeds have ever been recorded in martial annals than those of the Army of the Tennessee. [Applause.]

The generations that are to come after us will cherish the story and hold in grateful remembrance the patience, the sacrifices, the endurance, the courage and the brilliant achievements of the rank and file of that army. [Applause.] No more heroic names have ever been given to history than the names of those who organized and led this army to victory. In these names Ohio takes a special pride, for among them, of Ohio men, we find those of Ulysses S. Grant, [loud and prolonged cheers and applause:] the greatest military chieftain of modern times, and the first citizen of the nation, [applause:] of General William Tecumseh Sherman,

[renewed and prolonged cheers and applause] who led the great march to the sea; of our fighting Phil. Sheridan, [Great cheers and applause,] audacious, decisive and intrepid in battle; of the gallant J. B. McPherson [loud cheers and applause,] one whose character was resplendent with grace and gentleness, with the dignity, courage, carefulness and manliness of a soldier, and who fell in battle, booted and spurred, as a gallant knight would wish. We do not forget that there are others worthy of equal glory. We recollect among these, General John A. Logan [applause] the brave soldier, and General O. O. Howard [applause] the soldier and philanthropist. But time forbids further mention of your gallant soldiers and your gallant deeds. I trust gentlemen, that this reunion may be both pleasant and profitable, and that when you depart you will find that it was good to have held it in the State of Ohio. [Applause.]

The Glee Club, consisting of Mr. Charles J. Coleman, Mr. Darby, Mr. Deverall, Mr. Lindau, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Newhall, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Wetherell and Mr. Tyrrell, then sang "Sherman's March to the Sea," with very fine effect. They were assisted in the chorus by company B, First Regiment of Ohio National Guard, the Society also taking part, and the audience was enthusiastic with applause.

General Sherman, as President of the Society, replied to the two welcome speeches as follows:

GENERAL SHERMAN'S RESPONSE.

All the arrangements for this grand celebration have, as usual, been made by the local committee, which has in its judgment assigned to me the task of responding to the Mayor of the city of Cincinnati, and the Governor of the State of Ohio, for the generous words of welcome they have just pronounced.

If you, my old comrades and fellow soldiers, could turn in your seats and look upon this vast and most beautiful audience, you would say that the best response would be silence. Words are unnecessary to interpret the meaning of such a presence, or the feeling of respect which has filled this magnificent temple to-night. So, also, on the streets, at the hotels, and everywhere we have gone, we have encountered such manifestations that we fully

realize the welcome of the people of Cincinnati and of Ohio. Governor Foster has in a few well-chosen sentences recalled some of the members which have revived in our breasts the feelings of other days. What is true in Ohio is equally true in all other parts of our country; because the cause for which we fought was universal and each part contributed its share to success. Yea indeed the cause was universal to all mankind, and the child that was born in Honolulu or Australia, was as much **interested in our success** as those of our own **favoured land**; and could the telegraph have communicated with them, each blow struck at Donelson or Shiloh would have met a response from every quarter of the globe.

We of the old Army of the Tennessee come not here to boast—not to praise ourselves, nor to receive praise, but to renew old social relations, and the feelings which naturally return as we shake each other by the hand. We meet as comrades in battles and campaigns now almost forgotten, and we do not expect the new generations to share with us fully in these feelings, because words alone are inadequate to measure them. No words ever spoken or written by any man, in Latin, French, German, or English can tell me how I felt when first I heard the glad tidings that Atlanta was in our possession. After all the battles of the war were over, peace naturally resulted; the peace which we all alike now enjoy; the peace which makes our land “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

We of the old Army of the Tennessee have again assembled here to-night, as peaceful, as comfortable, and thankful for this generous result as the rest of you; and if you accord to us one thousandth part of the merit for this blessing, we will feel sufficiently rewarded. And now, in the name of our Society, I thank especially the good people of Cincinnati for what they have done so liberally for us, and I am sure I speak the sentiments of every member of this Society; and to you Mr. Mayor, [Mr. Jacob] though your words were few and strongly German—I could almost imagine myself in Hamburg—they were warm and tender words of welcome for which I thank you.

For the magnificent decorations on the streets, and for this splendid audience to-night the Society is deeply grateful to the citizens of Cincinnati.

I now beg to present to you the regular orator for this occasion—Colonel Ozro J. Dodds.

Colonel Dodds arising was received with rounds of applause, and spoke as follows:

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY OZRO J. DODDS.

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR INVITED GUESTS:

Shortly after the capture of Fort Donaldson, Rev. Robert Collier, of Chicago, on a mission of mercy, visited the hospitals at Mound City. In going through one of the wards he met a boy who had been terribly wounded, but who, in speaking of his commanding officer, forgetting his pain, with flashing eyes, said, "I would rather be a private under him than a captain under any other man in the army." And so I can truly say that I esteem it to be a higher honor to have been an humble member of the Army of the Tennessee than the victorious General and praetor who, with slaves and spoils in his train, received the homage and plaudits of the citizens of Rome in his march of triumph through her crowded streets. It is indeed a great privilege to have belonged to the Army of the Tennessee, not only because of the great leaders who commanded it, but because of the material of which it was composed. It combined the two great essentials of military success—the great leader and grand material. It performed every promise; it fulfilled every duty; it encountered every hardship; it was equal to every emergency, and, in winning great victories, secured the highest standard of military merit, which is success. Its history, inseparable from that of the country, during the eventful period of its existence and activity, furnished another proof of the efficiency of the citizen soldiery. In its march and war it struck every revolted state save two, and never did General anywhere lament over its retreat from the field of arms. Its career justifies the eloquent expression of our own Vilas: "It has written the proud legend that the Army of the Tennessee never shunned and never lost a battle with its foes." It was distinctively an army of volunteers. Its career is instructive as history and profitable as example, and clearly justifies the brilliant imagery and expressive panegyric of one of the most distinguished American orators: "It reared to itself a monument colossal and historical than which never did the Grecian chisel from out the sleeping marble awake a form of grander or more enduring beauty."

And now, standing in the presence of the survivors who are yet spared of that grand old Army of the Tennessee, on this, the anniversary of Shiloh, and of our citizens and invited guests, who here testify their interest in this occasion, their sympathy in the cause for which we fought, and their admiration for our organization, encompassed by these surroundings, what should be my theme? What words can I utter worthy of this occasion and fit to be spoken to the survivors of that army which bore such an important part in the greatest revolution and civil war of modern times? "What shadows we are! what phantoms we pursue!" In our pride and pretended wisdom we are but puppets, moved by a greater and higher power. We are but unconscious instrumentalities, powerless to resist the decrees of destiny, and, without knowing it accomplish results not dreamed of, which come from a series of events which, in their inception, trivial as they appear, are entirely misunderstood.

When Charles the First entered Parliament in 1640 to arrest a few objectionable members, did he think that he was inaugurating revolution, one incident of which would be that his head would drop from the block, and that the general result would follow that the kingly prerogative would be shorn, the power of Parliament be increased, and, in many important features, the British constitution changed for all time to come? When Camille Desmoulins put his hand on the railing, and with one bound leaped into the garden of the Tuilleries and plucked a leaf and gave a great party an emblem, a badge—a party which inaugurated the French revolution, did he appreciate the results of that struggle which he was the unconscious instrument in precipitating—the despotism of the Bourbon dynasty, the destruction of the feudal system? The French people from that time have ceased substantially to emigrate. More persons own the roofs which cover their heads in proportion to the population, in France to-day than in any other civilized country in the world, and consequently, they are the most comfortable and self-sustaining people, our own not excepted, on the globe. Did that British officer who boxed the ears of a greasy barber's apprentice in Boston, know that he was stirring up the passions of the people of that goodly town, which finally resulted in the troops firing on the populace in State street? When Major Pitcairn called out to the British regulars at Lexington to fire on the bloody rebels he called two nations to arms and

one into being? That was the result. Yet even our forefathers, for a time, thought it was a mere cross roads riot to resist the Stamp act and a pitiful tax on tea. But the result was to establish the principle that taxation and representation should go hand in hand; that all men are created free and equal, though it took over eighty years for this people, after its proclamation in theory, to put this latter proposition into practice.

Now, in these illustrations that I have referred to, the results were not anticipated, and to the superficial observer would appear to have been purely accidental. Careful study of history will convince the candid that this judgment is erroneous, and this leads to an observation which, at the first glance, may be disputed, but which, on reflection will be admitted to be true, and that is this: the struggle which we survive was not the suppression of a rebellion in the strict, literal sense of the word. The idea of rebellion involves the idea of a master to rebel against. Our war was a conflict of ideas. The authority of our government obtained its sanction, not from any inherited or divine right, but from the consent of the people. It meant that the Mississippi, which Providence had intended as a highway of the world, should not be bridged by the embargo of an artificial State line. It assumed such proportions, was so far-reaching in its results, that it acquired the dignity and importance of a great civil war. No party could precipitate it. No individual or combination could bring it about. The people were powerless to prevent it. It was written and decreed in the very nature of things that it should come to pass. It was not a furious fight of faction, but a conflict between two systems of civilization. The next voyage of the Mayflower after carrying the Pilgrims to the rocky beach at Plymouth was to transport a cargo of slaves to the West Indies. One system had free labor as its distinguishing feature, the other slavery. Their interests were necessarily antagonistic. The people were of the same lineage. Their common ancestry stood shoulder to shoulder in the revolutionary struggle and threw off the authority of the mother country. They spoke the same language; they shared the same literature. They were connected by blood and marriage. They were related by social and business ties so strong that rupture and estrangement were deemed impossible. But these two systems, under the same government, were separated and bounded by artificial state lines. Differences arose from time to

time, but they were bridged over by compromises and compacts and provisions, until at last, like in the days of the old Hebrew prophets, an angel descended from heaven, and taking a live coal from the altar of the Temple of Justice and Right, touched it to the lips of a man, and he spake like a seer, as one inspired, and said, "this nation cannot exist half slave and half free." His speech startled the world. His own countrymen, North and South, at first could not, if they would, and would not if they could, believe him. History repeats itself. There is nothing new under the sun. Like our old Anglo-Saxon ancestry, we had tried to settle our differences by the wager of law, we had imparled, but without effect, until at last we were remitted to the wager of battle, and like the champions of old, each drawing his broadsword and calling on the God of battles to witness the justice of his cause, and the world the sincerity of his sentiments, rushed to arms. The war came.

None of us at the inception of this great struggle appreciated its magnitude, or the influence of its results upon civilization here and elsewhere. The first call for troops was only for seventy-five thousand men for the period of three months, and the great fear that all of us had who first enlisted was that the war would be over before we had an opportunity to get into the field. Do we not all remember of able-bodied editors and certain civilians, who learned the art of war by inspiration or absorption, who viewed the battle from afar, with great unanimity voted General Sherman a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, because he suggested that the Government should put two hundred thousand men in the field for the Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns. They couldn't impanel a jury from the Army of the Tennessee who would bring in such a verdict. If we failed to appreciate the character of the issues involved in the inception of the struggle, even the active participants, after this lapse of time, are prone to underestimate, or at least scarcely appreciate its magnitude. Take as an illustration of this truth the battle of Shiloh. It was commenced nineteen years ago this morning. It was a gigantic and bloody bush fight, and from the nature of the ground could not have been anything else. No battle during the war displayed more vividly the characteristics of the two armies. On the one side was the vigor and vivacity of the South, opposed by the dogged determination of the North. The Cavalier and the Roundhead

met. One wing of the army of Sherman was hammered from his camp to Snake Creek bridge, and when it got there it was no use hammering any more. The hammer merely rebounded from the force of its own blows. We were not conquered, but compressed, and to borrow the expression of another, "the recoil was more violent as the pressure was more severe."

But I will not detain you with a description of Shiloh. Many of you were there and know all about it. But let me add two facts. There were in all about one hundred thousand men engaged in it—over twice the number of voters of this rich and populous county of Hamilton. More powder was burned and more shot and shell expended than in the entire Mexican war. Now, these two facts are suggestive. The statistics of this war in cold print, in the bare black and white of official reports, are absolutely startling. Why, if the wagon trains of one of our armies alone—the Army of the Potomac—had been put on a single road toward Richmond, the head of the column would have reached that city before the rear was out of sight of Washington. Two million six hundred and eighty-eight thousand and five hundred and fifty-three men were called into the field on the three, six and nine months, and one, two, three and four years' calls in the North alone. As many of these had been mustered more than once, it is safe to say, making all reasonable deductions, one million, five hundred thousand men were engaged. Of these, fifty-six thousand were killed outright in battle; thirty-five thousand died of wounds in hospitals, while one hundred and eighty-four thousand died of diseases in hospitals; total, two hundred and seventy-five thousand men. It must be remembered that these estimates do not include those who died at home, after being discharged, from the effects of wounds and disease, or those who perished in prison camps.

January 1, 1866, the total debt due on account of the war was \$2,749,491,745. But to this should be added the sums expended by individual States and localities in raising and fitting out their several contingents, making in all a total, at a very moderate estimate, of \$4,000,000,000. There was also paid out in round numbers in addition, \$200,000,000 in bounties and \$100,000,000 to the families of absent and deceased soldiers. So that the cost in money to the North of this civil war was \$4,300,000,000. In all of

these statements I have taken the lowest estimates. I am aware that some statisticians make the figures much higher.

Now, in order to get a proper idea of the magnitude of this struggle, contrast these statistics with those of Rome in her palmiest days. The entire armies of the Roman empire under Augustus Cæsar were three hundred and forty thousand men, and cost \$75,000,000 per year— one-fifth the number of men and about one-tenth the amount of expense. The same startling contrast will appear by a comparison with the armies of Napoleon under the Consulate and Empire.

It is well-nigh impossible to get accurate statistics of the losses of the South, but the best information attainable is that they amounted to, including sick and wounded in hospitals, three hundred thousand men. They issued in round numbers \$650,000,000 in paper money. As to the amount of bonds they put out, that I am unable to state with accuracy. Some of our English cousins have given that matter serious study, and, if interrogated, would doubtless bristle with information.

Figures and statistics give, after all, no clear conception of the cost, the loss, the horrors of war. Never was there uttered a sharper, clearer "saber-cut of Saxon speech" than that used by General Sherman in his letter to the Mayor of Atlanta: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it." And, if this be true of war generally, its force is intensified in the case of civil war, where the passions of the participants are wrought up to fever heat. Think of the long train of evils which follow in its wake. The lines of march of the contending hosts are marked by blackened chimneys, up whose throats the fires of hospitality were wont to roar and light up glad faces in happy homes. The fields are furrowed by long lines of rifle-pits. Cities, towns and villages are given to the torch, and the accumulations of the labor of years disappear in smoke and flame in a single night. The greatest evils consist, not in the mere expenditure of money, the loss of life, the physical discomforts and sufferings of those engaged at the time, but rather in the demoralization, the sufferings of the survivors in broken health, of the innocent and helpless fathers and mothers and children who are deprived of the protection and care of husbands and sons. What plans of life for the future are broken up and changed? How many families were separated and estranged? How many there were, at the close of this war,

contemplating the ruin and desolation by which they were surrounded, who gave up in despair? Mourning has been sent into tens of thousands of our families. The wealth we wearied in working for is wrung from us by remorseless taxation.

The South, in bitterness of soul, gave up far more than her first born. Her smiling fields were turned to barren wastes. If she precipitated the struggle which, in the very nature of things was bound to come by the first overt act of hostility, bitterly has she paid the penalty of her prominence. The experience was terrible. The bankruptcy in purse and character, the heart-burnings, the cruelties and sufferings that followed and attended this bloody conflict all combined form a tableau and spectacle which will cause the check of every brave and honest man to turn ashy pale, and make the heart of every mother flutter, as with loving eye she looks at her dimpled darling in the cradle.

Yet, when we contemplate this picture, horrible as it is, what a lesson can we receive, what comfort can we gather from the grand, majestic measures of the poetic vision of the Prophet Ezekiel? "The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out, * * * and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones; * * * and behold there were very many in the open valley, and they were very dry; * * * and He said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? * * * Prophecy unto these bones, and say unto them, thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live, and I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live, and ye shall know that I am the Lord. So I prophesied as I was commanded, and as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together bone to his bone. Lo, the sinews and the flesh came upon them; and the skin covered them above, but there was no breath in them. * * * Prophecy unto the wind, son of man, and say to the wind, * * * come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. * * *

And the breath came into them, and they lived, an exceeding great army. And the word of the Lord came again to me, saying moreover son of man, take the one stick and write upon it: For Judah and for the children of Israel, his companions; then take another stick and write upon it. For Joseph, the stick of Ephraim

and for all the house of Israel, his companions. And join them one to another into one stick and they shall become one in thy hand, and when the children of thy people shall speak unto thee saying, wilt thou not show what thou meanest by these? say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold I will take the stick of Joseph, which is in the hand of Ephraim, and the tribes of Israel, his fellows, and put them with him, even with the stick of Judah, and make them one stick, and they shall be one in mine hand.

* * * Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side and bring them into their own land, and I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel, and one king shall be king to them, and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all. * * * My tabernacle shall be with them. I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

So that out of desolation and death is evolved a higher and better life. From the nettle danger we pluck the flower of safety. Terrible as is war, its results are not always evil and unmixed with good. The truth is every evil has a corresponding good. "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every burnt book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding after long intervals of time. The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The millennium has not yet come, nor can we hope or expect for that blissful period when "the nations of the earth shall beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks," when nation "shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," until the nature and constitution of man are radically changed, or until he is subjected to influences differing entirely from the conditions, moral, intellectual and physical, by which he is at present surrounded. The statement of Burke that, "as to war, if it be the means of wrong and violence, it is as well the means of justice among nations—nothing can banish it from the world"—has the force and authority of an axiom. A Government worth living under is worth fighting for. No advance was ever made in civilization without an effort. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is one of the first commands to man. Struggle

and sacrifice are the price and penalty of the intellectual and physical betterment of man. "*Par augusta ad augusta*," is a condition precedent to progress. In the bitterness and agony of an ignominious death upon the cross, in the throes and convulsions of Calvary, was culminated the grand finale of a career which gave to mankind a new dispensation, which has cast the sheen of its beneficence and blessing on all centuries since. "When a man is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something. He has been put on his wits, on his manhood. He has gained facts. He learns his ignorance, is cured of conceit, and has acquired moderation and real skill."

The war was a great educator. As a single illustration, take the case of a boy from the country who enlisted in the army, whose experience had been limited, and but for the opportunity afforded by the war, would have been restricted to what he could observe and gain between two plow-handles. When he became a soldier he met great numbers of men from all the walks of life. He measured himself with others. If he had the material, contact with others brightened him and brought out and developed all that was in him. Army life taught him self-reliance, it taught him the necessity of obedience and the value of discipline; it cultivated in him respect for authority, and when he returned home, if he had been a good soldier, he would be a good citizen. The license and lack of restraint of street life in city, town or village, surrounded by idleness and vice, are far more dangerous to society than the discipline of army life. If a man has the moral, intellectual and physical health to stand the strain, it is a great mistake to say the education of the camp is injurious. Like an athlete, with sinews strengthened, muscles multiplied, he is prepared, by this terrible training, to test his prowess and power in whatever position he is placed. The experience of army life acts as a crucible: It burns out selfishness and preserves the true metal of the man. Under this ordeal he very soon learns whether he or his comrade is a true-blue and thorough bred, or a skedad-dler and shirk. The real man is developed more rapidly by the exacting experience in garrison and in the field than in any other life. If the soldier is naturally mean, he will show his meanness; and all that is noble, admirable and generous in his traits will not lack opportunity and occasion for display. Do not the experience and excitement of battle educate and enlarge?

When all of man that is sublime
Expands, and for the transient time
Casts off base flesh from passion's weight
And makes the humblest soldier great;
When man is almost deity,
And dares defy his destiny.

The soldier in his every-day life every hour learns the necessity for promptness and strict attention to duty. Will any of the boys who were with Corse at Altoona Pass ever forget his efforts in spite of the rickety railroad from Rome to Kingston and thence down, the smash-up of cars, to reach the point of danger in time? Does not his exploit furnish a magnificent illustration of what promptness will accomplish, what pluck and courage will do, when fighting against great odds? Losing over one-third of his command, he saved the bacon of Sherman's army, and its hard tack as well, foiled Hood, and relieved that magnificent achievement of the march to the sea of great embarrassment. An hour's delay in a movement at Waterloo changed the map of Europe. I shall never forget a remark made to me by General Thomas one morning in May, 1862, while I was on picket duty in front of Corinth, Miss.: "Remember, young man," he said, "you can not be too careful in carrying out your orders to the slightest detail. The fate of an army may sometimes depend upon a linch-pin."

The education of the war fitted its survivors for service to their fellow men as successful and important in other fields as their achievements had been glorious in those of arms. Upon their return home they found, in many instances, their places in peaceful pursuits filled by those who had grown up in their absence. Besides they chafed under the quiet monotony of the old haunts, where they found it necessary, to a certain extent, to form new associations. Filled with the spirit of adventure, they sought new fields. They became the pioneers of civilization in the West and North-west, where their restless activity finds its opportunity in subduing nature. The volunteers of the Mexican war after wresting New Mexico and California from the foe by their prowess and valor, settled and developed that country so wonderful in wealth of mineral, so prolific in productions of the soil. The State of Ohio has made great strides in progress and prosperity. Her sons are justly proud of her prominence, which results from this fact. The first settlers of this State, the men who laid the foundation of this fair fabric, were the restless adventure element,

the best blood of the surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary war. This city, my comrades, who welcomes you to her hospitality and her homes to-day, takes her name from a society similar to our own, composed of the surviving officers of the war for independence. On the Western Reserve were settled the soldiers of Connecticut and Massachusetts; in the south and west, between the Miami and Scioto rivers, those of Virginia, and in the east and central portions, those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Nearly all of the prominent men in the early history of this State were veterans of the Revolutionary war, and what a magnificent and princely heritage have they handed down to their posterity! It is no wonder then that, with such founders, Ohio is a great State, and that Ohio men have been in such great demand. What was accomplished in California, what has been accomplished in the central west and in Ohio will also result in the great west and north-west.

Notwithstanding our lack of experience we were apt scholars in the profession of arms. How rapidly we learned the art of war, and in so doing taxed our energies and inventive genius, which resulted in the discovery of many mechanical principles and appliances, not only useful, but now considered absolutely necessary to business and convenience. Logan said at Resacca that there was scarcely a man in the ranks of the Fifteenth corps but who was competent to command and maneuver it under fire. The boys who were in the army make the best railroad men to-day. Hooker's command, twenty-three thousand strong, with artillery, baggage train and supplies, was moved from Rapidan, in Virginia, to Stephenson, in Alabama, a distance of 1,192 miles, in seven days. Etowah bridge, six hundred and twenty five feet long and seventy-five feet high, was rebuilt in seven days, and the one across the Chattahoochie, seven hundred and forty feet long and seventy feet high, was put up in four and one-half days. Who will say, then, that experience of this practical character does not educate? The railroad fast mail service, which the business community would not now dispense with, originated in the distribution of the mails to the army early in February, 1862. It may be claimed by some civilians in official position, who were old enough to be in the army, but were not, that this system has originated since the war, but I maintain that the Army of the Tennessee gave birth to the railroad mail service, and the official

reports will sustain my statement. I mention this fact, not to pay a compliment to Markland, who we all love as a brother, and who was charged with the superintendence of that department of staff duty, but rather to draw a lesson from the war and recognize the services of enlisted men as mail messengers, and in justice to the truth and history, to trace this system, now so necessary and grown to such vast proportions in business life in the United States, to its humble origin in the Army of the Tennessee in the early days of the spring of 1862. Nay, more, I can recall no more pathetic picture in the experience of the war than the delivery of the mail. How disappointed were those who received no letters; how generous those who did. They were passed from man to man of the same company, of the same neighborhood, of the same family, the same set, so that a single letter often did decimal duty. How the messengers appreciated the pleasure letters from home gave the boys in the front! What risks they ran! Some of them defying danger and went down to death at the extreme outposts of the army. How many poor fellows perished with missive of encouragement, of love and affection, delivered under fire, some only half read, and some with seals unbroken in their clenched hands.

The military mail service illustrated the practical as well as the poetic side of the soldier's life. The exigencies of war brought it into being. The Army of the Tennessee nourished it until it became the pet with all the armies, and as they passed out of existence and melted away into civil life, they bequeathed it to the Post-office Department as an evidence of what they had done in a civil way.

With all its cruelty, with all its barbarity, war has a certain refining influence. With all the dark shadows and clouds in the picture of civil war, there is still a silver lining. What but the tremendous throes of our civil war could have brought into being those noble charities, the Christian and Sanitary commissions? Who of us in the Army of the Tennessee can ever forget the saintly Sister Anthony or that grand old woman, Mother Byckerdyke? They worshiped not at the same altar; they knelt not at the same shrine. The one a devout Catholic; the other a staunch Protestant. Old in years were they; their faces furrowed and seamed by the wrinkles of time, yet, illumined by celestial light, their countenances shone with a heavenly beauty as the angels

who walk with God; yet they were but the types of thousands of mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives all over this broad land, North and South, whose every breath was a benison and prayer, and every thought and impulse a self-sacrifice for the men engaged in battle. If the war did nothing further, the impulse which it gave in developing the spirit of self-sacrifice and charity among the people was worth all it cost. Its influence is seen in the noble charities and gifts which have added to the happiness of the masses in all the years since.

These results were not confined to one section alone. Narrow-minded provincialism received a death blow. Both sides learned to respect each other. The actual combatants are the first to come together; the boys in blue and gray the first to fraternize. The delay in adjusting, and the difficulties in the way of settling questions raised by the war were caused by those who enlisted after the fighting was finished, and who wanted to continue hostilities after the enemy had retired from the field. Moderation, not malice, was the sentiment which inspired the soldier. Hate has a home only in the bosom of the bushwhacker and bully. Charity finds a congenial abode only in the soul of the chivalric soldier, not with the cowardly shirk and stay-at-home. The South received the greater benefit. What is true of the survivors in the North applies with greater force to those in the South. Slavery abolished, manual labor will not be held as a badge of disgrace. The young men will seek their fortunes in new avenues in the West and North-west. Shoulder to shoulder with their brethren of the North, they will go to the front as the advance guard of that great army of civilization—their energies and efforts not being devoted to the destruction, but to the development and building up of the waste places. The South was wrong. The arbitrament of the sword, the judgment of the wager of battle, decided that, without further question and appeal, for all time to come. "The time will come when they will say they were victors who had been conquered by the right. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their fields, educate their children, weave for them the robes of wealth, execute their laws and fill their lands with happy homes."

If the French revolution destroyed the feudal system and divided property, ours did the same in the South. The once despised slave, now clothed in the garb of freedom, the poor white man,

no longer subject to the scorn of the patrician planter because he worked with his hands, are acquiring property. The community will continue to prosper where property in lands, instead of being held in immense tracts by the few, is parceled out into small farms, owned and cultivated by the many. One of the most beneficent results of the war will be the enforced division of large plantations into small farms. The census returns of 1870 disclose the fact that, in many States in the South, while the acreage of cultivated land has increased, the size of the farms has been reduced one-half. The increased yield of cotton since the war is due in a large measure to this process of distribution already inaugurated. It is a remarkable fact that in the fifteen years subsequent to 1865 the yield of cotton has increased over the yield in the fifteen years prior to the war forty per cent., and this result has been attained in spite of the demoralization of labor, and the natural disarrangement incident to the war itself. Under this condition of things the new South, with her fertile soil, varied resources and delightful climate, is destined to be the richest section of our land.

There nature, a mother'kind alike to all
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call.

But it is not in this enforced division of property that the South, and the whole country as well, receives the greatest benefit. It will be felt in the division of thought, of opinion, of sentiment respecting public affairs. It has not yet come, but the time will come when the Stalwart North and the Solid South will disappear as factors in politics, and only known as tradition in the dim shadowy history of the past. The time will come, and God speed the day, when the great parties of the country will not be separated by artificial State lines, but divided on questions of public policy, and this state of things will be one of the direct actual results of this civil war.

Thank God! the atmosphere of free America is not contaminated by the overseer's oath or the bated breath of the slave, nor does the sunlight reflect the scornful sneer of the master. Slavery was the blight and mildew of the intellectual and material progress in the South. It made the rich richer and the poor poorer, while it gave a certain charm to the society of the favored few, and in them developed the amenities of social life, boundless hospitality, a high standard of personal deportment, chivalric con-

duct, and courteous bearing toward the weaker sex. Still its effects were baleful. It was a dry-rot on society. It brought too much leisure. "Once upon a time," said an Arab story-teller, "having missed my way in the desert, and having no provisions left, I gave myself up for lost, when I happened to find a bag full of pearls. I shall never forget the relish and delight I felt on supposing it to be fried wheat, nor the bitterness and despair which I suffered on discovering the bag contained pearls." Pearls are beautiful to the sight, but they won't stay the pangs of hunger, as does the homely oyster. The people of the South had the truth of the proverb burned into them, "If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own." This accursed system had its worst effect upon the master in kind and degree; it lifted the slave up from barbarism, but it dragged the owner down. It afforded but few opportunities to brains and energy. The exceptions to this statement only enforce the general rule. Lord Southampton once accosted the Bishop of Llandaff, saying: "I want your advice, my Lord Bishop. How am I to bring up my son so as to make him go forward in the world?" "I know of but one way," replied the Bishop, "give him parts and poverty." Even in England, with all its pride and prejudice of caste, the Bishop gave good advice. It is good advice in the South to-day. It was not before the war. The only employments which brought social recognition were those of the learned professions—the law, medicine and divinity, or the occupation of a planter, and position in the army and navy, and official life.

It is the testimony of Lecky and other philosophical writers and students of history, that from the earliest period the existence of slavery produced, both in Greece and Rome, the strongest contempt for common and manual labor. Even Plato, with all his wisdom and philosophy, deemed the trade of a shop-keeper to be degrading to a free man, and that it should be punished as a crime. Aristotle, who asserted so strongly the political claims of the middle classes, declared, nevertheless, that in a perfect state no citizen should exercise mechanical arts. Xenophon and Cicero were of the same opinion, and Augustus condemned a senator to death because he had debased his rank by taking part in a manufacture. The first dollar ever earned by Abraham Lincoln was when he lived in Kentucky. He ferried two men with their trunks out to a steamboat in the river. To use his own quaint expression,

"I belonged to what they called down South the 'scrubs.'" People who did not own slaves were nobody there. Verily, in his case the scrub of that period is the thorough-bred of the present.

The great lessons of the war to the South may be stated in the words of Emerson: "Every man, in his lifetime, needs to thank his faults, as no man understands truth until he has contended against it; so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same." And now the young men of the South, in inheriting all that was admirable in their system, having passed through the heat of the crucible, all the dross in their nature burned out by the fiery experience of the war, educated by disaster and defeat, an education which developed and brought out those great qualities of courage, devotion to conviction and sacrifice to sentiment, which seemed to them right, who were foemen worthy of our steel, and, like us, contributed to the common heritage of American valor, are now fitted and prepared to take their proper station in the work of civilization which a common destiny assigns to the young men of this country and this generation. The war developed a spirit of patriotism and national feeling. The flag is an emblem of power. Look at the faces of the young men, of the boys who importuned their parents to have the opportunity of being present to-night to look at the survivors of the Army of the Tennessee, to get a glimpse of Sherman and his Lieutenants. Think you that the lessons of this war are lost to them and to the rising generation? The sentiment and purpose of this reunion are not, as I understand it, to the prejudice of other comrades, self-praise and depreciation of our adversaries; but, in the words of our Constitution, "to keep alive that kindly and cordial feeling which has been one of the characteristics of the army during its career in 'the service,'" to recall the incidents of the past, when we followed the flag; of the days when we went soldiering, when we were young and full of life, when we had but a few gray heads among us, before we began to borrow trouble—when we let to-morrow take care of itself. Not in bitterness, not in anger do we come together, but in a spirit of joy and thankfulness that we are permitted by a kind Providence to once more feel the old-time pressure of our comrades' hands, and that God in his mercy has preserved our country. In this way the influence and effect of these reunions appear in the development of this national feeling all over

the land, North and South, in the magnanimous and princely policy we have adopted in regard to the pensions of our wounded. This national feeling has brought thousands of emigrants to our shores who, with health and strength, have sought this asylum to erect an altar and a home for their wives and little ones. *Cui bono!* From a purely materialistic standpoint of this practical and materialistic age, shorn of all sentiment, the question still comes to us, my comrades, you who were the active participants and now are the spared survivors of that great struggle, whose ranks are being thinned year by year, the question comes to me and to you, did the result of this great civil war compensate for its cost? I might add illustration after illustration, pile example upon example, and reason upon reason, until I would trespass on your patience and the proprieties of this occasion, but I think from the facts I have given, only an affirmative answer can be made to that inquiry. We have a country of unlimited and varied resources, of soil, climate and productions. Our population, fed and recruited by immense emigration, composed of different and diverse elements, will in the future cause new questions to arise, to the settlement of which we must address ourselves; yet, with the education of this war, to me the future is full of hope and promise. The power of this people has been demonstrated to adapt the heroic treatment to a great gangrene and sore which threatened to eat out and destroy the body politic. The wound is healed. It looked for a time during that process angry, red and threatening, but the severe surgery of the war was successful; the patient not only survived the operation, but is stronger and more vigorous than ever before. Like a young giant after rest and refreshment, it has entered upon a new lease of life and is destined, in the long cycles of its career to prove a benefit and blessing to the family and brotherhood of nations. While the war of the Revolution was testimony touching the formation of this Republican Government, this civil war proved the power of this people to withstand their own strength and that they can surely solve whatever questions may arise in the future for adjustment, and we can rely with confidence in the hope and belief that government of "the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Following Colonel Dodds' admirable and scholarly oration the quartette club sang, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," the audience, band and organ joining in the chorus.

The President then stated it was in the order of the evening, several of the distinguished gentlemen then on the stage would make remarks or say something, if the audience desired. There was immediate and loud calling for Ex-President Hayes. As he arose to respond, he was greeted with marked and enthusiastic applause, which continued for a period. He then said:

SPEECH OF EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

You and this magnificent audience of ladies and gentlemen, will, I am sure, gladly excuse me if I decline altogether to enter upon the discussion of any of the topics that properly belong to this family meeting of the gallant Army of the Tennessee. I therefore arise, in obedience to your call, simply to thank my comrades of the Army of the Tennessee for their courtesy in permitting me to be with them to-night, and this audience for their cordiality, and beyond this only to say that the people of the county of which General McPherson was a native, thank the men of the Army of the Tennessee for what they are doing to-day. They cherish the memory of that gallant gentlemen, so gentle and so brave, so lovable and so manly; they know that in one of the most conspicuous and beautiful squares of the city of Washington there is already a noble statue in his honor; but they thank you, gentlemen of the Army of the Tennessee, that that spirited and beautiful statue that was unveiled to-day is to go to his old home, to be placed over his remains, where his neighbors and friends shall see it as long as they live. On their behalf, I thank you.

General Sheridan was next called for, and as he arose he was received with a perfect storm of cheering. He said:

SPEECH OF GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN.

I don't know whether you gentlemen of the Army of the Tennessee have looked at the programme or not. If you do, you will see that *invited guests* are expected to make some remarks at this time. I will therefore simply say, gentlemen, that I highly appreciate the honor and the cordial welcome you have given me

here to-night, in calling me out. I know, from the sentiments of my own heart, how near we have been drawn together by services in the field and in battle in the common cause. I am very glad to see so many of the Army of the Tennessee here to-night, and I am very glad to see you all looking so well, and that time has pressed you very lightly. I think if you all feel like myself, you will feel a good deal complimented if I say you look a good deal younger than when I last saw you. When a man says that of me I always feel proud. I hope I may be able to see the Army of the Tennessee at its annual meetings for at least about twenty years longer, and from present appearances I think you will last until about that time. I am sure I will meet you on every occasion.

General Pope was next called, and said:

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I rejoice very much that I again have the pleasure to thank you, as I have had many times before, for this cordial greeting. I appreciate the opportunity presented by our Society once a year to look into your faces so much cherished and trusted. It is a pleasure I value above anything on earth. And I assure you, if my presence here to-night gives you one-tenth of the pleasure it gives me, I shall be abundantly satisfied. [Applause.]

General Cox was next called by the audience, and responded by saying:

GOVERNOR COX'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I was not of the Army of the Tennessee, but the Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Tennessee used to have to change places very often, sometimes on one wing and sometimes on the other. We certainly were comrades, and I think we knew each other. Our meeting to-day brings to my mind naturally, as it must to you all, two topics of thought—one that of the day you celebrate, the other the memory of that gallant soldier whose monument was unveiled to-day. I was not at Shiloh, but I was very near where McPherson fell, and I can do no better, I think, to fill the few moments allotted to me, either for you or for our fellow-

citizens who are here this evening, than to tell you what I saw, and to tell you something of what I know of you on that July morning. The Army of the Ohio was on your right, having for once a central position before Atlanta. It happened to be my own duty to be at the Howard House when General Sherman received word that McPherson was killed. I was there when the staff officer came telling the news, and, with agitation which a staff officer might well be excused for feeling when he had such news to tell, I heard your commander say: "Go back to Logan, and tell him that he has both the ability and the men that can stay Hood where he is, and I expect him to do it." [Applause.] But a little later it became, in his opinion, wise to send at least part of that Army of the Ohio along your rear guard that flanked toward Decatur, which was being threatened. I was ordered to leave one brigade of the division to stretch along the thin line, and with the other two to go behind your line to what was supposed might be the point of danger. We marched near the house where McPherson's body was lying. On the north side of that road through the woods from Atlanta to Decatur I met Logan, and his swarthy black face was aglow and his eye kindled with the true spirit of the fight, as, while he welcomed us, he indicated that there was now no need that the Army of the Tennessee should be helped. But as we marched, General Dodge, threatened with an immediate panic, asked for one of the two brigades. It was not whether we marched out beyond the line where there was nothing, as it turned out, for us to do, but where, from our connection with what was being done, we were able to see it, and, as your comrades, well able to judge of the work that had been done. Our young men and young women love to think of the stirring scenes of the war and try to picture of what it is that makes a hero, but I take it that in all ages and in all times it has been agreed an army that can fight a powerful enemy on its back, and can face to the rear and meet its own numbers or more and beat them, is an army that contains heroes, if heroes ever were enlisted in war. [Applause.] The most cursory reader of history can imagine what it is that makes a panic, when that position which was supposed to be safe turns out to be the point of danger; when men's plans are overturned, when their ideas are all afloat, when from the region that was to come help comes a hostile shot, when their commander is himself shot down by an enemy unexpectedly met,

we can imagine how it is that that makes a panic. On that July day the men that are sitting here, with their regiments, battalions and squads, were the men who forced to the rear and did beat an enemy of more than their own numbers.

This, then, is one of the things we may learn. I may say further to our fellow-citizens here that if you want to know how heroes look when you read history, and see how like ordinary men they appear, I can only say right here, if there were occasion and your country wanted an army to-day, from these citizens before me you could muster thousands who could organize and lead a great army—aye, a great army as ought to be led when the country is in peril. They may not all be plumed knights, of whom we read so much in history; they may not all be handsome, but I assure you, as one who has occasion to know it, that they are tried and kind and true.

I saw McPherson himself when he marched into Snake Creek Gap, and we followed him there. I called at his tent as we passed, and there, in that gorge which had been thought not worth guarding, with high hills on either side, in a shabby tent, was the simple, kindly-hearted gentleman, in no respect pretentious, not the least bit of a swash-buckler about him, as quiet as any gentleman attending to the business of the hour, doing it as he would do any business, with simple, direct straight-forwardness, and courage that was so great that he was unconscious of it, and never seemed to dream that anything extraordinary was a-doing. That was the man, and that was one of the reasons why you loved him so and that we all loved him so. [Applause.] We knew that if there were need for courage he had it. We knew if there were need for intelligent opinion upon a nice question of war he had the judgment and intelligence. We knew if our commander needed more courageous seconding where it might be looked for.

Another of the duties I had was at the close of the war. We had parted in Georgia. We had met again in the Carolinas. We had pushed westward to Raleigh, and it became my fortune to be present with those who went to receive the actual surrender of the arms and munitions of war of General Joe. Johnston. In a tent in the woods at Greensboro, North Carolina, we met another simple man, a man whose presence filled us with the respect we had learned to have for him in the Georgia campaign, a man without pretense, a man also quiet in his way, and a man whose

judgment, whose skill, whose courage none of us will be likely to dispute. Hardee was there, a much more dashing soldier, and a good one, too. As natural on such occasions, there was talk of the army and of the campaign just closing. In Hardee's presence, Johnston, referring to those things which make the characteristics of a great army, spoke of the ancient armies, and of the manner in which they had both fought and worked; how Cæsar's army was as celebrated for its marches and entrenchments as for its glorious fighting upon the fields of battle. In Hardee's presence he said: "Hardee here telegraphed me from Charleston that I need be under no apprehension that Sherman would pass Salkehatchie swamps. The Salkehatchie was impassable." And Hardee smiled assent; but he said when I learned that Sherman's army was marching through the Salkehatchie swamps, making its own corduroy road at the rate of a dozen miles a day or more, and bringing its artillery and wagons with it, I made up my mind that there had been no such army in existence since the days of Julius Cæsar. Young men who want to learn of what are the materials of which armies have been made, take this judgment of a man, himself a good soldier, that right here we have the material, as I said before, which has been prized in all times.

And now let me say—and I say it with an honest pride—that this great army which thus performed these deeds, wringing this kind of a tribute from such an adversary, was an army which could settle back again into the quiet and ordinary life of a civilized nation with so little stir, with so little difficulty in adapting itself to all its wants that, as our friend the Judge, or some good merchant goes about the ordinary peaceful duties, it is hard to imagine that they are men who once were leading armies in the midst of fire. This quality, this attribute of sensible, just, wise, reasonable citizenship that makes at once the soldier the safest guard for truth and freedom, and not their dangerous enemy, which he has been generally regarded the world over.

This also is a matter for congratulation, and while when you praise one portion of the army, we are all given to egotism in regard to the army in which we served, I insist that in these things so much, at least, of pride and mutual gratulation is right. [Applause.]

General Leggett was called but responded by merely acknowledging the attention and thanking those who had been so kind as to do it.

General Belknap was urgently called and said:

MR. CHAIRMAN:

As has been said, the Army of the Tennessee has an anniversary on every day of the year, for no day during its life passed without the performance of deeds worthy of renown, of record and of historic mention. Therefore, on this memorable anniversary we meet again as comrades to clasp hands and speak in most kindly converse. The chain of personal friendship, my comrades, longer grows stronger with time. The storms of adversity, though they bring misfortune, bear not away with them upon their bitter winds the friendships formed in days of danger. True soldierly affection lasts as long as life. It will not yield to blows. Like the descending hammers of the forge, they only serve to weld it more securely as they fall. But there is one friend of this army whom we miss to-night. Not long ago a silent traveler stood beneath the shadows of the Pyramids. It was near the same spot where, eighty years before, Napoleon, waiting for the charge of the commander of the Mamelukes, said to his shining walls of steel, "Soldiers, from yonder Pyramids forty centuries are looking on you!" But, my comrades, it needed no invocation to the past to bring the same silent leader whom we saw on the field of Shiloh, nineteen years ago to-day, the admiration of the centuries and the homage of the world, and, as we see him in the quiet dignity of his own great strength, we recall a sentence written of another, which tells the whole story of this Army's thoughts. "There were great men before Agamemnon;" but before the Agamemnon of our Iliad there were no great men. [Applause.]

Citizens of Cincinnati, the Army of the Tennessee has thanked you for this most kindly welcome. I, as a citizen of Iowa, taking the liberty of speaking for those from that State who are here, beg leave to thank you for the greeting given them from this city, whose men bore their banners victoriously to the front, and added the story of this State's renown to the pages which make up the history of the Army of the Tennessee—the Army of the Tennes-

see loved by us, my comrades, for itself; twice loved because it was McPherson's first and last army, and thrice loved because it was Grant's first command. [Applause.]

Judge Taft was called for but simply thanked the Society for the compliment paid him.

General Hickenlooper was called but availed himself of the opportunity of introducing Mr. Rebisso, the artist of the McPherson statue and said a few kind and complimentary things of Mr. Rebisso, who responded in a very happy strain very much to the delight of the audience.

Quite a number of other gentlemen were called for but declined to respond, and the President stated the objects of the meeting had transpired and it was a proper time to adjourn—announcing the closing music he requested all to join, and the audience rising, organ, band, orchestra chorus and audience joined in the hymn, "My country 'tis of Thee," and thus ended the most eventful meeting we have ever held. The Society then returned to headquarters.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, *April 7, 1881.*

The Society marched from headquarters, preceded by the band, same as yesterday, and at 10:20 A. M. was called to order by the President.

The Recording Secretary read the record of proceedings of yesterday's meeting, and there being no objection the President stated they would stand approved.

General Williamson submitted the following report:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *April 6, 1881.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

SIR:—The committee on the appointment of the officers for the ensuing year beg leave to unanimously recommend to the Society the re-election of that great and distinguished soldier, General W. T. Sherman as President; and also the re-election of the present able, faithful and honored Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Treasurer, viz: Colonel L. M. Dayton, General A. Hickenlooper and General M. F. Force.

For Vice-Presidents they respectfully suggested the following named members:

General E. W. Rice,
Colonel J. E. Tourtelotte,
General Jos. Stockton,
Captain W. S. Williams,
Captain W. H. Barlow,
Major Samuel Mahon,
General L. F. Hubbard,
General Willard Warner,
General Reuben Williams,
Colonel Addison Ware,
Major John B. Bell,
Colonel W. M. Vogelson,

Respectfully

Signed,

J. A. WILLIAMSON,
JNO. M. BACON,
J. G. MCAULEY,
H. T. NOBLE,
AD. WARE,
G. D. MUNSON,
FRED. WELKER,

Committee.

On motion of General Williamson:

Resolved, That the report of the committee be adopted, and the officers named were declared elected.

General Rusk submitted the following:

CINCINNATI, O., *April 6, 1881.*

At a meeting of the committee to nominate an orator for the next meeting of the Society, at which were present General Rusk, General W. T. Shaw, General Peterson, Colonel W. M. Vogelson, Major Plunkett and Dr. W. R. Thrall, the selection of General J. A. Williamson was unanimously agreed upon.

Signed,

J. N. RUSK,
Chairman.

W. H. PLUNKETT,
Secretary.

On motion of Major Mahon:

Resolved, That the report of the committee be adopted. General Williamson formally accepted.

General Fletcher submitted the following report:

CINCINNATI, O., *April 7, 1881.*

TO THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

The committee to whom was committed the duty of selecting the time and place for holding the next meeting of the Society, beg leave respectfully to report that they have unanimously agreed upon Saint Louis, Missouri, as the place, and the 10th and 11th of May, 1882, as the time for the next meeting, and respectfully submit the same.

Signed,

THOS. C. FLETCHER,
Chairman.

Pending action on the report of the committee, General Warner asked the indulgence of making some remarks and spoke as follows:

COMRADES:

Not desiring to oppose the adoption of the report by this committee, I may be understood, however, that when I made the suggestion of meeting at Atlanta, I made it in all earnestness, not expecting that it would be accepted and adopted now, but as a matter for future reflection and action. If there be any body of

men in this country who are national in name and national in spirit, it is the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. I want it understood generally, and I want this Society at the same time, to understand that there is no city or State in these United States where the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is not welcome, and can not say and do what they please. I do not want the Society to feel, I do not want the people to think, and I do not want the world to believe, that this is a sectional country divided into a hostile camp, and we as members of the Army of the Tennessee, as we sustain the national honor and the national unity, and national friendship, can not meet anywhere within this country and under the flag of our country.

I will say further that it is true that we would have received a warm welcome in the city of Atlanta and the soldiers of both armies would have joined in their efforts to make it pleasant and enjoyable. While we have, perhaps, no members of the Army of the Tennessee resident in Atlanta, we have yet many Federal soldiers whose hearts beat in unison with ours, and it would be a labor of love to discharge any duty which the Society would have requested of them in the preparation of this meeting; and I have no doubt that it is a matter of truth that all, even those surviving of the Confederate army, that they upon request would have strained their efforts and would have opened wide the gates of the Gate City for this army.

One word further: If there would have been any party who would have opposed this reception, which I do not think would have been so at all, he would have come not from the Confederate soldiers, but from those who took no part in the fight. Now in this resolution I acquiesce most heartily in Saint Louis, but I hope that my brother soldiers will consider the matter before deciding it, and we'll assure them that when they come, as they will, on an excursion to our place, they will never regret their coming but remember it with great pleasure.

On motion of Captain Chadwick:

Resolved, That the report of the committee be received and the recommendation adopted.

There being no further business presented at this time, the Corresponding Secretary read the following communication:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *April 6, 1881.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary:

DEAR GENERAL:—On a former occasion I called the attention of members to the requirement of our Constitution, to contribute to the fame and glory of individual members, and to the history of the great civil war which gave existence to the Society itself; and I again renew my opinion that the best results will follow a more general fulfillment of this branch of our duties.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee has fulfilled many noble ends; has done a reasonable share of charity, and has contributed much to the history of a period which contains many lessons of great value to our country in the great future. The histories of many regiments have been published; many of the diaries kept by individuals are also accessible to students, "biographies" "memoirs" and "recollections" are accumulating every year, but I know of no single society whose members can give to history so much of the poetic, the grand and sublime, as this one of the Army of the Tennessee.

In the early days of California Edward D. Baker, of San Francisco, afterward Senator from Oregon—the same who fell fighting gallantly on our side as Brigadier-General at Ball's Bluff—told me of a good, pious lady who once lived in Illinois on a farm, where on his electioneering tours he occasionally stopped for rest and sleep. Inquiring, as usual on arrival, about the health of her children and the goodness of her crops, she answered that the crops were suffering from drought, and consequently were "poorly," "but, thank God, her neighbors had no better." So when thinking of our own shortcomings in the civil war; of our men straggling, committing acts of pillage and robbery, and of doing things not justified or justifiable, I have experienced a sense of relief in reading of the same state of facts in England, in France, Spain and other civilized lands, and, like our good lady in Illinois, have thanked God that other people were as bad as we. As English authors have been our severest critics, I quote from their great Duke of Wellington, not from his official dispatches only, but from his private correspondence, which more perfectly gives the actual truth of events and of his own thoughts at the time. These are now published in ten large volumes, accessible to all, and give the secret history of the events which largely interested the civil-

ized world in the beginning of this century, before any of us were born.

Napoleon then ruled what he supposed to be "the world." England was his chief rival—inaccessible to his magnificent armies, because she was an island, and had the command of the intervening sea—but not content with remaining on the defensive, England sought a foot-hold on the continent whence she could bring her power and influence to bear on the events then so momentous. To Field Marshall the Duke of Wellington was committed the command of her land forces on the Spanish Peninsula—not that England cared for the people of Portugal or Spain, but because the peninsula was regarded as the best base of operations against Napoleon. Say what men may of the Duke of Wellington, he was by nature and profession a soldier, a gentleman, and a man of truth. Writing to the Earl of Liverpool, February 23d. 1811, he says: "The French have shown throughout the war in the Peninsula, but particularly in the last campaign in Portugal, that they operate on the flanks and rear and communications of their enemy, never having any anxiety about their own; and, in fact, till they have beaten their enemy in the field, they never possess more than the ground they stand upon. This fact is proved in Portugal by their having lost their hospital and everything belonging to it, at Coimbra, only on the day their headquarters left that place; by the difficulty they have and constant losses they incur, in sending officers and messages *en courier*, and by the total want of intelligence."

"This system is the consequence of the mode in which they subsist their armies. They plunder everything they find in the country. Every article, whether of food or raiment, and every animal and vehicle of every description, is considered to belong of right, and without payment, to the French army, and they require a communication with their rear only for the purpose of conveying intelligence and receiving orders from the Emperor."

On the 3d of March, 1811, writing to Charles Stuart, at Lisbon, he says: "I have repeatedly represented to the Government, (Portugal,) the necessity of providing for the wants of their troops, if they intend that their discipline should be preserved, or that they should exist in the state of a military body at all."

"It is impossible to punish soldiers who are left to starve for outrages committed in order to procure food; and at all events,

no punishment, however severe, will have the desired effect of preventing the troops from seizing what they can get to satisfy their appetite, when neglected by those whose duty it is to supply their wants."

Again, under date of March 11th, 1811, speaking of the retreat or withdrawal of the French from Portugal, he says: "The whole country affords many advantageous positions to a retreating army, of which the enemy have shown that they know how to avail themselves. They are not retreating from the country as they entered it, in one solid mass, covering their rear on every march by the operations of either one or two *corps d'armee* in the strong positions which the country affords; which *corps d'armee* are closely supported by the main body. Before they quitted their positions they destroyed a part of their cannon and ammunition, and they have since blown up whatever the horses were not able to draw away. They have no provisions except what they plunder on the spot, or having plundered what the soldiers carried on their backs and live cattle."

"I am concerned to be obliged to add to this account, that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equaled and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres-Novas, Thomar and Pernes, in which the headquarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of the houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position, and they have since burned every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaca was burnt by orders from the French headquarters. The Bishop's Palace and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his headquarters, shared the same fate."

In like manner with ourselves, the rich men of Portugal—"stay at homes"—growled at the soldiers for cutting fire-wood from their parks. In answer to a complaint of Dom Miguel Forjaz, Wellington wrote March 16th 1811: "In respect to the charge of cutting barren wood in the Royal Parks for fire-wood, I have to reply that his Royal Highness does not propose that His Majesty's troops shall want for fire-wood in Portugal."

"I cannot avoid adverting to the disposition recently manifested

by the Government (of Portugal) to complain of the British troops, certainly in this instance without foundation."

"Acts of misconduct and even outrage I admit have been committed, but never with impunity in any instance in which the complaint could be substantiated, and I have not yet been able to obtain the punishment of any individual of this country, be his crimes what they may."

"If the British soldier has committed, as all soldiers do commit, acts of misconduct, they have at least fought bravely for the country."

The Duke of Wellington was in hearty sympathy with his men and had a world of trouble to provide for their necessary wants and yet comply with the laws of England and her army regulations; and the more difficult task to conciliate the Government and people of Portugal and Spain with the unavoidable and the inevitable consequences of an army of occupation. The fighting is the least and easiest part of war, but no General ever was or will be successful who quarrels with his men, who takes the part of citizens against their petty irregularities, or punishes them unduly for gathering fire-wood, using wells and springs of water, and even taking cattle, sheep, chickens and food, when their regular supplies are insufficient. Again, citizens are wont to complain that "the soldiers" did this or did that without specifying the man who did the act of offense. Even the civil law does not punish a whole town because some loafer commits a trespass.

Again, it is a notorious fact that some regiments, noted for brave, gallant conduct in action, are the worst for plundering, pillaging, and foraging. I recall an instance in the Eighth Missouri. Several times I threatened to send them to the rear for acts of irregularity which could not be fixed on the actual perpetrators, when some skirmish or engagement followed, in which their conduct for courage under my own eye was such that I would have pardoned them for anything short of high treason. In my early army days there was an officer of high rank, occupying the most responsible position, who would occasionally get on a terrible spree and behave shamefully. It was reported to General Jackson, then President, who knew him personally, and that, in the war of 1812, he had displayed the courage of a true hero. General Jackson made short work of the complaint—"any man who fought

as he did at——, may get drunk as often as he pleases." This may not be good morality, but is war.

The really great battle of Vittoria was fought on the 21st of June, 1813, and on the 29th Wellington wrote to a friend: "We started (from Portugal) with the army in the highest order, and up to the day of the battle nothing could get on better; but that event has as usual totally annihilated all order and discipline. The soldiers of the army have got among them about a million sterling in money, with the exception of about \$100,000, which we got for the military chest. The night of the battle, instead of being passed in getting rest and food to prepare them for the pursuit the following day, was passed by the soldiers in looking for plunder. The consequence was that they were incapable of marching in pursuit of the enemy and were totally knocked up. The rain came on and increased their fatigue, and I am quite convinced that we now have out of the ranks double the amount of our loss in the battle; and that we have lost more men in the pursuit than the enemy have; and have never in any one day made more than an ordinary march."

"This is the consequence of the state of discipline of the British army. We may gain the greatest victories, but we shall do no good until we shall so far alter our system as to force all ranks to perform their duty. The new regiments are, as usual, the worst of all. The ——th, ----th, ——th are a disgrace to the name of a soldier, in action as well as elsewhere; and I propose to draft their horses from them and to send the men to England, if I can not get the better of them in any other manner."

The campaign of 1812, in Spain, was indecisive, and when it was terminated, Wellington, according to the historian, Napier, vol. 4, page 167, "exasperated at the conduct of the army, and the many crossings he had experienced during the campaign, gave vent to his indignation in a circular letter addressed to the superior officers, which being ill-received by the army at the time, has been frequently referred to since with angry denunciation of its injustice. In substance it declared 'that discipline had deteriorated during the campaign in a greater degree than he had ever witnessed, or even read of, in any army, and this without any disaster, any unusual privation or hardship, save that of inclement weather; that the officers had lost all command over their men, and excesses, outrages of all kinds, and inexcusable losses had

occurred; that no army had ever made shorter marches in retreat or had longer rests; no army had ever been so little pressed by a pursuing enemy,—and this unhappy state of affairs was to be traced to the habitual neglect of duty by the regimental officers.’”

Wellington’s army was composed of quotas from England, Portugal and Spain, and he was consequently kept in an everlasting correspondence with their civil authorities, which had to supply clothing, ammunition, meat and transportation. Napier records, vol. 4, page 466.

“The persons who pretend to the command (of the Portuguese contingent) were Forjas and Silveria. The English officers, who were well liked by the troops, would not have served under the former, and Wellington objected strongly to the latter, having by experience discovered that he was an incapable officer, seeking a base and pernicious popularity by encouraging the views of the soldiers. Beresford then relinquished his intention of going to England, and the justice of the complaint relative to the reputation of the Portuguese army being obvious, the general orders became more marked in favor of the troops. Yet the most effectual check to the project was Mr. Stewart’s intimation that England, bound by no conditions as to subsidy, had a right to withdraw it altogether.”

“To have this subsidy in specie, and supply their own troops, was long the cry of the Regency, but finally they gave the matter up. Forjas knew well the administration of Portugal was incapable of supporting an army five hundred miles from its own country; the real object was to shake off the British influence without losing the subsidy. Neither the Regency nor the Prince had any feelings for the honor of the army or the welfare of the men. The Regency, whilst thus disputing for the command, allowed its subordinates to ruin the only asylum in Portugal for mutilated soldiers, and turned the helpless veterans adrift. The Prince, while lavishing honors on his intriguing courtiers, placed those officers whose fidelity and hard fighting had preserved his throne in Portugal, at the bottom of the list, decorating the menials of the palace with the same ribands! Honor, justice, humanity, were alike despised by the ruling men, and Wellington thus expressed his strong disgust.”

“The British Army, which I have the honor to command, has met with nothing but ingratitude from the Government and

authorities in Portugal for their services; everything that could be done has been done by the civil authorities lately to oppress the officers and soldiers on every occasion in which it has, by any accident, been in their power. I hope, however, that we have seen the last of Portugal."

Therefore, on the score of straggling, pillage, useless trespass on property, spoilation and burning of houses and fence rails, I am convinced that our armies were no worse than would have been the English or French under similar circumstances, and as to the German and Irish we know of our own knowledge the same. Indeed, such irregularities attend all armies, and form one of the terrible consequences which ought to deter people from appealing to war, as did the people of the South, when our Constitution provided other and peaceful remedies.

The military code punishes with death the crimes of pillage and spoilation, not, however, for the protection of the enemy, but because these crimes produce the effect so graphically described by Wellington after the battle of Vittoria, when eight days after the battle he reported officially, that by reason of the pillage, he had "out of the ranks double the number of his loss in the battle." Indeed, history is full of battles won by a defeated army turning on the victorious one after the disorders and confusion always resulting from pillage and plunder.

Wellington, like ourselves, also had his trouble with the free press of England. On the 19th of January, 1811, he wrote to the Minister of War, in London: "I enclose a newspaper (French) giving an account of our works, the number of guns and men in each, and for what purpose constructed. Surely it must be admitted that those who carry on operations against an enemy, possessed of all the information which our newspapers give to the French, do so under singular disadvantages."

And on the 16th of March, 1811, to the same: "In answer to your letter of the 16th of February, regarding publication in the newspapers, I assure you that I did not mean to say that the information in the newspapers to which I referred was received either from your Lordship's office or from that of the Commander-in-Chief; for I know that neither have the information, at least from me. But I wished to point out to you under what disadvantages we carried on our operations. Foy brought from Paris not only the papers containing that information, but copies of all

my dispatches; from which Massena knew all that I had intended to do in November against his positions, and he knew accurately every inch of mine, by how many guns defended, for what purpose, etc. It may be very right to give the British public this information; but if they choose to have it they ought to know the price they pay for it, and the advantage it gives to the enemy in all their operations.

"I am sure your Lordship does not expect that I or any other officer in command of a British army can prevent the correspondence of the officers with their friends. It could not be done if attempted, and the attempt would be considered an endeavor by an individual to deprive the British public of intelligence of which the Government and Parliament do not choose to deprive them. I have done everything in my power by way of remonstrance, and have been very handsomely abused for it; but I cannot think of preventing officers from writing to their friends. This intelligence must certainly have gone from some officer of this army, by whom it was confidentially communicated to his friends in England; and I have heard it was circulated from one of the offices with a plan."

Again, on the 25th of April, 1811, he wrote to the same party:

"It is very desirable that you should not publish the details of my dispatches to your Lordship. You cannot conceive how very deficient the French are in information. All the dispatches from me which are published are sent to Massena from Paris, and they thus acquire the information of what is going on."

"When an army is engaged in defensive operations or in sieges or blockades, or in any other in which it is long in the same position, the enemy acquire all the information they desire, if they obtain a knowledge of its position and numbers of a date of a month old. Information of this date Massena can and always does acquire, and it is a serious disadvantage to us."

In 1811 the mail from the English army in the Peninsula went to Lisbon, thence by sailing vessels to Southampton or the Thames, and thus to London by coach, consuming nearly a month in the round trip. Now steam and electricity accomplish the same object in a day or a single hour. Therefore the advantage to an enemy in receiving the newspapers of their opponents is increased a hundred fold. Besides, in 1811, the information sought by the press usually leaked out from the private correspondence

of officers, whereas now all the leading journals maintain a news agent in almost every camp. A proper solution of this problem is greatly to be desired, and is a fair subject for discussion. I think Wellington touched the right chord when he said that "no officer in command of a British army can pretend to prevent the correspondence of officers with their friends. It could not be done if attempted, and the attempt would be considered as an endeavor by an individual to deprive the British public of intelligence of which the Government and Parliament do not choose to deprive them," and "it may be very right to give the British public this information, but if they choose to have it, they ought to know the price they pay for it."

The abuse of this privilege adds largely to the cost of war; delays success, compels the maintenance of larger armies for the same object, and results in the unnecessary loss of valuable lives. All these fall on the public and tax-payers, and if these are willing to pay the penalty, I suppose there is no remedy. The providing of news to the public is now a trade or business. Fresh news, and news difficult of obtainment command a high price. The newspapers which supply these sell accordingly, and this kind of enterprise pays like any other sort of mercantile enterprise. It must be regulated by law, and the Government which can best regulate this traffic will have a corresponding advantage in the next war.

There are other facts developed by our civil war which I have not found recorded in any of the histories or memoirs thus far published, which deserve mention by us.

The Army of the Tennessee traversed the land from Paducah to Memphis, and from Vicksburg to Washington, inland, a distance of more than two thousand miles of country sparsely populated, with families wide apart, the male members of which were in the ranks of our opposing armies, and in the two years—1864-5—I heard of but two cases of rape. Again, all the able-bodied white men of the South were in the armies of the Confederacy, far away from their homes, leaving their families to the care of their black slaves. Now, I do not know of a single instance where the females of any family were abused by the blacks. These black slaves labored for their masters' wives and daughters, protected them, and never to my knowledge in a single instance, violated that sacred trust, although they well understood

that our success would be their freedom, and the success of their masters would doom them to another long period of slavery. If for no other reason than this, every Southern gentleman, every Southern man who claims to be a descendant of the proud Chevaliers and Huguenots, should honor the black man for his fidelity in that dread period; should protect him in all his acquired rights, and aid him to rise in the scale of social and political life. It is difficult, if not impossible, to bring force to bear on the individual living in a prejudiced community, as for instance in Utah and in the South, where slavery had made the common white citizen (the juryman) regard the negro as necessarily his inferior, because no man in this country can be punished for crime, save on presentment by the Grand Jury, and after trial by a petty jury of the vicinage. This is our Constitution, our fundamental law, which the President, Congress and all the courts must enforce, was unquestionably meant by our forefathers to protect the weak against the strong, but now it shelters the guilty against the humane purposes of the law. Prejudices will, however, gradually disappear—they have largely disappeared in our day—and we who believe in the triumph of abstract justice have faith that the day will come in good time when all men will be absolutely and perfectly equal before the law. Time is the great physician, and we who can compare the state of feeling and of facts in 1861, can measure the future by this scale of twenty years, and thereby prognosticate what will be the probable state of feeling and of facts in this, our country, at the end of the present century. We believe that history will adjudge the civil war to have been not only one of the greatest, but one of the best wars that ever occurred on earth, and that the Army of the Tennessee accomplished a large share in its beneficent results.

W. T. SHERMAN,

President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

On motion:

Resolved, That the communication of General Sherman be spread upon the records of the Society.

On motion of General Fletcher:

Resolved, That hearty thanks be given the people of Cincinnati

for the kind and hospitable manner in which we have been received and entertained during our reunion.

On motion of General Stockton:

Resolved, That to the Local Committee having in charge the exercises of our fourteenth annual reunion, we, the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, offer our sincere thanks and congratulations.

On motion of Surgeon Beach:

Resolved, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee to see that all taxes, or other just and lawful claims, accruing against the property of this Society by virtue of the deed of the spot whereon General James B. McPherson was killed, shall be annually paid out of the funds of the Society in his possession.

The son of General Ed. McCook was suggested for membership in the Society, under the III Amendment to the Constitution, and on motion the matter was referred to the Corresponding Secretary to report at our next meeting.

On motion of General Force:

Resolved, That the earnest thanks of the Society be and are hereby tendered the Cincinnati Society of Ex-Army and Navy Officers for their courtesy and attention during this reunion.

General Buckland made the inquiry of the President respecting the intentions of the Society taking part in, or charge of, placing the statue of General McPherson at Clyde. The President replied that the disposition of the statue was vested in the special committee, and beyond the control of the Society, and referred to General Hickenlooper as a member, who said, in behalf of his committee, he would be glad to confer with General Buckland and suggested they meet for that purpose if he would act for the Clyde committee.

On motion of Colonel Weber:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be extended to Colonel Hunt and First Regiment of Ohio National Guard, and also to the Grand Army of the Republic for the aid and courtesy given the Society during the reunion.

On motion of General Leggett:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be accorded Captain Currier and his band for the enjoyable and appropriate music given on this occasion.

The business having been transacted and there being nothing further offered, the President said a motion to adjourn would be considered as proposed, and adjourned the Society till May 11th, 1882.

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

BANQUET.

The executive committee, following the custom, made preparations for the annual banquet and selected the evening of the 7th as the time for giving it. The members of the Society and the guests were assembled at the headquarters and committee rooms and at 9 o'clock entered the dining hall, escorted by the President of the Society, Ex-President Hayes, Generals Sheridan, Pope, Cox and other distinguished gentlemen. The guests of the Society were, scarcely without exception, the members of the Cincinnati Society of Ex-Army and Navy Officers, and officers who served in other armies. The band played while the party was being seated. The President sat at the center of a table on the west side of the hall, presiding; to his right were General J. D. Cox, General Pope, Ex-Secretary of War, Judge Taft, General Hunt, U. S. Army, Captain Chadwick, Captain Higley, General Hickenlooper, General Force and Colonel Dayton, and on his left, Ex-President Hayes, General Sheridan, General Belknap, General Warner, General Gresham, Colonel Ad. Ware, Major W. E. Ware, Captain Raymond, Major Mahon and Colonel Landrum.

Other than as above indicated special seats were not assigned and the entire party sat in "parties" of their own forming, in order that there might be the greatest opportunity possible for social experience and freedom among companions and comrades during the dinner.

The four remaining tables were occupied in this manner, three hundred and fifty gentlemen being at the dinner, and the arrangement making the experiences exceedingly pleasant. When all had reached their places, assigned or selected, the President called to order, and at his request Bishop Fallows invoked the blessing.

All were then seated and the dinner transpired in the usual course at the leisure of the participants. At about eleven o'clock the President announced the dinner proper as transpired and said:

Now we will proceed to the toasts in the order in which they

are laid down on your programme, and the first toast which I propose to read to-night is certainly one that needs the veneration of every man sitting at these tables, and he who is to respond to it has filled the highest office in our land, if not upon the civilized globe, and he comes here as one of us, not as President Hayes, but as General Hayes—one of us—[applause]. I beg you will not only let him hear, but feel the welcome of this Society. Let me read the toast. The toast as recorded is:

FIRST REGULAR TOAST:—" *The United States.*"

Response by General R. B. HAYES:

As the General arose to respond he was warmly received, and acknowledging the expression he said:

MR. PRESIDENT:

One of the most eloquent and best known speeches of Mr. Clay was in reference to the war of 1812, in reply to the question, "what have we gained by the war?" If the same question is asked in relation to the great conflict of 1861, no eloquence is required to give emphasis to the answer. The sufficient reply is found in the single phrase of the sentiment just announced. If it is asked, "what have we gained by the war for the Union?" The answer must be, "our gain is the United States!" How large a part of all that exalts our patriotic pride, when we look at the present condition of our country and think of its future, is the fruit of the war of 1861. The war established not only that the people of the United States are one people; that they are a free people, all of whom have equal rights, and that their government is supreme within its sphere on every acre of American soil, but it also gave to intelligent men at home and abroad a confidence in the stability of our institutions and in the capacity of our people for self-government, which is working, and has already wrought extensive and gratifying changes in this country and throughout the world. The war taught ourselves and the rest of mankind, that faith in the fitness of the people to govern which is essential to the maintenance of free government here, and to its adoption by other nations. Our increase in wealth, population, territorial extent and in other elements of physical progress, we easily trace to the triumph of the Union arms. But the statistical tables, which

exhibit the strength of our country and its resources, afford very inadequate means for measuring the progress we have made, and are making, by reason of the war. Before the war, twenty or twenty-five years ago, many well informed people in this country denied, and many more doubted, the fundamental maxims of free institutions. In other countries the general judgment was against popular government. This skepticism exposed our experiment in republicanism to a double peril. Those who are active in public affairs and who distrust the wisdom of the people, resort to sophistry, intrigue and corruption to attain their ends. At the same time good citizens who lack confidence in the popular judgment lose their interest in the government and neglect political duties. The tendency of this state of things is to supplement the opportunity and power of the demagogue by the apathy of the good citizen. Confidence in the people is one of the main props of government by the people. As faith in the humanity, justice and wisdom of the people increase, the arts of dishonest politics give place to fair debate and intelligent discussion, and good citizens will be found at the front of political movements. Our civil war, on this head, gave to us and to the world a much needed lesson. In the hardest stress of the war the private soldier and the private citizen were often wiser and firmer than their leaders.

The masterly leadership of President Lincoln was rooted in his perfect knowledge of the people, and in his implicit trust in their heroic and enduring patriotism. On this rock the United States stands. Hereafter the strifes of party and our political differences will hardly touch the fundamental principles or even the forms of our institutions. More and more the conflicts of party will be over mere questions of administration. Important questions, undoubtedly, but they are not vital. They may be decided either way and not involve the life of the republic, or the form even of our government.

The United States, since the war, and because of the war, has entered upon a career which is open to no other nation. Here the people, with almost entire unanimity, believe that our form of government is for us better than any other, and are satisfied with the principles on which it rests. Our standing army is small and inexpensive. It is hardly larger than is required to keep the peace and preserve order among the jarring elements of population in our newly settled territories. It is never wanted for aggressive

warfare, and it is no longer needed for defense. No other great nation of modern times has ever paid its national debt. In the administration of Jackson, the war debts of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 were paid off. Now, with steady but rapid steps we are again accomplishing the same feat with the enormous debt which represents the cost of the rebellion. Fully two-thirds of the cost of the war has already been paid. More than one hundred millions of dollars has been paid within a year, and the whole debt of the United States can be soon extinguished by its full and honest payment.

The wealth of our country increases, it is estimated, at the rate of two or three millions each day, and our credit at least equals that of the most favored nation. The highly civilized nations of the earth are adding largely every year to our population, and with the immigrants come capital, labor, skill, enterprise, prestige and power. We are perplexed with no fear of change, and there is no wide-spread and growing popular discontent. More and more the people have confidence in the forms and principles of their government. The ground for this increased confidence it is not difficult to discover. It is one of the evident results of the war that intelligent men everywhere are persuaded that no Government in the world is safer, stronger, or more likely to endure than that of the United States.

Our Government is in fact "a government of the governed." Whatever the people are their government will surely be. What sort of people do the lineage, the general circumstances and the institutions of the United States produce? The war, and the course of events since the war, furnish a very satisfactory answer. Tested by the sore trials of the rebellion, American character stood the test. The citizen who in 1861 became a soldier, when the war was over became again a citizen. Having fought for his country as a soldier, he went resolutely and cheerfully to work as a citizen to promote its welfare and to preserve its credit and its honor.

It is not among the least of blessings flowing from the war that it developed in American citizens an increased sense of responsibility for the conduct and character of the nation and its government. To this I trace a marked advance in the disposition to deal conscientiously and humanely with all the weaker races in our midst. I think we can see also the growth of better senti-

ments with respect to our treatment of weaker nations. Is there not almost an entire disappearance of that aggressive and reckless spirit which formerly led to lawless expeditions under various pretexts, regardless of the rights of our weaker neighbors? Now if such a purpose crops out anywhere, how promptly it is condemned and crushed by public opinion?

In conclusion, may we not confidently believe that the United States is not only more prosperous and powerful, but also a wiser and better people because of the war? I believe that all of our countrymen and all the world besides, have many added reasons in the results of the war for greatly invoking blessings upon the United States.

General Hayes was listened to throughout with marked attention and was frequently applauded.

MUSIC by the Band.

The President then announced the

SECOND REGULAR TOAST:—"The Citizen Soldier."

Response, General WILLARD WARNER, who spoke as follows:

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

In this country all soldiers are citizens, but all citizens are not soldiers, though all citizens are liable to military duty, if of proper age; and our friends, "the party of the second part," in the late unpleasantness, are said to have "robbed the cradle and the grave" in their hunt for soldiers. We recognize two classes of soldiers in this country—volunteers or citizens, and regulars. Yet the difference is not great. In the one hundred years of our national life our soldiers have all been volunteers except the few drafts in the late war, and these hardly need mention here, either because of numbers or quality. We call the peace or continuing army the regular army, and its members regulars, yet all are volunteers. The boy volunteers to enter West Point, and the private soldier's enlistment is voluntary. The officers are bound by no term of service, but resign at will, and the soldiers enlist for a period—now five years.

In fact, the distinction is, that the education at West Point makes the regular officer, though there are exceptions. The army on

peace footing is the regular army, and it is increased to meet war by volunteers, who get killed or go out when the war is over. When fighting nobody but Indians, the nation is considered at peace, and the army a regular one, whose duty it is to fight the Indians, as a matter of course, and expect little credit, after the civil or uncivil departments of the government have badgered the poor savage into war by deceiving and defrauding him. The citizen or volunteer soldier mainly fought the late great war, blending harmoniously with the regulars. In no other country in the world is the division between soldier and citizen so narrow, and the difference so little as in this. The soldier of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow.

When the war began Grant and Sherman were citizens and not soldiers, and we claim them both as volunteers. Grant after the war left the army to accept civil office, while Sherman remains the honored and beloved chief of the army, with a fame as wide as civilization; and Grant is again a simple citizen—the first of the land.

The citizen soldiers saved our country from dismemberment and our institutions from destruction, and are to-day the bulwarks of the nation. Brave, honest, patriotic and intelligent, they are useful in all the walks of our daily life, legislators, judges, civil officers of all grades, from president to police, mechanics, farmers, merchants, manufacturers, laborers, lawyers and doctors. One first rate use for them is for presidents. Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Grant, Hayes and Garfield have been thus useful, and General Arthur for Vice-President, and we have in reserve, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Cox and others.

General Sherman hath pithily said "war is cruelty, and you can't refine it." Yet cruel as it is, it seems unavoidable while human nature is as it is, even among the most enlightened nations. We find, even now, freedom-loving England, the home and source of civil liberty, waging wars of conquest, and against justice, in Afghanistan and Africa, and that too, under the leadership of her wisest and best man, the ablest and best statesman of the world and the age—Gladstone.

Then while wars cannot always be honorably and safely avoided, that nation is fortunate, which, like ours, can depend on her citizens to come on call to her defense, to fight her battles, go home and

deposit their victorious banners in their capitals and return to the ordinary course of peace life.

Armed nations, like armed individuals, are prone to quarrel and quick to shed blood, while our people are slow to anger, but once roused swift in battle and stubborn to yield. The citizen soldier feels that he is fighting his own battle, of his own choice, with his enemy before him and his home and family behind him, and he hastens through victory to meet his wife and little ones at his fireside.

Happy is our condition as compared with the old world, with its great standing armies, consuming the substance of nations—a menace to peace and a terror to liberty. Yet we go to the other extreme. With fifty millions of people, 3,600,000 square miles of territory, and 400,000 Indians, largely hostile, we have a pitiful 20,000 fighting men, who, on notice of Indian attack or riot, must scamper from one side of the continent to the other. The talk of imperialism and dictatorship in this country at this time, is the rant of the demagogue and the climax of nonsense. The man foolish enough to attempt such treason would find none to follow him, and ten million of men, and as many women to rise up and hang him high as Haman on his own gallows.

The citizen soldier clasps the hand of his brother regular in warmest friendship and confidence, and thanks him from the bottom of his heart for fighting the Indians while he can push the plane and follow the peaceful plow. And whenever the war job on hand becomes too big for the regulars, the citizen soldiers will come to touch of elbows with them—Springfield in hand and "forty rounds in cartridge box"—and they will find their leaders among the tanneries and street railroads, or in Egypt.

The people—all the people—not the rich or the high or the white alone, but all the people, are everything in our Republic.

"We, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish" were the wisest and weightiest words ever spoken on this continent, which equally assert the sovereignty of the people and the solidarity of the nation made by the people.

Next in significance are the words of the great and good Lincoln—"Government of the people, by the people, and for the people." That this "shall not perish from the earth," will, I trust, in the future, as in the past, be the care of the citizen soldier in alignment with the regular. Of the patriotism, the sacrifice and the

bravery of the volunteer soldier I need not speak in this presence, but I will bid you go to your national cemeteries and read the immortal poem of Colonel Ingersoll, there conspicuously placed, and remember that those of whom he speaks were citizen soldiers.

That the time may never come when menace of foreign or domestic foe shall again call the people to arms, and that all the wounds of the last war may quickly heal and its full fruit be gathered, is the prayer of the citizen soldier.

Our nation, in the first century of its life, has produced a series of great soldiers who have been an honor to their country and to the race—renowned alike for great military genius, noble patriotism, and personal worth.

Washington, Jackson, Harrison, Pope, Taylor, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, McPherson, Logan, Meade, Hancock, Porter, Farragut, are a glorious galaxy whose light illumines every page of our national history with a pure brilliance unsurpassed in the annals of time.

Surely our country may trust its soldiers and sailors.

To such of these great heroes as are now living, our hearts go out in warmest gratitude and deepest affection.

That they may long live in health and prosperity to enjoy the national greatness which they have so well helped to build, is again the prayer of the citizen soldier.

A great orator said: "I appeal to history! Tell me thou revered chronicler of the grave, what can secure to empire the permanency of its possession?" Neither Rome, Greece, or Carthage could answer, and their Empires have vanished from the earth.

The answer to the great enigma seems vouchsafed to us in the nineteenth century — "INTELLIGENCE AND VIRTUE IN THE PEOPLE."

MUSIC by the Glee Club. "*Praise to the Soldier.*"

THIRD TOAST:—"The State of Ohio—The Mother of Statesmen and Soldiers."

Response by General A. HICKENLOOPER:

As he arose he was greeted with hearty cheers and said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

The proverbial modesty of Ohio men, in asserting their claims, and the claims of their State, to political recognition, must be my excuse for very briefly referring to the fact that while Ohio has not yet been recorded in history as the "mother of statesmen," she is very rapidly approaching that enviable position, by extending her parental care over the affairs of our nation. And this same modesty appears prominent in social, as well as political affairs, for, since seating myself at this table, I find that, although hailing from three different States, eight out of the nine gentlemen selected to respond to the regular toasts are Ohio men. [Applause and laughter.] But to her military history and prominence I feel more at liberty to refer, calling your attention to the fact that during that trying period of our country's history, with which you were all so closely identified, Ohio furnished the first distinguished commander to the armies of the East as well as of the West. The great war minister of that ever memorable period, as well as the no less distinguished Secretary of the Treasury were natives of this State. And to the Army of the Tennessee she gave her first commander—that quiet and unassuming, but mighty leader, who, after passing through a military career of unexampled brilliancy, by placing peace above war, achieved the crowning victory of his life at Vienna; and thus, twined with the laurel and the olive, was sent down to immortal fame the name of U. S. Grant.

We gave to you your second commander, whose grand and lofty patriotism is best evidenced by the language he used early in 1861, when addressing the Governor of Louisiana, in whose service he then was. "I beg you will accept my resignation the moment this State determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought inimical to the old government of the United States," and now, as if in full fruition of these noble and patriotic sentiments, stands matchless and peerless, the representative soldier of the nineteenth century, William Tecumseh Sherman.

We gave to you your third commander—that gallant soldier who, with the heart of a maiden and the courage of a lion, went down on the front line of battle—"booted, belted and spurred as a gallant knight and gentleman would wish." Beneath Georgia's pines, and amid the whistling of shot and the crashing of shell

his lamp of life burned out; and now, in the quiet of an Ohio grave, lies all that remains of your loved and lamented McPherson.

We gave to you and you gave to the armies of the East that brilliant and dashing soldier, who, after passing through a career as varied and wonderful as that of any marshal of France, finally achieved the distinction of being the greatest cavalry commander of the age—Little Phil. Sheridan.

But, Mr. President, time will not admit of even a brief reference to the individual career of the many gallant soldiers contributed by Ohio to the Army of the Tennessee. Suffice it, sir, for me to say that the names of Rosecrans, Leggett, Hazen, Fuller, Force, Buckland, Walcutt, and a host of others were as familiar as household words to the Army of the Tennessee.

Nor was it only to the Army of the Tennessee Ohio so fully gave, for high up, upon the scroll of honor, may be found the names of McClellan, Custer, Mitchell, McCook, Gilman, Buell, Lytle, Stanley, Crook, McDowell, and many others, who but little less distinguished themselves on every hard fought field of the rebellion; and where now lie the bleaching bones of twenty-five thousand Ohio's sons, who gave up their lives as willing sacrifices on the altar of their country's honor. And there are here to welcome you to-night, the men who nineteen years ago came to your relief on the bloody field of Shiloh. The men who upheld the honor and the glory of the old flag, while you in turn, with bare and bleeding feet, through sleet and snow, went to their relief at Knoxville.

There are here, too, to welcome you, the men who, under the leadership of that grand old soldier, "The Rock of Chickamauga," held firm the centre while your old commander used you as the "whip cracker" with which he lashed the flanks of the enemy from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and who thence marched by your side from Atlanta to the sea.

There are here, too, the men who participated in the bloody battles of Franklin and Nashville, of Perryville and Gettysburg, and who fought down through the Wilderness, and around to Appomattox; where for the last time was played "The Bonny Blue Flag," and the confederate cause passed away forever.

They respect you as the possessors of the strong arms and brave hearts that quailed not in the death grapple with secession.

They greet you as fellow-soldiers who with them, through four long years of bloody and relentless war, contended for the maintenance of principles dearer than life to every true and loyal citizen of the Republic.

They welcome you as the survivors of that grand old Army of the Tennessee that carried its victorious banners from the valley of the Ohio to the gulf-washed shores of the South, and thence from the turbid waters of the Mississippi to the rock-ribbed shores of the East, without suffering a single defeat or being compelled to relinquish one foot of territory which your valor had won. Therefore we say thrice welcome you are to the homes and the hearts of the loyal people of this loyal State.

General Hickenlooper was frequently and handsomely applauded in the course of his response.

MUSIC by the Band.

FOURTH TOAST:— "*The Army of the Potomac*,"

Patient of toils; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

Response by General R. R. DAWES:

General Dawes was cordially received and said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

You soldiers of the West have your hard-earned victories. On a hundred fields you scarcely knew defeat. Perhaps, more strictly speaking, on three hundred and sixty-five; for it has been said that you have a battle anniversary for every day in the year. You have the forward sweep of your banners across the land, from the Mississippi to the ocean. You have given from your ranks leaders whose immortal deeds will forever mark historic epochs of the war. These are your distinctive honors. They were fairly won, they are well deserved and, as I see in the badges all around me, they are, as they should be, proudly worn.

In rising before you as a representative of that body of soldiers called in history the Grand Army of the Potomac [applause] to stretch my hand across the historic chasm to the representatives of that grand army of the West, the Army of the Tennessee, [applause] I should do grave injustice to the survivors of that army of the East, if I failed to express our profound admiration for the

grand achievements of the famous Army of the West. [Applause.] But, fellow soldiers, we representatives of the Army of the Potomac have a pardonable pride in the distinctive honors of our army. [Applause.] Our honors do not trench upon yours. As far as the east is from the west, so far was our history in its beginning, in its course and in its conditions, removed from yours. More men fell upon the field of battle action of the Army of the Potomac than from the ranks of any other army of the nation. [Applause and voices—"that's so, that's so."] Nevertheless, bloody repulse rather than glorious victory was the rule in our battle history. But defeat left no demoralization, no discouragement; and sublime fortitude and unflinching endurance glorified every field that was lost. [Applause.] It was this battle quality, broken by no disaster, discouraged by no defeat, that rose to the crisis of the war, and even-handed upon open field of battle wrested victory from the strongest and best led army ever put into the field by our enemy, and that victory saved your nation. [Applause.] It was this unparalleled tenacity that applied the death hug to the rebellion, commencing at the Wilderness and squeezing the life out at Appomattox. Marching through a sea of blood and across a wilderness of defeat, it was still the Army of the Potomac that brought the nation in sight of the promised land at Gettysburg [applause] and carried it over Jordan at Appomattox. [Renewed applause.]

It is but a glance that can be given at its history to-night. Strange conditions commenced your war. The distinguished orator of last night very ably presented them. The soldier of the Southern army marched to the first Bull Run fight with the utmost confidence of victory, because he believed one Southern man could whip five Yankees. The Northern soldier marched to that absurd field with the same confidence in victory, because he believed Secretary Seward's proclamation that ninety days would end the war, and the only thing that he was afraid of was that somebody would get there and crush the unholy rebellion before he had a chance. [Applause.] These conditions brought to that battlefield zeal without order, enthusiasm without discipline, bravery without the touch of the elbow, and they crumbled to dust in the heat of action, and both armies had disintegrated before the battle had commenced. [Applause.] But the defeat was ours, and an appalling calamity was inflicted upon our cause. The stinging disgrace upon our pride brought overwhelming conviction that

instruction, discipline and drill were essential conditions to effective action of an army, and, in a word, they are and ever will be.

But the Army of the Potomac was the victim of an exaggerated policy in that direction [applause]—a season of masterly inactivity when all was quiet on the Potomac fell upon us [applause and laughter]—a strategic condition which Horace Greeley called “rooted inaction,” and it was amenable to the criticism of your distinguished President to-day, because under that system it was high treason to steal a chicken. [Applause and laughter.] So, until the spring of 1862, after you men of the glorious Army of the Tennessee had marched down and placed your victorious banners upon Donelson and electrified the nation with the conviction that there was some virtue in God-like action, we were still sticking in the mud; and when you had marched forward to that field commemorated to-night, the flaming field of Shiloh, and fought upon it, we had only got to creeping in the ditches at Yorktown.

Nevertheless, the battle quality of the army developed beyond doubt in the camps of instruction. It was sweetness long drawn out. It showed itself in the heroism of the seven day's struggle, and flashed to brilliancy at Malvern Hill. [Applause.]

This ends the first epoch of the history of the Army of the Potomac. Now comes what we called a change of base in the old days. The failure of the peninsular campaign made it necessary to change our base to cover a beleaguered Capital, and the corps were scattered, and some of them, under the heroic leadership of a Kearney, a Reynolds, a Reno, and a Hooker, [applause,] reached the field of battle of another commander, and for that leader and their country they fought like heroes. Another leader of a corps reached the field also, and gallantly halted and heroically engaged in the bloodless reconnoissance of a cloud of dust, and if we may believe some of the official records of the Government, he is likely to be handed down in history as the hero of that day who saved the army by not fighting, and as the most prescient General on the field. Another corps General, marching to the sound of cannon, every report of which was an appeal from the battle front to comrades to come forward, rushed to the rescue six miles a day [laughter]; and the commander of our grand army sent words of cheer to the commander at the battle front that he would reinforce him with every wagon he had if he would send him cavalry for an escort. [Laughter and applause.] But the army

raised up the fallen banner and marched forward to repel an invasion made possible by the failure to join these two columns, for which the stern judgment of history will hold somebody responsible; and in the victorious sweep of our lines over South Mountain, and the gallant but desperate struggle upon the field of Antietam, there was victory for the army, vindication for our men and honor for our first commander.

I will hurry up, now. [Cries of no, no; go on, go on.] We changed commanders, and the black cloud of defeat at Fredricksburg rolled over the army, but it was a cloud illumined by the heroic struggles of our men against fate. No finer example upon the history of war is recorded of men giving life for honor, where there was no hope of victory, than is afforded by the heroism of men against the stone wall at Fredricksburg. But that defeat is relieved by the skillful withdrawal of an hundred thousand men across a deep river in the face of a successful army, and it is glorified by the noble courage of Burnside, who could say, "for the failure of this attack, I am responsible, not my army."

And we changed commanders again. [Laughter.] After a winter of splendid preparation, Joe. Hooker took the head of [loud cheers] the finest army on the planet, made so by his reorganization and inspiration, and crossed the Rappahannock river. There was a prestige of victory in the name of Hooker. He was an Apollo at the battle front, and along our lines in the heat of action, like the white plume of Navarre, his gallant form had ever been seen.

" Hooker's across, Hooker's across,
River of death, you shall make up our loss;
Up from your borders we summon our dead—
From valley and hill top where they struggled and bled—
To joy in the vengeance that traitors shall feel
In the roar of our guns and the rush of our steel,
Hooker's across !"

Gallant Joe. Hooker! His defeat was as crushing as unexpected. But the last shall be first; no question, the last commander of the Army of the Potomac will stand first upon its scroll of historic names. He came not exactly like a thief in the night, but just as suddenly and unexpectedly. He said the assignment was totally unexpected and unsolicited by him. I can say, that it was totally unexpected and unsolicited by the army, but almost like Lincoln,

Meade proved to be the man for the crisis, and not only does the glory of Gettysburg crown his career, but tried in the crucible of the campaigns, the battles of his army from Gettysburg to Appomattox, he will stand before the world as a successful commander, great in his achievements as he was modest in his personal pretensions. [Applause.] Now I am done with the history of the Army of the Potomac, and, indeed, is there more distinctive history after Gettysburg? Do I not see before me flashing in these badges the star that shone above the clouds at Lookout? [Applause.] It shines here, a star of the west, but is it not a star of the east, also? [Loud applause.] Under the leadership of Hooker and of Howard, those men, veterans of the old Army of the Potomac, went west to help you. [Applause.] Our comrades on the field of blood will claim an interest in their western glory.

But you men of the west sent us help too. You repaid the debt in kind and with high interest, for there came to us from you the man who had reached the command of all the armies of the nation [applause,] and upon whom there rested all hopes of the nation. To our field of action he transferred the titantic death grapple of the rebellion. Under his leadership we fought it out on that line all summer. [Cheers and loud applause.] The tenacity, heroism and devotion of the Army of the Potomac, marching through a sea of blood, crowned that leadership with Appomattox and the nation with peace. And you sent that right arm of power of that great leader, Phil. Sheridan, and Fisher's Hill, Five Forks, and that marvelous pursuit of General Lee were among the laurels in his chaplet, and you did more. Almost had the two columns of the grand armies of the East and of the West united, when victory and peace crowned the common effort. Was not this the strength of the East and the strength of the West striving together, triumphing together in a common cause for a common nationality,—for the United States? [Loud applause.]

United in the glory of a restored nation, the two armies marched together in final review, they dispersed, and army lines were forever broken. They remain only upon the records of history and graven upon the hearts of the men who followed their several banners. But soldiers of all armies remain a common brotherhood, cemented by a common devotion to a nation restored by their united achievements. For that nationality may they ever stand;

to that may this occasion inspire them, and may their example so inspire their children and their children's children. [Long continued applause and cheers.]

MUSIC by the Band.

FIFTH TOAST:—"The Humanitics of the War."

Response by General JOHN W. NOBLE.

GENERAL AND COMRADES:

The present meeting of our Society has been one most remarkable for its numbers, its earnestness, its suggestions, and I hope and believe, for its influence for good. The sixteen years that have passed since the cessation of active hostilities between the loyal and the then disloyal states have worked upon us and our leaders the natural results of time in whitening our hairs and diminishing, it may be, the vigor of the physical frame; but it rejuvenates our souls to feel that the heartiness of our old ties of fellowship, comradeship, born of the march and christened of the faith, endures and warms the very atmosphere of our banquet room to-night. It is natural, my comrades, for us to celebrate the days on which glorious fields were won in our struggle for the Union. The soldier in all time has claimed and has had willingly conceded to him by his people the right to vaunt his personal and successful achievements; for glory is the soldier's prize, the soldier's wealth, his honor. The youth returning from the field tells his hairbreadth 'scapes, his action in the field, and when years have fled the veteran shoulders his crutch to show how fields were won.

Rejoice, then, my comrades. The battle was hard. The result was glorious. Nineteen years enable us to calculate its importance, and for our Western homes and our army, if not, indeed, for the cause of our whole country, the battle whose anniversary we celebrate was one of the most important of the war.

But now, when we have given full force to our appreciation of our labors, let us for a moment reflect. The war, for what was it waged? We pledged ourselves to the Union. We fought for the flag. But what, my comrades, proved to be the Union? and what was the flag? It was long we struggled to learn and realize this. But at last, after many a sore defeat and half gained victory, we

were taught that the Union meant the representation of all our citizens in the common government, and the flag meant the great and sacred cause of humanity, the humanities of the war. Aye! rejoice, my brothers, that our shot and shell and saber-strokes beat down the foes of our nationality. But rejoice yet more, that in that nationality were the hopes and rights of human nature.

Let us see, my brave comrades and my most loved and distinguished commanders, what claim other than our own may be asserted in this our Society.

Men and brothers, recall the scenes through which you have been passing for the last two days. I have been tramping with you, and your eyes and mine have beheld spectacle after spectacle of a people's sympathy, so free, so full, so generous and overflowing that the heart of man was moved in admiration that such tenderness should exist after such a long lapse of years. We have been marching, my friends, back and forth amid the thronging multitudes of a great metropolis. The pressing, good humored, welcoming thousands of the populace have filled the streets and pressed in upon your column in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of, as the boy insisted, "Old Billy Sherman" and "Little Phil. Sheridan." The merchants, whose wealth and enterprise have sent on high the magnificent structures of this well built city have received you with a hearty welcome in the Chamber of Commerce. At the unveiling of the statue of our beloved General McPherson, the grand edifices on either hand of the great square where we stood were crowded with the matrons and maidens of Ohio, to behold the solemn ceremony. When again you assembled in the marvelously beautiful structure last night, to listen to the eloquence of your comrades and chieftains, the ladies and gentlemen, the people of every condition in life, filled the capacious hall from floor to dome with concentric circles of loveliness and intelligence, of never ending brilliancy. Sirs, what did this mean? Reflect, my comrades, and recall another day. Through a land composed of many states and happy homes, twenty years ago a great trumpet call was heard. It was the voice of Lincoln calling his countrymen to arms. There was council by the fireside. The hearts of many millions of peace-loving mothers were strained with the terrible trial of surrendering affection to patriotism. But, God bless us all, it was done. The husbands, fathers, sons went forth. The mothers and women of the land made our ban-

ners and presented them through all the hamlets of the mighty and far expanding West, and when the day of departure for the field came on, they then looked on all over the land, from the high walls of the Boston and New York to the village streets of Iowa and Nebraska, with silent, fervent, loyal hearts, as they have done to-day, sympathizing, self-sacrificing and patriotic. God bless the women of our land. Bless them with men for their issue and their protection; bless them with government worthy of their sons; bless them and their daughters with strong and patriotic hearts, and bless them above all the world else with honorable and well earned peace.

The distance between these scenes of to-day and twenty years ago is not vacant.

It is a remarkable fact, General and Commander, that the first blow that called from our homes the army, even at the first call for seventy-five thousand, the humanity of the nation sprang with being full statured and in earnest for the Union. For seventy-five thousand volunteers and the regular army, if war was to be only for them, there was no very urgent or great need of sanitary and relief preparations beyond that which the regular departments of the army then offered and could supply. But it is a remarkable fact, that at the very first notes of the approaching light, Dr. Bellows, of New York, and the benevolent men who aided him, organized the United States Sanitary Commission on such a plan and with such comprehensive purposes and resources that it met, in a great measure, as it was from the first intended to meet, the wants of the great armies of the Republic for a lasting fight. It is true, that there followed the Christian Commission, the Western Sanitary Commission, and the United States Commission, and the many State organizations; but these were to meet special needs, and were co-laborers until the first great conception of what the human want of the great conflict was about to be, to relieve and ameliorate the horrors of war.

And let me pause here to say that in this, as much else that occurred in the war and since, when the body of the people, of all conditions in life, came into action, and the whole soul of the race—its intellect, its heart, its emotions, its religion, its valor and its humanity had fair play and verge enough, it seemed to act as it is now acting, by a divine, heaven-guided instinct. It foresaw and it prepared. It meant to save, has been saving during the

administration since the war, and it is now saving the land to right and liberty.

Another word and I have done. Amid the Commissions for God's and humanity's sake, I have named the United States Commission. It was a prominent object and achievement of this body to gather together the fugitives of all races from the South, and even amid the war not only to relieve their physical wants, but to teach and educate them. This instrumentality was immensely effective. But this great and humane work, growing out of the war, was left unfulfilled. The other Commissions, in great part, I may say, as to their immediate aims, reached their goal when the last sick man was relieved by death or had recovered and reached his home. They, indeed, had been great educators and have left us a deathless lesson—the great lesson of humanity in war—the lesson our brave yet amiable companions feel and love—but the United States Commission has left not only its lesson, but its unaccomplished mission: It is the education and regeneration of our country, not as foes nor conquerors, but as friends and fellow countrymen. Let us now in peace resolve to fight ignorance and prejudice as we did against hate and force, and let us and our fellow soldiers through all the land, having helped save the Union, now co-operate to revive and firmly establish it on the rock of liberty, intelligence and truth. Let no one believe I speak these words in surrender of a single line or truth of the principles we fought for. The kindest heart and frailest form of our matrons that devoted her boy to liberty, and sent him with the army of the North, and then joined the Sanitary Society of the village to scrape lint for not that boy, but the rebel who opposed him, never asked nor hoped a single shot would be stopped or a single bayonet thrust be stayed till liberty to the slave and unity to the Republic was secured. So we, while we wish to succor and resolve to do, must ever feel that fast in this land must be recognized the right of humanity, the freedom of the human race.

The war was the ragged edge of the storm—its thunder and its lightning, its rended oaks, its smoking forests, its bellowing and rushing herds, its flaming human habitation, were but the outward forms of force and power, cruelty and destruction. But behind all this were the mists—the silent and beneficent elements—clouds that through all the summer days had raised from mountain, hill

and plain, and are now descending in gentle rain upon the earth, which responds in joyous harvests and with thanksgiving of the people, and true it is that human power does then seem likest God's, when mercy reasons justice.

MUSIC, song by the Glee Club:—*Here's a Health to the Fairest.*

SIXTH TOAST:—" *The Army of the Tennessee—Every fortification which it assailed surrendered, every gun fired at it is among its trophies, every force arrayed against it was captured or destroyed.*"

Response by General JNO. W. FULLER:

The Army of the Tennessee has passed away. Far more than half the men who marched beneath its banners are with the dead. Not one of its survivors is so illustrious that he now can add to its renown; not one can fall so low as to bring to it dishonor. Its fame is fixed. Its work is long since done, and though its history is not yet fully written, nothing can be added to, nor taken from, the glory of its record.

Its pathway shines like a line of fire, lighting up the great rivers from Fort Donelson to Vicksburg, illuminating the mountains on the way to Atlanta, and reflected at Savannah by the waves of the sea.

It seems fitting that its survivors should come together on occasions such as this, to renew the friendships formed within its ranks: to revive that kindly feeling which so distinguished it when in the field. If there were jealousies within that army, they seldom were made manifest; if there were grievances, they were not discussed. Go into whichever division you would, you were sure to find a cordial greeting, a generous hospitality, and a frankness which said again, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

There was a buoyancy and a confidence in the step of this army, as it marched to battle, which forbade all thought of failure. No doubts troubled anybody, for everybody expected success; and this feeling grew until it became an inspiration.

Only now and then did either of our great armies find opportunity to fully show its power. While the enemy was led by that most skillful of his Generals, Joe. Johnston, the Army of the Tennessee could only fight in reliefs, as it were—one corps in bat-

tle to-day, and another as we flanked his lines to-morrow. But when a more rash commander, on the 22d of July, attempted by a stratagem to surround and crush this army, assailing it at once in the front and flank and rear, then came a day when the fighting was splendid all around, and plenty for us all. *Then* was it that the Army of the Tennessee arose in all its strength to meet the issue. Asking no aid from either of its sister armies—single-handed and alone it stood the shock—fought squarely the combined forces of the enemy from noon till night, and bent him backward to his lair. It is enough for us that history calls this “the battle of Atlanta.”

Only a very few of those who served in the ranks of this army are here to-night; yet not one of us ever can forget the patriotic spirit which led the men to arms, and which fired their hearts through all the years of strife. They have a large share in all the honors of those years. One of the grandest pictures of the war to me, is a scene which pertains alone to them. It is a day when the sky is dark and the outlook gloomy, for the old soldiers' term of service is about to end, and the enemy is still defiant. But the clouds are lifting, and the sunlight streaming in, reveals a host of bronzed old warriors, who are *mustering afresh*, mustering for all the war, and with uplifted hands are swearing to stand by to the end! It was *such* devotion which brought victory and peace.

Comrades, when these reunions shall be over, and our last survivor shall stand alone, may it be his to see our country exalted, purified and grown mighty in its unity and liberty. When his sight is growing dim and his voice is falling into whispers, may it be his to know that the seed sown by his comrades in tears and blood is springing up and bearing fruit in glory.

MUSIC by the Band.

SEVENTH TOAST:—“*Our Dead:—The Advance Guard of the Army whose white tents are pitched on the green fields beyond the river.*”

Response by General W. Q. GRESHAM, who spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

Our political orators used to make strenuous appeals to us to have a care that our dead who were slain in the last war shall not have died in vain. We were constantly reminded that the

virtue and efficacy of their sacrifice of themselves depend largely on our conduct; that their sacrifices may be rendered vain and futile by our own weakness or folly. Ordinarily it was meant by this solemn warning and admonition to inculcate the importance of keeping alive the mutual enmities and animosities between the North and the South that were engendered by the war; of doing what was metaphorically termed "waving the bloody shirt;" and we were told, or it was left to be necessarily inferred, that in this way only can the death of those who died in the prisons and hospitals of the South be made fruitful for us as a people. The argument does not seem very ingenious or plausible to us now, although it has had a great vogue in its day. As it becomes time-worn and hackneyed, its poverty is discovered, and we are surprised to think that the heat and anger, which were mere incidents of the strife, could have been mistaken for its end and final result, and the part of it which is most worth preserving. By laboring to perpetuate the heat and anger of the strife, we perceive at last that we are really making vain and futile the death of those who died in it, for they died to maintain the unity and integrity of the nation, and not to perpetuate sentiments which are greater barriers between its citizens than the boundaries which are established by law or nature.

It was a great struggle in which they gave their lives; its magnitude can hardly be exaggerated. At our anniversaries, and over the graves of our dead, we have been endeavoring to express our sense of its importance and of their heroism, without ever having succeeded in fully and adequately doing so. The war not only freed the slaves and gave us a positive assurance of the strength and stability of our Government, but it helped onward the unmistakable tendency in other Governments beyond the seas to acknowledge their dependence on the people and their duties to them. By the defeat of our armies the growth of popular sovereignty and civil liberty would have been everywhere retarded as much as it was promoted by our victory. The noise of our conflict, as Emerson has finely said of the shot fired at Concord, was "heard around the world," and the tidings that it conveyed were received as a confirmation of those that had been sent out by the "imbattled farmers," they announced the right, and we demonstrated the ability, of the people to govern themselves.

Our dead have not died in vain, so long as we clearly recognize

the significance of the struggle in which their lives were sacrificed, and our duty to receive it from them as our heritage, and to continue it with unabated ardor in other spheres of action. The maintenance of "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people" requires their perpetual care and solicitude, in peace as well as in war. No other form of government makes such drafts on the wisdom and virtue of its citizens; no other depends so completely on their wise and virtuous action in public affairs. Their indifference to them is an evidence of its decline; their debasement is the prelude to its overthrow and ruin. It exists as an expression of the popular will, and when the popular will is not freely, honestly and intelligently expressed, the very conditions of its existence are destroyed.

The popular will may be subverted by the coercion or bribery of those who are legally authorized to declare it by their votes, and its subversion is rendered possible by their ignorance and venality. These vices are the arch and arrant enemies of our institutions, and our warfare upon them must ever be active and implacable. While it may be impossible, as human nature is constituted, to eradicate them absolutely and forever, we may confine them to the narrowest bounds, and thereby reduce their noxious influence to its minimum.

Little can be accomplished in our politics without the aid of parties, but we need always to have in mind that they are instruments and not ends. "When the bad combine, the good must unite," says Burke, in that memorable defense of political parties; but their union must be for the attainment of ends that concern the welfare of the entire people, in order to be wholesome. Parties lose their value as well as their dignity when they are devoted solely to the attainment of private ends; when they become nothing more than engines for the acquisition and distribution of the offices of the Government. The struggle for the maintenance of popular government, to which men have given their lives and consecrated their best faculties, has greatly degenerated and ceased to be edifying to the world when it shrinks to the dimensions of a petty and pitiful quarrel about what is miscalled the "patronage." But it is the "good" who must "unite," and it is reasonably assumed that their union will be for the common weal and against the downward tendencies of their union or party. By their doing so, and only by their doing so, can our parties be made useful and

effective instruments for the promotion of the general good and become agencies for the perpetuation of our Government and institutions.

General Gresham received the marked attention he always does when speaking, this being no exception to the rule—a pleasure to listen.

SONG by the Glee Club.—“*Soldier's Farewell.*”

The President said that the response to the eighth toast would be by General Fallows, and he had learned since coming into the hall that the General's first service in the rebellion was as chaplain, but feeling words were not sufficient, he had gone to blows, but after the war had resumed his sacred calling and is now a Bishop.

EIGHTH TOAST:—“*The Loyal Pulpit.*”

Response by General FALLOWS.

On the eighth toast, which the reader will observe to have a rather theological color and tone, the company were called to an intellectual halt, not literally by the presiding officer, but by the ringing voice and animated delivery of Bishop Fallows. It was a surprise, because, perhaps it was thought that a theologian would carry the utterances and manner of the pulpit into the popular assembly, and give it a taste of the sanctuary rather than an expression of the unconventional and patriotic plain-coated American citizen. Ah, with all its patriotic piety, its reverence for the good man as the best soldier, and its touch of pathos, it was a glowing and splendid utterance that aroused every listener and stirred every heart. No wonder that again and again they stood up and cheered, again and again until the hall rang with acclamations of patriotic approbation. Bishop Fallows spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

I have preached sermons enough to know that congregations like them short, and are generally glad when the “Amen” comes. I shall endeavor not to transgress my limits at this late hour. I do not propose to fight out a speech on a line which will take us to daylight.

The Duke of Wellington, some of whose words a far greater General than he quoted in our hearing this morning, once said "the worst men make the best soldiers." I peremptorily challenge the truth of the statement, if made as a general affirmation. It is true, and yet untrue. If you want hired human butchers—men who will fight just as well on one side as the other, who know not nor care to know for what they are fighting, who simply take their pay and rations as the price of slaughter, then the Iron Duke was right. The worst men do make the best soldiers. The more of the brute you can find in the man, and the more of the brute you can get out of the man, the better is he fitted for his brutal work. You can have discipline in the camp or on the march, by the buck and gag, the cannon ball linked to the feet, and the cat-o'-nine tails. You will have fierce, dogged, determined fighting in action, for the tiger of the animal nature will follow out its instinctive thirst for blood, and the bull-dog of the same nature will hold on with a death-like grip.

Fighting with such soldiers is sometimes terrible beyond expression.

Let slip such "dogs of war" and no master can control their raving and rending.

The Duke of Wellington himself, the foremost of all the stern military disciplinarians of the ages, could not, by his confession read to us to-day, control such men in his command. With such soldiers come the sacks and outrages at which the brain reels and the heart grows sick. Then is held hell's high carnival of lust and gore. For any pulpit in any land to lend its solemn sanction to the cause and character of such soldiers as these would be a fearful profanation of sacred things.

But let war be carried on to vindicate the majesty of outraged law, and save a nation's honor and life; let the immortal principles and ennobling ideas of *one country, one flag and one citizenship* for black and white alike, fill and thrill and animate the warrior's soul, then the conqueror of Waterloo was utterly at fault. Mr. President, you have condensed volumes of facts and argument, and the prophecies of the centuries to come—prophecies sure to be fulfilled—in the five closing lines of your address to-day.

"We believe that history will adjudge this civil war to have been not only one of the greatest but one of the *best wars* that ever occurred on earth," and we may well add, with pardonable pride,

“that the Army of the Tennessee accomplished a large share in its beneficent results.”

But why the *best* war, comrades? Because the best men that ever went out to fight in the best of all causes were in the Union army. Women’s honor, whether of friend or foe, in its keeping was as sacredly inviolate as though the passionless squadrons of the skies themselves kept watch. Mr. President, Wellington was wrong; the best men made the best soldiers. For such a cause as ours and for such a war as ours, the most august sanctities could be invoked. With a sorrow that can not be expressed in words, the loyal christian church in our country took up the gauge of battle thrown down before it. It had to be taken up. Thirty thousand pulpits, extending “from the snows of wild Nevada to the sounding hills of Maine,” responded by their loyal sentiments and deeds to the nation’s cry for help. They felt our war to be what General Sherman declared to me to-night it was — a *holy war*. These swordless soldiers of the Prince of Peace knew that we were right, and that liberty and union were the surpassing interests of time second only to the transcendent interest of eternity.

They enjoined upon those going from their firesides and altars to “nail the colors of your States just below the flag of the United States, and that best and most beautiful of all banners put just below the cross.”

They did not bring politics into religion, but they took religion into politics. They did not bring war into the churches, but they acted in the spirit of that brave revolutionary preacher who, when the wadding of the soldiers had given out, rushed into the meeting-house, and taking up an armful of hymn books, threw them down, saying: “There, boys, give them Watts’ hymns.”

To the God of battles our misguided friends in the south had made the appeal, and to that same God of battles the christian ministry helped carry the mighty controversy.

Pulpits were the resounding fields and hills of conflict.

Temples were wallless space whose roofs were the heavens canopied with sulphurous smoke.

Anthems and hymns were the jubilant song, “we are coming, we are coming, our Union to restore, we are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more.” Auditors were listening nations.

Prayers were skyward rockets and whizzing bomb shells.

Sermons were minnie balls and solid shot.

Benedictions were the bending of glistening steel and the charge of the bayonet.

What grand army leaders of these awful services we had. I need not mention them all; you know them—the world knows them. But there were three, the immortal trio we always love to speak of, each unique and unexcelled in his own sphere, who will be held in grateful remembrance by the American people while mountains stand and rivers run to the sea. Sheridan, the *chain lightning* of war; Sherman, the *hurricane* of war; and Grant, its *Jupiter Tonans*.

When these war services were over, and peace, blessed, welcome, holy peace had come, well did President Lincoln, "greatest of our mighty dead," say: "God bless the churches; without them we could not have succeeded." We have heard from General Hickenlooper his just, discriminating and glowing eulogy upon Ohio as the mother of statesmen and soldiers.

You may ask, the nation may ask, the world may ask anything of Ohio, and lo! 'tis given.

She gave the finest auditorium on this continent, and perhaps the finest on any continent, in which to hold our exercises on last evening, and the most magnificent audience that ever witnessed the proceedings of this Society. She has presented to many of the bravest of our brave comrades as their help-meets to a life of unbroken peace, *ribs* from among her daughters, uneclipsed in beauty of person as well as loveliness of character. "None but the *brave*, none but the *brave*, none but the *brave*," like General Hickenlooper, Colonel Dayton and other such soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, "deserve the fair" of this noble city and commonwealth, some of whom are looking in upon us at this hour.

She is the mother of warriors, judges, financiers, statesmen and presidents. And one who has just laid down the authority and dignity of the supreme office in the gift of the American people—an honor and a responsibility no crown on earth can represent.—has returned to this grand State with true republican simplicity and unaffected modesty, and graces and gladdens this occasion to-night. Need I then go without the bounds of Ohio to find the living illustration of the body, soul, and spirit of my toast? I

need not. For you have it in him who is as devout and earnest in the pulpit as he was heroic in the field and ringingly eloquent in the forum, the present illustrious Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States—James A. Garfield.

General Fallows received a great deal of applause during his response, as he had delighted the listeners and secured their close attention.

Music by the Band.

On motion of General Hickenlooper:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of the Society be tendered to Captain T. J. Cochran, Captain A. H. Mattox, Captain T. M. Sechler, Captain T. M. Turner and Captain J. B. Foraker, members of the Banquet committee, to whom we are so greatly indebted for the perfection of the arrangements attending the fourteenth banquet of the Society.

NINTH TOAST:—“*The Army of the Cumberland—Our Comrades with whom we are proud to share the memories of Shiloh, of Missionary Ridge, Atlanta and the March to the Sea.*”

Response by General W. H. GIBSON, who was greeted with a burst of hearty cheers, spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

When I entered this festive chamber I was fully loaded with the best effort of my life [laughter], but I say to you that almost everything I had prepared in my mind has been stolen [laughter], and it is not the first larceny I have suffered at the hands of the Army of the Tennessee. [Laughter.] That Army, if I have read history correctly, has been distinguished for a great many kinds of larcenies. [Laughter.] It stole, first, the Southern Confederacy. [Laughter.] But the principal grievance I have to allege against it is, that before Kenesaw Mountain I was ordered to relieve one of its brigades, then commanded by Colonel (now Judge) Wood, of the Supreme Court, and in making that change, by some mishap or other, the Army of the Tennessee got all the whisky I had with me. [Laughter.]

Now, I think it is time we should be a little philosophical in our considerations. I accord to the Army of the Tennessee all, and much more than what has been claimed for it. [Laughter.] But we want to find out how it got its start. Now, the Army of the Tennessee never amounted to much until your present distinguished President, General Sherman, took charge of it, did it? [Voices, "No, no!"] Well, now, I want to tell you how he got his start. I helped to start him myself. [Laughter.] Had it not been for me, I doubt whether he would have amounted to a great deal, and he will bear me out in it. I claim to belong to an army that was brought into existence by General Sherman himself. He was my first commander—the first commander that I recognized in the army of the Cumberland [laughter], and I made with him his first grand campaign. You ought to have been there [laughter] on that Sabbath morning at Lebanon Junction, Kentucky, when the Louisville Legion, consisting of Stowe's two-gun battery, six companies of the Sixth Indiana and my own Forty-ninth Ohio, plunged into the surging waves of Salt river. I think that was the first experiment General Sherman ever tried with volunteer troops. [Laughter.] He never had any doubt as to our capacity for standing that other fluid [laughter], but he undertook to test us first by a grand immersion. I well recall it—how the boys all shrank back, fellows with fine boots on required to wade a river to crush a rebellion—one of the most stupendous outrages ever perpetrated upon American citizens. [Laughter.] But with banners flying, we plunged into the river and forded it, Sunday as it was. Did you ever think of that! Why, I have been utterly sick and disgusted lately, talking about Sunday observances and that kind of thing. [Laughter.] Just hand that over to the army, and we would fix it in twenty-four hours. If there was anything to be done on Sunday, we got hold of it, or tried mightily hard. [Laughter.]

But that campaign, I guess, was the first grand success of General Sherman, and I was there myself. [Laughter.] I commanded the rear guard. We did not have much of a wagon train, nor did we have any quartermaster or commissary stores. But, with banners flying and drums beating, we ascended the slope of Mulroy's Hill, and there we made just as much noise as possible, when Buckner and his fellows left Elizabethtown, and after they got snugly out, you just ought to have seen us ride into town.

[Laughter.] None of us had any intention to go in while they were there. It was a small town, and there was not room enough for us all. [Laughter.] In a great country like this I am opposed to crowding. [Laughter.] But when they got out we rode in. That was the first campaign of General Sherman, and the first campaign of the Army of the Cumberland.

Comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, the history of the Army of the Cumberland has been written. These tattered banners, this saved Republic, these United States, are memorials of its triumphs. [Applause.] The Army of the Cumberland, from the day that Zollicoffer went down before the fire of George H. Thomas, [prolonged applause,] hewed its way with polished saber and burnished bayonet, and stood with you on the flaming field of Shiloh, at the siege of Corinth, and, moving forward, it carved high on the mountain top and deep in the river's bed glorious deeds of triumph, and it never faltered, nor did it shrink from any responsibility. And, finally, on the heights of Nashville the army of the Confederacy was utterly destroyed by the potential arm of that great army under its illustrious commander, George H. Thomas. [Renewed applause.]

But, comrades, the Army of the Cumberland was but a fraction of the great army that saved this country. Where was the Army of the Potomac—all those armies? I love to think of Rosecrans, the brilliant hero. [Applause.] I love to go back to that day at Stone river, where Sheridan held his division in a volcano of fire. I love to think of Chickamauga and all its glorious deeds. But I love still better to contemplate the proud Army of the Republic, that was displayed from the shadow of the Rocky Mountains to the capes of Virginia, animated by one heart, inspired with one purpose, appealing to one God who stood by the flag on every field and wrought out for us this grand political deliverance. [Loud applause.]

Comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, I care nothing for the criticism of history. You inaugurated a fearful fight at Shiloh. I care not whether it was a surprise or not. But I stand here to-night to bear testimony to the fact that before the Army of the Cumberland reached that field, every twig had been moved by the infernal fire of battle; every rod was sheathed with the dead. I say that never was a field more stubbornly fought, if the mementoes of battle mean anything, and I think they do. The first day

at Shiloh was a battle such as has rarely occurred in our history, or the world's history, for stubborn, determined resistance and valor. Every foot of ground yielded was defended with the valor of heroes, and was made sacred by the blood of brave men. Then, when besieged at Chattanooga, how grateful we were when the Army of the Tennessee came up. Then that morning when the thunder of Sherman's guns on the right of Mission Ridge announced that the battle had opened, grand old Hooker above the clouds was proclaiming for God and for liberty. Deploying its lines, sweeping on to the Ridge, you were there. That history is yours. God bless the Army of the Tennessee! Then, in that grand campaign in Georgia, where for one hundred and fifty miles the Army of the Ohio fought its way. And I have not heard that army mentioned before, to-night. Will you pardon me for referring to the grand army of Scofield? I see one of its most distinguished commanders and officers here to-night,—our illustrious citizen and ex-Governor, Jack D. Cox. [Applause.] I remember in that field at Resaca when the terrible fight of that army whose left I had covered; I remember that the three armies linked hand in hand, with more than forty rounds in their cartridge boxes, started to war the bowels out of the Confederacy, and they did it. [Applause.]

But with the Armies of the Cumberland and the Ohio you marched through Georgia and captured Atlanta. Speaking, then, for the Army of the Cumberland, I shall not recount its triumphs. Their names are there. We count among its commanders, Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter; Sherman, the immortal commander of all our armies; then Rosecrans, and not to be considered the least, there was that matchless soldier, that accomplished gentleman, that gallant fighter, General Buell, who will in time be vindicated, and then came George H. Thomas. [Applause.] And I stand here to-night to say that he was among the grandest Romans. A Virginian? He was more than that. He was an American. [Applause.] And George H. Thomas never went to a place but what he stayed there. Give him a position and you knew just where to find him when the crisis came. I refer to others. There were the fighting McCooks. Have you ever heard of them? There was the glorious commander of the Ninth Ohio, Robert McCook, who met his death in the line of duty.

Comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, it is very early in

the moruing to commence making speeches. I want to thank you for the courtesy of this reception, and for the kindness with which the Army of the Cumberland has been arrayed here to-night. And I want to ask you that at your next reunion you give me an invitation. I want to be with you. I want to join the wagon train. [Laughter.] I will go along as sutler or anything else. [Laughter.] Now, in all your talk about the Army of the Tennessee, you have not done justice to the sutler. Don't you recollect their service to you? How bounteous they were in supplies! One day I told the boys we had to make a charge, and one of them cried out, "I wish we had Dorsey here to charge." He was the sutler. [Loud laughter.] The next time I make a speech at a reunion of this kind, I am going to do justice to the sutler? How brave they were! How prompt in action! How eager to rush to the front when there was no danger! Then don't you recollect when he pitched his tent and opened out his goods—the Stoughton bottles, and Schiedam schnapps and the crackers, and the canned fruits? I tell you he was the salvation of the country. My friend here on the left (Mr. Fallows,) has claimed a good deal for the pulpit, I must insist a little share for the sutler; and now, thanking you for this call and for the kindness of this reception, I bid you, not good night, for I am going to stay until you are done. [Laughter.]

SONG, by Captain Everest and Glee Club:—"Marching Through Georgia."

The regular programme being finished, the President said the adjournment had been requested deferred, that a volunteer toast had been handed to him, and as it seemed the desire to continue and let the good time extend, he would read it and others might be called.

The first was "the surgeons of the army" and he called upon Surgeon Cady, who after a few humorous remarks expressed thanks for the compliment.

General Pope was urgently called for but merely responded his thanks and proposed the health of General Logan. Colonel Dodds sang "Old Shady," *everybody* joining in the chorus.

General Belknap was next loudly called and responded by saying:

That he learned early in the evening that he was to be unexpectedly called upon, and that he had prepared a short extemporaneous address upon the backs of a few telegrams he happened to have in his pocket.

The days go on so rapidly, the fleeting years fly so fast, that the boys of the war are men of to-day and the old men of to-morrow. Our ranks are thinning rapidly. Five of our number have gone since our last roll-call. So much the more reason that we should cherish our Society and tie ourselves in bonds that can not break. Thus will we show to the country how firmly associations of army life can bind true men together. For it is not strange that in civil life the dangers and the perils of war can not be understood.

Those who were not at the front can never know the hardships endured or the labor done by men in the field. The crossing of Salkahatchie in 1865, where officers and men waded in mud and water, gave terror to the foe, and until crossed even we ourselves considered it impassible. Marches by night and skirmishes by day give no sign on paper as to their realities. And so with the brave deeds of men. History tells of them, but the eyes that see them alone know how the heroic will holds up the heart of man amid the havoc of crashing guns. "Shall I bring that flag over, Colonel?" said a private to me in the battle of the 22nd of July, 1864. "Yes, if you can." Over the parapet he went, and, braving storming shot from front and flank, he came back with the battle-flag of the Forty-fifth Alabama. "Who will guard these prisoners?" was asked about the same time. "I will," said Colonel Jones, of the Fifty-third Indiana, who was, sitting near a tree severely wounded, and drawing his saber he ordered the prisoners around him as the fight went on. Soon after, as a stretcher was bearing him with his fearful wound from the field, a shell burst near him and his noble soul went beyond the reach of battle.

Our service teemed with scenes like this, and the knowledge we have of their occurrence binds us together in bonds as enduring as time. He who was my division commander for a time will pardon me when I say that no man could have borne himself with more heroic valor than he when, on July 20th, 1864, near Atlanta, he fell in front of his men, and in full sight of the enemy. None of those who wore the blue arrow were clearer in

council or cooler in field; none were better or braver than Gresham.

Glad are we to come together again to sing the old songs, to tell the old stories, and to talk of camp and field.

At the conclusion of the General's remarks a comrade on the other side arose and called attention to the fact that he had omitted to mention one of his own exploits, in saving the comrade's regiment by re-enforcing it with his own.

The President then said he felt that all were willing to concede that the objects of the banquet had been accomplished—that all present had had their good time. Thanking all for the courteous manner in which they had assisted him in presiding, and hoping all would reach their homes feeling as much enjoyment in having been here as he knew he would, and that we would all meet again next year, he announced the banquet adjourned and while the party sang our favorite, "Auld Land Syne," so ended the Fourteenth Reunion.

CEREMONIES.

Very much attention and courtesy was given our Society by the citizens of Cincinnati, both in a public and private way.

The Merchants Exchange invited the Society to appear on its floor at 12:30 o'clock on the 6th inst., tendering a reception at that hour. It was accepted, and the Society was escorted thither from Pike's Opera House by their President, Mr. Henry C. Urner, and a committee. Arriving on 'change we were received by the large gathering with rounds of cheers. General Sherman and Lieutenant-General Sheridan were conducted to the President's stand, and when order was restored, Mr. Urner spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:

To-day we are unusually honored by the presence among us, at our invitation, of a large number of distinguished men, comprising the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

During the long war for the life of the Republic, of the many armies that heroic patriotism interposed as living ramparts between the nation and the enemy that so desperately assailed its integrity, none stood more firmly, none struggled more bravely, none battled more successfully for the cause that enlisted its heroism, than the gallant Army of the Tennessee.

Gentlemen of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee: The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce gladly avails itself of the happy circumstance of your meeting in our city to express to you its grateful appreciation of the services that you have rendered to our country, and recognize the eminent claim that you have upon the respect and admiration of its members and of all patriotic citizens. It esteems highly the privilege that is afforded it of receiving you as its guests, and adds its fullest, heartiest welcome to the general greeting that is extended to you by all the people of our city.

Gentleman, the great war of the rebellion produced many men whose names and whose fame shall forever brighten and enrich the history, not only of our land, but of the world. Among them all there was no soldier whose fame rests upon a surer foundation,

and whose name has been inscribed in more deeply incised characters upon the history of his country and upon the hearts of his countrymen, than the gentleman whom I have the honor of now introducing to you, General W. T. Sherman.

General Sherman, amid the cheering of the members of the Chamber of Commerce, arose and said:

GENERAL SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:

I understand that your business is by fair, square and manly competition to give to the farmer, the laborer and mechanic the highest wages possible, and to have something left for yourselves. Now, this body of men I have led into your midst have nothing here to sell, but they all have a good word for you. You can not buy the little badges they wear upon their breasts. Your banks have not money enough to buy them. They are beyond price, and are very dear to the hearts of every one of them. You could do but very little without the railroads and other means of transportation through the different sections of the country, but there was a time when, if it was not for the Army of the Tennessee, you could not have sent your produce over the river. It was this army that owned again this country for you. I thank you for the words of welcome from your President and for this reception. We will remain in your city for two or three days, and will be happy to meet you again.

General Sheridan was loudly called for by the members of the Exchange and responding was greeted with prolonged cheering. He said:

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:

The General of the army has told you that it was the business of this Chamber to pay the farmer a little and the laboring man a little and to keep considerable for themselves. Now I would judge that you were in the habit of working up corners—at least, they work up corners in Chicago—but if you expect to work up a corner on my speech you are mistaken. You made a corner on the General's speech, but I am not a speaker, I will simply thank you for your reception and bid you good-bye.

The Society then marched to headquarters.

McPHERSON STATUE.

At three o'clock the Society assembled for the purpose of visiting the statue of General McPherson, which had been brought to Fountain Square for that purpose. The statue is the work of the same artist, Mr. Louis Rebisso, who furnished the statue of General McPherson now in Washington, and which was unveiled under the auspices of our Society.

The First Regiment Ohio National Guard escorted the Society to the esplanade, and taking position around the statue, General Sherman, at a signal from the committee in charge, loosened the fastenings and the flag used to cover it was drawn away and the statue exposed to view. A long murmur of satisfaction escaped the vast throng of thousands collected to witness the ceremony. The Society remained some minutes observing the statue, the band meanwhile playing "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer." It was an entirely informal ceremony, solely for the purpose that the members of the Society might have a chance to look at the statue. It will be placed upon General McPherson's grave at Clyde, Ohio. The Society then returned to headquarters. Many thousands took occasion to visit the statue during the afternoon and the day following.

DECORATIONS.

No attempt was made by the committee in charge to decorate the auditorium of Music Hall. It would, indeed, have been un-availing. The grandeur of the hall of itself could not thus have been improved, but great skill, care and labor was given the stage.

The distinguished guests were seated in a semi-circle near the front, and immediately back was arranged a most perfect military depot and camp so that during the exercises of the evening, all the camp military duties, such as guard mounting, guard relief, etc., were performed by a company of the First Regiment of Ohio National Guard.

The wings of the stage were beautifully arranged with flags, and the same depended from the ceiling over the stage; at the rear was a handsome painted scene.

The committee thought it not advisable to decorate the Opera House. The Banquet Hall was taken care of by the Banquet Committee and Mr. Zimmerman, the manager of the Burnet House.

The entrance was arched most tastefully with colors carried during the war by Ohio regiments. Many others were tastefully hung over the windows and upon the walls of the room. There were many other decorations of flags and paintings—the following sentiments properly placed:

“Their swords are rust,
Their good steeds dust,
But their souls are with the saints, we trust.”
“Peace! And no longer from her brazen portals
The blast of war’s great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.”
* * * * *
“God gives us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,
But, sword on thigh, and brows, with purpose knit,
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up! Her battle lanterns lit!
And her least thunders gathered for their leap.”

The tables were fairly loaded with appropriate designs, besides flowers and evergreens distributed about the room. Under the bright gas-light the effect was beautiful and elicited many expressions of commendation.

COMMITTEES.

The Executive Committee selected, soon after their own appointment, the several sub-committees, and issued the following circular:

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, }
BURNET HOUSE,
CINCINNATI, February 28, 1881. }

DEAR SIR:—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its fourteenth annual reunion at Cincinnati, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 6th and 7th, under the charge of the following committees:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General M. F. Force, Chairman.

Colonel L. M. Dayton,	General A. Hickenlooper,
Major E. C. Dawes,	General Wm. H. Baldwin,
Major R. H. Flemming,	Major Geo. Ward Nichols,
Captain C. A. Partridge,	Colonel C. W. Moulton,
Dr. Wm. R. Thrall,	Captain J. V. Lewis,
Captain E. V. Cherry,	Dr. D. W. Hartshorne,
Colonel A. W. McCormick,	Captain Robert Coverdale,
Colonel Daniel Weber,	General T. T. Heath,
Captain T. J. Cochran,	Colonel Jas. S. Wise,
Dr. Wm. H. Mussey,	Captain A. H. Mattox.

Dr. A. E. Heighway.

FINANCE.

Colonel Daniel Weber, Chairman.

Colonel L. M. Dayton,	Major Jas. S. Wise,
Colonel H. E. Collins,	Colonel P. P. Lane,
Dr. A. L. Carrick,	Captain H. P. Cook.

BANQUET.

Captain T. J. Cochran, Chairman.

Captain A. H. Mattox,	Captain T. M. Turner,
Major Jno. H. Woodward,	Captain T. M. Sechler.

HALLS.

General A. Hickenlooper, Chairman.

Colonel Max. Mosler,	Colonel C. B. Hunt,
Captain Frank Bruner,	Captain W. E. Kuhn,
General H. G. Kennett,	Captain Jno. J. Desmond.

INVITATION.

General M. F. Force, Chairman.

General J. H. Bates,	Captain J. V. Lewis,
General Fred. W. Moore.	

TOASTS.

Major E. C. Dawes, Chairman.

Captain R. A. Starkey,	Captain A. B. Isham,
Captain Channing Richards.	

DECORATIONS.

Major Geo. Ward Nichols, Chairman.

Captain Jas. C. Michie,	Colonel Frank Foster,
Colonel C. L. Gano,	Captain Frank B. James,
Major Wm. R. McComas,	Captain W. F. Armstrong.

PRINTING.

Captain C. A. Partridge, Chairman.

Captain W. P. Wiltsee,	Major D. W. McClung,
Colonel A. W. McCormick,	Dr. S. T. F. Miller.

RECEPTION.

General Wm. H. Baldwin, Chairman.

Colonel L. Markbreit,	Major Frank J. Jones,
Captain Wm. C. Howard,	Colonel A. E. Jones,
Major Geo. B. Fox,	Captain E. Marshall,
Captain S. N. Maxwell,	Captain Horace G. Stoms.

TRANSPORTATION.

Colonel C. W. Moulton, Chairman.

Major E. V. Cherry,	Major Geo. B. Vandergrift,
Captain T. S. Foley,	Captain J. Milton Blair,
Captain W. W. Peabody.	

PARAGRAPHING.

Dr. A. E. Heighway, Chairman.

Captain A. H. Mattox,

Major Wm. H. Chamberlain,

Dr. A. M. Brown,

Colonel L. Markbreit,

MUSIC.

Major R. H. Flemming, Chairman.

Captain Henry DeBus,

Captain Carl A. G. Aday,

Captain G. W. Cavett.

ENTERTAINMENT.

General T. T. Heath, Chairman.

Dr. D. W. Hartshorne,

Dr. Wm. H. Mussey,

Colonel R. T. Coverdale.

Headquarters of the Society will be at the Burnet House, where ample provision has been made for the accommodation of members.

The business meetings of the Society will be held at Pike's Opera House, on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, commencing promptly at 10 o'clock.

On Wednesday afternoon the Society will view the recently completed statue of General McPherson, which is to be finally located at Clyde, O.

On Wednesday evening, introductory remarks by General M. F. Force, Chairman of Local Executive Committee. Opening prayer by Captain H. W. McKnight. Addresses of welcome by Hon. Chas. Foster, Governor of Ohio, and Hon. Chas. Jacobs, Mayor of Cincinnati, with response by General W. T. Sherman, President of the Society, and the annual address by Colonel Ozro J. Dodds, will be delivered at Pike's Opera House.

The stage will be reserved for the officers of the Society and distinguished guests; the parquette for members of the Society; the parquette circle for gentlemen accompanied by ladies; and the remainder of the house for local military organizations and invited citizens.

The Banquet and concluding ceremonies will take place at the Burnet House on Thursday evening, commencing promptly at 8 o'clock.

The Committee on Transportation has made arrangements with several trunk lines for reduced rates, but to obtain advantage of such rates, it is, in many cases, necessary that a certificate be issued in time for presentation at the place of purchasing tickets. In order that these certificates may be promptly issued, and other suitable arrangements be made for the entertainment of members and invited guests, you are earnestly requested to at once notify the Secretary of the Local Executive Committee, Dr. Wm. R. Thrall, No 66 West Third street, of your intention to be present, and give the names of the roads over which you expect to come.

If you cannot make it convenient to be present, a letter of declination should, as soon as possible, be sent to General A. Hickenlooper, Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

M. F. FORCE,

Chairman Local Executive Committee.

WM. R. THRALL,

Secretary.

And as soon as the Executive Committee matured its plans and submitted them to these committees, they were taken hold of with a zest that ensured the complete success of the reunion which has transpired. The Secretary begs to remind our members that to these committees are they in this, as in former reunions, solely indebted for the pleasures they have had.

SONGS.

No small part of the interest and enjoyment of our reunions is that of music and songs as they are sung by many in our rooms at hotels and at the exercises. Below are, therefore, printed what are termed army songs, that all may know them, believing the Society will accord full approval.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the bright and happy days now gone before,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
Tho I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we will breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved homes.

In the battle front we stood, when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before they reached our lines, they were driven back dismayed,
Then we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As I think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed, his eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called his weeping son to him—
Weep not, my boy, the vetran said, I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill.
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The Sword was brought, the soldier's eye lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade, he murmured Warren's name,
Then said, my boy, I leave you gold, but what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me well,

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

It was on that dread, immortal day, we dared the Briton band,
A captain raised that blade on me, I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged, it lightened freedom's will,
For boy, the God of Freedom blessed

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

Oh keep that sword, his accents broke, a smile and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the Sword remains, its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the Sire

CHORUS.—And Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

OLD SHADY.

Yah! Yah! Yah! Come laugh wid me,
De white folks say old Shady am free,
I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee
Am a coming, am a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

REPEAT.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home

Oh! massa got scared, and so did his lady,
Dis chile break for old Uncle Aby,
Open the door, for here's old Shady,
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good bye Mass. Jeff. good bye, Mass. Stephens.
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins,
I 'spec by and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good by hard work without any pay,
 I'se going up North where de white folks say,
 Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
 Am a coming, am a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Get up old Sambo and blow de horn,
 Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn,
 Dat's Sherman's Bummers sure's I'm born
 A coming, a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! I'se got a wife and a nice little baby,
 Way up North in the Lower Canady,
 Won't they shout, when they see old Shady
 A coming, a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! here's to General Grant, de brave and true,
 He captured Vicksburg and Richmond too,
 He made de rebels think the very devel in blue
 Was a coming, was a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shown bright on the mountain
 That frowned on the river below,
 As we stood by our guns in the morning,
 And eagerly watched for the foe;
 When a rider came out of the darkness
 That hung over mountain and tree,
 And shouted "Boys, up and be ready!
 For Sherman will march to the sea."

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
 That echoed over river and lea;
 And the stars of our banners shown brighter
 When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men,
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessing from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resacca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Oh proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shown brighter
When Sherman camped down by the sea!

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle boys! we'll sing another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee Boys will never reach the coast!
So the saucy rebels said, and t'was a handsome boast
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

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Porter, G. W., Captain, 195 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Potts, I. B., Captain, Columbus, O.
Potter, J. B., Surgeon, Canal Winchester, O.
Potter, J. A., General, U. S. A., Painesville, O.
Potts, B. F., General, Helena, Montana.
Powell, E., Major, 45 Clark st., Chicago, Ill.
Powell, J. W., Major, 910 M st., Washington, D. C.
Pratt, C. L., Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
Pride, Geo. G., Colonel.
Prunty, W. T., Captain, Olney, Ill.
Pullen, J. O., Captain, Bloomington, Ill.
Putnam, Chas. E., Captain, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Putney, Frank H., Lieutenant, Waukesha, Wis.
- Randall, L. G., Lieutenant, Napoleon, O.
Rapp, Isaac, Lieutenant, Carbondale, Ill.
Rossieur, L., Major, S. W. Cor. 4th & Market sts., St. Louis, Mo.
Ravold, William, Captain, Greenville, Ill.
Raymond, George, Captain.
Raymond, J. B., Captain, Fargo, D. T.
Rau, G. B., General, Washington City, D. C.
Reece, Alonzo N., Lieutenant, 220 Madison st., Chicago, Ill.
Reid, J. M., Colonel, Keokuk, Iowa.
Reid, D. O., Captain, Moline, Ill.
Renaker, J. I., Colonel, Carlinsville, Ill.
Reynolds, Thomas, General, Madison, Wis.
Reynolds, J. S., General, 152 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.
Rice, A. V., General, Ottawa, O.
Rice, E. W., General, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
Riebsame, Christian, Captain, Bloomington, Ill.
Robinson, A. R., Captain, Cincinnati, O.

Robinson, J. G.
Robinson, Benj. E., Lieutenant, Fairbury, Ill.
Rood, H. H., Lieutenant, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
Root, R., Colonel, Keokuk, Iowa.
Roots, L. H., Captain, Little Rock, Ark.
Ross, L. F., General, Avon, Ill.
Routt, Jno. L., Captain, Denver, Col.
Roler, E. O. F., Surgeon, 1084 Indiana ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rohr, G. W., Surgeon, Rockford, Ill.
Robertson, W. S., Major, Muscatine, Iowa.
Rowett, R., General, Carlinville, Ill.
Ruggles, J. M., General, Havana, Ill.
Rumsey, J. W., Captain, 170 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.
Rumsey, I. P., Captain, 170 Washington, st., Chicago, Ill.
Ruff, W. A., Captain, 142 LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.
Rusk, J. N., General, Viroqua, Wis.

Sabine, A., Surgeon, Marysville, O.
Safely, J. J., Major, Washington City, D. C.
Sanborn, J. B., General, St. Paul, Minn.
Sanders, A. J. H., General, Davenport, Iowa.
Sanford, T. W., General, St. Louis, Mo.
Schofield, G. W., Colonel, U. S. A.
Scott, J. K., Colonel, Martinsville, Ind.
Scribner, W., Lieutenant, Probate Court, Chicago, Ill.
Sexton, A., Lieutenant, Madison, Wis.
Sexton, Jas. A., Captain, 183 Erie st., Chicago, Ill.
Shaw, W. T., Colonel, Anamora, Iowa.
Sherman, Hoyt, Major, Des Moines, Iowa.
Sherman, B. R., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
Sherman, W. T., General, Washington, D. C.
Sherer, Sam'l B., Major, 21 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sherburne, E. A., 200 LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.
Skilton, A. S., Captain, Monroeville, Huron County, O.
Slack, J. R., General, Huntington, Ind.
Smith, J. E., Gen., U. S. A., Camp Douglass, via Salt Lake City.
Smith, Jas. H., Lieutenant.
Smith, W. S., General, 21 La Salle st., Chicago, Ill.
Smith, J. Condit, Colonel, Buffalo, N. Y.
Smith, I. P., Captain, New Albany, Ind.
Smith, James T., Captain, Washington, D. C.
Smith, J. A., Captain, Jacksonville, Ill.
Smith, Chas. W., Captain, P. O. Box 33, Chicago, Ill.
Smith, Robt. W., General, Chicago, Ill.
Smith, M. P., Captain, Marengo, Iowa.
Smith, Milo, Colonel, Clinton, Iowa.
Spear, Ed., Major, Minneapolis, Minn.
Spooner, B., General, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

- Sprague, J. W., General, Portland, Or.
 Stark, C. W. M., Captain, Tiffany, Rock Co., Wis.
 Steele, G. R., Major, Decatur, Ill.
 Stewart, A. S., Captain, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Stewart, W. H., Captain, Woodstock, Ill.
 Stewart, Owen, Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
 Stone, J. C., Colonel, Burlington, Iowa.
 Strong, W. E., General, Peshtigo Company, Chicago, **I 11**.
 Strong, Robt. C., Major, Columbus, O.
 Stockton, Joseph, General, Chicago, Ill.
 Swain, Jas. A., Colonel, Memphis, Tenn.
 Swarthout, W., Colonel, Quincy, Ill.

 Taggart, G. I., Colonel, Savannah, Ga.
 Taylor, Ezra, General, Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill.
 Taylor, F. M., Captain, Belleville, Ill.
 Terrell, W. H. II., General, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thayer, J. M., General, Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter.
 Thompson, Robt. M., Major, 1341 F. st., Washington, D. C.
 Thornton, J. H., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
 Thrall, W. R., Surgeon, Cincinnati, O.
 Tilson, John, General, Quincy, Ill.
 Tobey, E. P., Lieutenant, 105 Calumet avenue, Chicago, **I 11**.
 Turtelotte, J. E., Colonel, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
 Towne, O. C., Lieutenant, Pocotonica, Ill.
 Tripp, S. S., Peoria, Ill.
 Trimble, H. M., Lieutenant, Princeton, Ill.
 Tullis, James, Colonel, Lafayette, Ind.
 Tucker, A. M., Colonel, Elkhart, Ind.
 Tuthill, R. S., Lieutenant, 132 LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

 Underwood, B. W., Lieutenant.

 Vandever, Wm., General, Dubuque, Iowa.
 Vanseller, H., Colonel, Paris, Ill.
 Veatch, J. C., General, Rockport, Ind.
 Vilas, Wm. F., Colonel, Madison, Wis.
 Vogelson, W. M., Colonel, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Vogles, D. W., Surgeon, New Albany, Ind.
 Von Blessing, L., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.

 Wainwright, W. A., Captain, Noblesville, Ill.
 Walcutt, C. C., General, Columbus, O.
 Walcott, R.
 Wangelin, H., General, Belleville, Ind.
 Ware, W. E., Major, St. Louis, Mo.
 Ware, Ad., Captain, 339 W. 30th st., New York.
 Warner, Willard, General, Tecumseh, Ala.
 Warner, V., Captain, Clinton, Ill.

Warrons, C. H., Captain.
Weber, Dan., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Webster, E. H., Captain, Kansas City, Mo.
Welch, D. N., Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Welch, P. J., Major, Cincinnati, O.
Welker, Fred., Major, Muscatine, Iowa.
Wells, George E., Colonel, Toledo, O.
Wheeler, W. F., Captain, Helena, Montana.
White, J. E., Captain, Chicago, Ill.
Wilcox, J. S., Colonel, Elgin, Ill.
Williams, W. S., Captain, Canton, O.
Williams, Reuben, Colonel, Warsaw, Ind.
Williamson, J. A., General, Washington, D. C.
Wilson, T. P., Major, St. Paul, Minn.
Wilson, H., Colonel, Sidney, O.
Wilson, S. J., Major, Macon City, Mo.
Wilson, J. F., Captain, Peoria, Ill.
Wilson, James H., Major-General, St. Louis, Mo.
Wilson, F. C., Lieutenant, 47 and 49 W. Lake st., Chicago, Ill.
Winslow, E. F., General, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Wise, J. S., Major, Cincinnati, O.
Willison, A., Lewiston, Ill.
Wickersham, D., Colonel, Springfield, Ill.
Witmer, John H., Major, Ottawa, Ill.
Wood, John, Colonel, Quincy, Ill.
Wood, W. W., Lieutenant, Belvidere, Ill.
Woodhull, Max., General, Washington, D. C.
Worley, I. C., Lieutenant.
Wright, Crafts J., General, Wright's Grove P. O., Chicago, Ill.
Wright, W. W., General, 418 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.
Wright, B. T., Lieutenant-Colonel, 81 State st., Chicago, Ill.
Wilbur, C. T., Surgeon, Lincoln, Ill.
Watts, J. M., Lieutenant, Delphi, Ind.
Zearing, J. R., Surgeon, Dover, Ill.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SOCIETY
OF THE
ARMY^{OF THE} TENNESSEE,
AT THE
FIFTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING,
HELD AT
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.
May 10th and 11th, 1882.

PREFACE.

The Fifteenth Reunion of the Society was called by the President, and the Committee of Arrangements announced as follows :

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE. }
WASHINGTON CITY, *March 1, 1882.* }

To the Members Society Army Tennessee:

The Fifteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held at St. Louis, Mo., on Wednesday and Thursday, May 10th and 11th, 1882, under the charge and direction of the following

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General Thos. C. Fletcher, Chairman.

General John W. Noble,	Colonel E. M. Joel,
General A. J. Smith,	General John D. Stevenson,
Colonel D. P. Dyer,	Colonel Chas. Parsons,
Captain M. A. Doyle,	Captain Geo. W. Bailey,
Colonel Jas. F. Howe,	Major Geo. W. Gibson,
General O. P. Gooding,	Major E. F. Weigel,
Colonel Jno. G. Butler,	Colonel David Murphy, Sec'y.

Who will give due notice of the details of their arrangements.

The annual address will be delivered by Gen. John A. Williamson.

Officers who have at any time served with honor in the Army or Department of the Tennessee, are entitled to membership in the Society, and are especially requested to attend.

Members of kindred societies are cordially invited to participate.

W. T. SHERMAN,
President.

L. M. DAYTON, *Recording Secretary.*

A. HICKENLOOPER, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Cincinnati, Ohio.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

FIFTEENTH MEETING

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., *May 10, 1882.*

The Committee of Arrangements had provided that the business meetings of the Society should be held in the Peoples' Theatre, whither it marched from general headquarters at the Lindell Hotel at 11 o'clock; and being assembled, the President called the Society to order at 11:25, remarking, that he was glad to meet all here present. It had been said that a meeting time on other than the anniversary of some battle was difficult of selection, and he could say that it was not by accident St. Louis had been chosen for this gathering. Rather would he say that the day and place were chosen in honor of those who were in the capture of Camp Jackson, in the suburbs of St. Louis, twenty-one years ago. Having "malice toward none and charity for all," we forgive, if we can not entirely forget the past. But we will cherish forever the sacrifices and the glorious memories of the war for the preservation of the Union. Although the participants in those deeds may yearly diminish in number by death, yet the memories of 1861-5 are not dimmed, and this we say while we have the kindest feelings for the citizens of every part of this restored Union. I am very glad to see this magnificent hall so filled with faces that now come back to me as plainly and clearly as when we parted in Raleigh in 1865.

Announcing the Society in session, he proceeded with the reg-

ular order, calling upon the Secretary to read the record of the meeting last held, in Cincinnati, April 6th and 7th, 1881.

On motion of General Chetlain :

Resolved, That the record of the last meeting having been printed and distributed to the members, it shall stand approved, and the reading of same at this time be dispensed with.

The President then said he had been informed, while on the way from the headquarters, that the members of the Society from Chicago had brought with them a floral gift for the Local Committee, and he would vary the proceedings by giving time now to present the same, as was desired, and invited the committee to proceed. General Stockton, Lieutenant Andreas, Captain Rumsey and Bishop Fallows stepping forward, the latter said:

ADDRESS BY BISHOP FALLOWS.

MR. PRESIDENT:

The very pleasant duty has been assigned me of presenting through you to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee this magnificent mass of flowers. You, sir, will readily recognize its unique beauty of design, and see portrayed in these floral emblems the badges of those grand army corps which an overruling Providence permitted you to lead to such splendid and substantial victories.

But not only for the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is the gift intended, but, as you read in ruby letters, it is from "Chicago to St. Louis greeting," and through our Society the citizens of the one city convey it to those of the other.

One might be led sometimes to think, from an occasional newspaper report, that the friendly relations of these two great cities were liable to an occasional interruption. But we cannot expect that our newspapers even will always be able to give those nice, delicate shading of the subject which are so necessary for an understanding of the truth.

These thousands of flowers, speaking so eloquently through the white throats of these lilies, from the red lips of these roses, with the perfumed breath of these violets, of affection, of friendship, of heroic devotion, of memory, of hope, are the fittest tokens Chicago could find to express its regard and esteem for St. Louis. And justly does St. Louis deserve them. How rich is it in historical

associations; how intimately related to the first settlement of this sovereign West; how the old and the new blend together within it; what solidity with a marvellous rapidity of growth, her structures rising as if by the movement of a magician's wand and yet built as though to outlast the pyramids. What conservatism with lightning progress; what wealth and yet what lavish distribution of it upon the objects needing it.

It has been my good fortune to have friends, now living in Chicago, who once lived in St. Louis, and other friends who once lived in Chicago and now live in St. Louis. And they feel as they are subject to the centripetal and yet centrifugal influences of each, as a well known character in a well known English production said of the peculiar attractiveness of the two beauties that beset him:

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other fair charmer away."

We wish to give notice to the newspapers of both cities that after the gift and reception of these flowers all the misunderstanding the editors may allege exists between them shall be "like lovers' quarrels, which are the renewing of love,"

It was said once on a thrilling occasion by a high dignitary of the Catholic church to one about to die, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." Chicago is glad to-day that such a namesake of St. Louis as this city remains upon the earth.

These flowers may fade, these immortelles lose their greenness, but the sentiments they convey is undying. The heart shall live forever. And forever shall the memory of these two noble men be preserved whose names are placed in the center of this shield—General Nathaniel Lyon and General Frank P. Blair.

They were twin stars in our military sphere. They were Damon and Pythias in their disinterested friendship.

The one gallant in bearing, resolute in action, brave to a fault, led at the very outset that vanguard of the hosts of freedom, of whom we sang,

"With towering hearts and lightsome feet,
They went to their high places,
The fiery valor at white heat
Was flashing in their faces."

He dropped at once the sword for the palm. For "when he fell fighting, he fell like the glorious, with his face to the stars and all

Heaven in the soul." The other, magnanimous and generous, eloquent and magnetic, sagacious and self-possessed, and yet impetuous and daring, lived to send that glorious Seventeenth Army Corps, again and again, like a shining, singing *arrow*, to its predestined mark. And not until the shock of battle was over, and the nation's coronation was complete, was the "silver cord" of the scholarly, heroic soldier, and the broad-minded statesman "loosed" and "the golden bowl broken."

These two men—the one a Connecticut Yankee patriot, and the other a born Southern Loyalist,—helped make it possible that these two mighty municipalities, exchanging such hearty courtesies to-day, the one in her expanding majesty on a great inland sea of the continent, and the other in her superb and growing beauty on the greatest river of the Republic, should be contained in one common country, to strive together to enhance one common national glory and increase one common national good.

General Fallows was applauded throughout these presentation remarks, and cheered handsomely at the finish.

General Fletcher, Chairman of the Executive Committee, in behalf of that committee, accepted the gift gracefully, saying:

RESPONSE OF GOV. FLETCHER.

The greetings of Chicago to St. Louis to-day is such that it would be almost impossible for us to express our gratitude for those words which tell of a sentiment, of a feeling in the hearts of the people of the great city on the lake, which are in unison with the sentiment of those assembled here to-day, and in unison with the sentiment of the people of this great commercial city. They are cheering, comforting, pleasant, both to the soldier, both to the men who marched in the Army of the Tennessee, and to the business men of the whole city of St. Louis. [Applause.] Now may I speak for all of them. When Chicago says to us that they have an appreciation of the deeds of the heroic Lyon and the dauntless Blair when they rallied here in this Southern city a force to uphold the authority of the national government, under which Chicago has grown to be one of the most splendid cities of the world, [applause] and under the success of the principles which they advocated, and the success of the measures which they

inaugurated, and to their support rallied those men here twenty-odd years ago—under that has grown the great city of St. Louis, one of the great commercial cities of the republic. [Applause.] Well may they be united in sentiment in reference to the principles that were involved in the contest which was inaugurated here, and in the doctrines which were advocated by and supported in the action of those heroic men in their connection with the army. [Applause.]

St. Louis returns to Chicago the most sincere thanks, not only from the soldier, but from the business man, from the manufacturing and from the mercantile establishments—from every department of the industries and the trade of this great city. I am authorized, I know, although this whole presentation is a matter of but this moment, I know I speak the heart of all the people of St. Louis when I say to the people of Chicago that we thank you kindly, heartily, sincerely for this token of your estimate and esteem of our people and our city. [Applause.] And on behalf of the whole people of St. Louis I feel that I am authorized to say that they return to Chicago the expression of the same kindly feeling, and I may say for them that it is their wish, as it was expressed by the Indian, that the links of friendship which bind them together may grow brighter and brighter as time goes on, until the little child may be able to find it when the sun has gone down behind the Western horizon. [Applause.] We express the hope that the commercial interest and the friendly relation and combination of interest between these two great cities as forming an important part of the great republic, that these interests may continue to be solidified and may continue to be built up in both cities until they shall both stand here as grand monuments of the success of Union arms during the war—monuments of that success which made it possible for the building up and the progress of great cities of this country; and we express on the part of the people of St. Louis to the people of Chicago for this gift, not only our thanks and the assurance that it will be remembered by us in the time to come, but we receive these flowers as emblems, not only of beauty and not only of affection, but emblems of an enduring friendship that is formed between two great cities that have been made great and prosperous as commercial marts of this republic; and we express the hope that the greatness of the city beside the lake may continue to rise until

it shall tower high among the grandest cities of the world as it does among the grandest cities of the republic. [Applause.]

Proceeding with the business, the President, without the formality of any resolutions, appointed the following committees, to which there was no objection expressed.

For the nomination of officers of the Society :— General Leggett, General Sanborn, Colonel John W. Noble, General Strong and Captain Mattox.

For the selection of orator for the next meeting:

General Belknap, Captain Monroe, Colonel Higley, Captain Welker and Major Burns.

For the selection of place for holding next meeting :

Colonel Thos. Reynolds, Colonel Loomis, General Miller, General Buckland and Captain Barber.

Next in order being reports of officers, in the absence of the Treasurer, the Secretary read his report, submitting same as follows :

TREASURER'S REPORT.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
TREASURER'S OFFICE. }
CINCINNATI, O., May 6, 1882.

GENERAL SHERMAN,
President:

I have the honor to submit the following report:

The Permanent Fund at the last report consisted of nine thousand dollars of government four per cent. registered bonds, and thirty-three dollars ninety-seven cents cash. Since the last report, this fund has received from interest on bonds three hundred and sixty dollars; from Colonel L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, two hundred and seventy-one dollars, and from General A. Hickenlooper, on account of sales of Consolidated Reports, seven dollars.

Since the cash in this fund became large enough to buy a five hundred dollar bond, that is, since the beginning of April, the price of bonds has been so excessive that I have refrained from making a purchase.

The fund now consists of nine thousand dollars of government four per cent. registered bonds, and six hundred and seventy-one dollars ninety-seven cents cash.

The General Fund at last report contained one thousand, three hundred and eighty-nine dollars and sixteen cents. Since the last report this fund has received from Colonel L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, six hundred and twenty-six dollars, making a total of two thousand, fifteen dollars and sixteen cents.

The outlay has been, expenses of the office of Recording Secretary, for copying manuscript and maps for the annual report, postage, blanks and blank books and stationery, eighty-eight dollars and fifteen cents; expenses of the office of the Corresponding Secretary, from August, 1878 to May, 1881, eighty-three dollars and fifteen cents; F. W. Freeman's bill for printing the annual report, with maps, four hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents, and printing a receipt book for the office of the Recording Secretary, four dollars and fifty cents, making Freeman's account four hundred and fourteen dollars; and fee of Frank A. Arnold, attorney at law, of Atlanta, Georgia, for services in the matter of taxes upon the McPherson monument, near Atlanta, ten dollars. Total expenditure five hundred and ninety-five dollars and thirty cents. The balance remaining in this fund is one thousand four hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty-six cents.

I was directed by resolution of the Society at the last meeting to pay taxes on the McPherson monument near Atlanta, which is now the property of the Society. I corresponded with Mr. Arnold, who had been employed in the matter of the transfer of the lot and monument to the Society. He found, on examination, that the lot is not assessed for taxes, and, for the present, will not be. His charge for his service was moderate and was paid on presentation.

I submit herewith vouchers for expenditures, my account book, bank book as Treasurer and a receipt of the Cincinnati Safe Deposit Company for the bonds.

M. F. FORCE,
Treasurer.

On motion of Major Dawes:

Resolved, That the report of the Treasurer be received, accepted and spread upon the records of the Society.

The President stated he had been requested to read the programme for the meeting in the evening, and did so.

The Recording Secretary presented and read his report, as follows:

REPORT OF RECORDING SECRETARY.

CINCINNATI, *May 1, 1882.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,
President Society Army Tennessee

DEAR SIR:—Since my last report to the Society, the members have paid me at various times, monies on account as follows.

Permanent Fund,	\$271 00
General Fund,	626 00
	\$897 00

which has, in due course and in accordance with the By-Laws, been turned

over to the Treasurer, and I have filed his receipts with the records of my office.

It would be gratifying to me if an auditing committee should be appointed to examine my record.

As customary, and in compliance with a resolution passed at the last meeting, I had the records of that meeting printed and distributed to the members of the Society.

Respectfully submitting the above for consideration of the Society.

I am, etc.

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

On motion of General Chetlain:

Resolved, That the report of the Recording Secretary be received, adopted and spread upon the records of the Society.

NOTE. Below is a list of names of members who have paid money to the Society through the Recording Secretary during the period May 20th, 1881, to January 9th, 1882, with amounts paid.

The Recording Secretary again calls the attention of the members to Article I, of the By-Laws, which states the amount of the membership fee, and the dues. The fee of Life Membership is thirty-five dollars, and, in securing one, a member is credited against that sum all he may have previously paid on account of membership and dues. When a member is *five dollars* in arrears for dues, the rule of the Society makes it the *duty* of the Recording Secretary to *drop* such member from the report list published.

1881.		1882.	
May 20, Lieut. L. Stillwell,	\$27.00	Mar. 25, Lt. Col. C. Gladding,	2.00
June 10, Capt. J. E. Jones,	1.00	31, Col. C. C. Kellogg,	2.00
Sept. 23, Capt. Louis Keller,	1.00	Apr. 12, Capt. Nelson L. Lutz,	3.00
Oct. 6, Lieut. J. M. Watts,	2.00	13, Lieut. C. L. Pratt,	5.00
17, Capt. J. B. Colton,	2.00	14, Lieut. James Oates,	22.00
19, Col. D. W. Welch,	14.00	20, Col. F. C. Deimling,	3.00
Capt. J. D. Webb,	23.00	22, Maj. Robertson,	1.00
1882.		28, Maj. D. Treadway,	22.00
Jan. 7, Lieut. L. Stillwell,	1.00	Capt. W. A. McLean,	1.00
15, Gen. S. Hamilton,	7.00	Capt. A. J. Harding,	1.00
29, Col. Jas. F. How,	20.00	May 3, Col. Ed. H. Wolf,	22.00
Mar. 10, Lieut. A. N. Rees,	1.00	5, Col. Frank DeGress,	9.00
15, Capt. W. A. Clark,	3.00	8, Gen. Geo. P. Ihrie,	1.00
21, Lieut. I. C. Worley,	5.00	Gen. O. M. Poe,	2.00
24, Lt.-Col. A. Jacobson,	2.00	Col. A. Ware,	1.00

1882.

May 8, Capt. F. J. Woodward, 7.00
 Col. D. P. Dyer, 14.00
 Capt. W. S. Williams, 1.00
 Col. B. H. Peterson, 1.00
 Col. Nelson Cole, 22.00
 10, Lieut. Isaac Rapp, 1.00
 Col. W. S. Oliver, 2.00
 Lieut. A. G. Gault, 1.00
 Maj. R. C. Strong, 1.00
 Lieut. J. W. Porter, 1.00
 Capt. V. Warner, 1.00
 Col. J. H. Elliott, 3.00
 Surg. C. Goodbrake, 1.00
 Maj. A. H. Fabrique, 14.00
 Lt.-Col. W. P. Davis, 1.00
 Lieut. J. R. Dunlap, 1.00
 Capt. C. F. Emery, 14.00
 Capt. W. H. Barlow, 1.00
 Gen. J. M. Ruggles, 3.00
 Capt. C. Reibsame, 1.00
 Col. A. J. Seay, 22.00
 Col. C. G. Warner, 22.00
 Maj. C. Hipp, 1.00
 Capt. J. A. Smith, 1.00
 Maj. H. O'Conner, 4.00
 Maj. E. S. Johnson, 1.00
 Maj. T. J. Newsham, 8.00
 Gen. John McFall, 1.00
 Capt. M. Ravold, 4.00
 Maj. R. W. McClaughry, 1.00
 Capt. A. L. Ogg, 5.00
 Surg. W. H. Gibbon, 3.00
 Gen. R. P. Buckland, 1.00
 Capt. H. M. Neil, 14.00
 Col. J. E. Kilbourne, 1.00
 Capt. J. A. Sextro, 2.00
 Capt. M. P. Smith, 3.00
 Capt. F. Y. Hedley, 3.00
 Capt. B. M. Callender, 3.00
 Capt. W. S. Burns, 1.00
 Col. W. T. Shaw, 14.00
 Gen. W. Q. Gresham, 3.00
 Capt. W. R. Hodges, 8.00
 Gen. C. C. Walcutt, 1.00
 Capt. G. W. Porter, 1.00
 Col. D. C. Coleman, 2.00

1882.

May 10, Lieut. W. C. Clark, 1.00
 Col. H. T. Noble, 1.00
 Col. S. D. Atkins, 3.00
 Surg. W. F. Cady, 1.00
 Capt. B. H. Ferguson, 1.00
 Col. D. Wickershaw, 3.00
 Surg. A. E. Heighway, 1.00
 Maj. Wm. Warner, 22.00
 Capt. R. W. Campbell, 1.00
 Maj. Geo. Mason, 1.00
 Lieut. R. H. Mann, 22.00
 Maj. Geo. B. Hogin, 3.00
 Capt. J. A. T. Hull, 22.00
 Gen. Wm. Bain, 14.00
 Surg. A. Sabine, 1.00
 Col. Thos. Reynolds, 3.00
 Gen. C. J. Wright, 1.00
 Col. B. T. Wright, 1.00
 Capt. J. G. Robinson, 7.00
 Capt. Isaac Potts, 1.00
 Col. J. G. Everest, 1.00
 Capt. Fred. Welker, 1.00
 Col. C. Cadle, Jr., 1.00
 Capt. Lyman Banks, 1.00
 Capt. G. A. Busse, 3.00
 Gen. R. V. Aukeny, 5.00
 Gen. T. J. Kinney, 6.00
 Capt. T. H. Griffin, 3.00
 Capt. C. C. Chadwick, 1.00
 Gen. J. M. Rusk, 1.00
 Gen. E. F. Noyes, 7.00
 Col. G. L. Fort, 5.00
 Capt. O. C. Lademan, 6.00
 Col. J. I. Rinnaker, 4.00
 Capt. J. Pitzman, 3.00
 Capt. J. L. Bennett, 1.00
 Capt. J. B. Raymond, 1.00
 Surg. G. W. Rohr, 1.00
 Maj. F. F. Peats, 1.00
 Lieut. D. A. Mulvane, 1.00
 Col. J. M. Loomis, 1.00
 Surg. J. T. Caldwell, 22.00
 Col. Geo. E. Bryant, 3.00
 Lt.-Col. A. Jacobson, 1.00
 Gen. J. D. Stevenson, 22.00
 Gen. Sam. Fallows, 1.00

1882.

May 10, Gen. W. E. Strong,	1.00
Gen. H. N. Eldridge,	2.00
Col. Geo. G. Pride,	6.00
Gen. W. H. Baldwin,	1.00
Lieut. A. J. Baker,	22.00
Col. Theo. Meumann,	1.00
Col. Geo. D. Munson,	1.00
Lieut. H. S. Carroll,	22.00
Gen. W. C. Kueffner,	13.00
Capt. P. McGrath,	3.00
Maj. A. A. Perkins,	3.00
Col. W. B. Keeler,	2.00
Capt. J. H. Munroe,	3.00
Capt. G. O. Morgridge,	22.00
Col. H. Wilson,	1.00
Capt. E. E. Nutt,	1.00
Lieut. J. W. McElravy,	1.00
Capt. H. A. Castle,	3.00
Gen. J. S. Martin,	14.00
Capt. E. L. Baker,	1.00
Capt. B. F. Monroe,	3.00
Gen. John Pope,	2.00
Maj. Wm. McK. Dunn,	1.00
Lieut. W. S. Scribner,	3.00
Gen. W. W. Belknap,	1.00
Gen. A. L. Chetlain,	1.00
Maj. J. Lyman,	22.00
Col. J. S. Cavender,	14.00
Gen. D. P. Grier,	1.00
— S. S. Tripp,	3.00
Maj. Sam. Mahon,	1.00
Col. J. C. Stone,	1.00
Gen. R. N. Pearson,	1.00

1882.

May 10, Capt. C. E. Putnam,	1.00
Capt. W. B. Leach,	1.00
Col. M. A. Higley,	1.00
Lieut. H. H. Rood,	1.00
Capt. C. E. Lanstrum,	3.00
Gen. Jos. Stockton,	1.00
Gen. Madison Miller,	1.00
Capt. Geo. Schuster,	15.00
Capt. C. Stiesmeier,	22.00
11, Capt. J. A. W. Gillespie,	11.00
Maj. F. P. Wilson,	1.00
— L. F. Alexander,	3.00
Capt. J. W. Evenden,	22.00
Lieut. A. T. Andreas,	3.00
Lieut. C. T. Matteson,	1.00
Maj. A. H. Fabrique,	3.00
Gen. G. B. Raum,	3.00
Col. T. C. Fletcher,	2.00
Capt. E. H. Webster,	1.00
Capt. Jno. Schenck,	22.00
Lieut. J. H. Lakid,	3.00
Capt. C. O. Patier,	1.00
Capt. J. E. Jones,	2.00
Col. J. C. Parrot,	3.00
Capt. I. P. Rumsey,	3.00
Capt. J. W. Rumsey,	3.00
Gen. Ezra Taylor,	3.00
Maj. W. S. Pope,	22.00
Col. W. M. Vogleson,	1.00
Gen. J. A. Williamson,	1.00
Lieut. Sam'l T. Brush,	2.00
Col. Geo. E. Welles,	1.00

The Corresponding Secretary presented and read his report, as follows :

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

St. Louis, May 10, 1882.

Mr. President and Members of the Society.

GENTLEMEN:—As Corresponding Secretary, I have the honor to report the transmittal of the usual notices pertaining to this meeting, and in connection therewith to report the return of those addressed to the following named members:

General R. V. Ankenny, Des Moines, Iowa.
Dr. N. Bostwick, Mt. Vernon, O.
Captain S. L. Campbell, Cincinnati, O.
General G. W. Clark, Des Moines, Iowa.
Dr. I. M. Cooke, Adams, Decatur Co., Ala.
Colonel Fred. Grant, Chicago, Ill.
Captain C. Gray, Baraboo, Wis.
Captain Geo. H. Heafford, 466 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.
Captain H. Hoge, Chicago, Ill.
Lieutenant C. H. Hunling, 817 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Captain S. M. Laird, Minneapolis, Minn.
Colonel M. W. Manning, Chicago, Ill.
Colonel C. G. Meyers, Madison, Mo.
Lieutenant I. T. Mass, Chicago, Ill.
Captain W. A. McLean, Chicago, Ill.
Lieutenant I. S. McClary, Chicago, Ill.
General P. Pease, Indianapolis, Ind.
Capt. I. T. Smith, Washington City.
General Jno. E. Smith, Camp Douglas, Utah.
Major I. Safely, Washington City.
General I. H. Wilson, St. Louis, Mo.

Which indicates that quite a number of our members have either changed their places of residence, or neglected to properly record their post office addresses.

I have also the honor to herewith submit the letters received from absent members and invited guests, and to present biographical sketches of members who have died during the past year—comrades, Spooner, Slack, Fearing, Wright, Hurlbut, Collins, Hamilton and Dodds. I also present the report of the standing committee on McPherson monument.

Respectfully,

A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Corresponding Secretary proceeding to read the obituary notices of deceased members, as prepared.

On motion of General Chetlain:

Resolved, That the reading of the biographies at this time be dispensed with, but that they be printed in the report of the Secretary as usual.

On motion of Colonel Brush:

Resolved, That reading of letters from members and parties invited to attend this meeting, and the report of committee on "McPherson Monument," be dispensed with and that the same be printed in the Secretary's report.

On motion of Surgeon Plummer:

Resolved, That the report of the Corresponding Secretary be accepted and approved.

The Corresponding Secretary called attention of the members, of the importance of their furnishing him with account of their services records, etc., for his use, at full length, explaining what form was needed.

On motion of General Fort.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to prepare a suitable blank, and have the same printed, and transmit a copy of same to each member of this Society, accompanied with a request that the same may be filled up with a biographical sketch of the member's life and services, and that the Secretary also have a sufficient number of such blanks properly bound, into which such biographical data may be transcribed so as to become a record of this Society.

NOTE.—Below are the biographical sketches of members as reported by the Corresponding Secretary, also letters and final report of the standing committee on "McPherson Monument."

General Benjamin F. Spooner died at Lawrenceburg, Ind., April 3rd, 1881.

General Spooner was born at Mansfield, Ohio, October 27th, 1828. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican War he enlisted in the Third Indiana Regiment, Colonel James H. Lane commanding, and was immediately thereafter elected Second Lieutenant of company K. With this regiment he participated in many of the most important battles of General Taylor's campaign. At the expiration of his term of service he returned home, commenced studying law, was soon admitted, and commenced practice at Lawrenceburg. He was soon thereafter elected Prosecuting Attorney of Dearborn county, and served in that position for several years. Upon the breaking out of the late war, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Indiana regiment, with which he participated in the battles of Philippi and Laurel Hill. Under the three years call he was commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel of Fifty-first Indiana regiment, with which regiment, on the 16th of December, 1861, he moved to near Bardstown, Kentucky, and thence to Lebanon, where this regiment was assigned to the twentieth brigade and subsequently went into winter quarters at "Hall Gap."

On the 7th of February, 1862, they moved back to Lebanon and thence to Nashville, Tennessee, arriving there on the 9th of March, where they were assigned to the Sixth Division Army of the Ohio; from there they marched to Pittsburgh Landing, arriving there in time to participate in the closing scenes of the memorable battle. Then followed the siege of Corinth, after the close of which he tendered his resignation and returned home.

He was soon thereafter commissioned Colonel of the Eighty-third Indiana, and with it he moved by rail to Cairo and thence down the Mississippi, participating in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Yazoo Pass, Arkansas Post, and all the engagements around Vicksburgh.

Thence to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, participating in the battle of Mission Ridge. Then in the Atlanta campaign, until at "Kenesaw" he was so severely wounded in his left arm that amputation became necessary. After he had sufficiently recovered from the effects of this wound he was assigned to duty on the military commission to try the Indiana and Chicago conspirators.

In April, 1865, he resigned his commission and was immediately appointed United States Marshal of the District of Indiana, which position he held until the spring 1879, when failing health impelled him to resign.

No officer in the Army of the Tennessee was held in higher esteem by the subordinates of his command. He was a brave soldier, a generous hearted friend, a patient and uncomplaining sufferer, and one of the most interested and active members of our Society.

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world this is a man."

Colonel Amos. S. Collins died at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 18th, 1881.

Colonel Collins was born in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, December 13th, 1832. When about twenty years of age he emigrated to Iowa, and there remained until the 19th of October, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in the Sixteenth Iowa. He was soon thereafter promoted to Sergeant of company D. He was conspicuous for his gallantry at the battle of Shiloh, where he received a bullet in his right arm and one in his left thigh, both of which he carried to his grave. When sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital, he was given a furlough, and returned to Iowa. His ultimate recovery still being in doubt, on the 7th of July, 1862, at Davenport, Iowa, he was discharged from service on account of disability caused by wounds received in battle.

Having unexpectedly improved in health and strength, on the 7th of October, 1862, he again entered the service as First Lieutenant of company I, Thirty-second Iowa Infantry. With this regiment he remained in active service until October 14th, 1864, when he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and assigned to duty with the Seventeenth Regiment; February 22nd, 1865, he was transferred to company D. Eighth Regiment, and in June, 1868, after nearly seven years constant service he was mustered out at Natchitoches, Louisiana. Having determined to make his name in the South, he entered zealously into the work of reconstruction. In September, 1868, at Marksville, Louisiana, he established the "*Weekly Register*," which, in the following December, was destroyed by a mob. A few months later he removed to New Orleans, and commenced the publication of the "*Louisiana State Register*," this he successfully conducted until within two years of his death, when his failing health compelled him to relinquish such confining work. He, by constant care and frequent change of climate, had apparently regained his health, but the fatal hemorrhage seized him at Cincinnati, while en route to

Washington City to accept a position in the Department of the Interior. His remains were returned to New Orleans, and in compliance with a request he had made while living, were buried in Chalmette National Cemetery, the "Joseph A. Mower Post G. A. R.," of which he was an honored member, officiating at the funeral, and erected a handsome monument to his memory. He became a member of our Society at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1875, and although not often present at our meetings, he always displayed an active interest in the affairs. He was a conscientious and devoted patriot, a loving and tender father, and faithful and devoted husband. Besides a host of friends and admirers, he has left a widow, almost as loving, devoted and patriotic as himself, with one sweet daughter, to mourn his loss.

General Benjamin D. Fearing died at Harmar, Ohio, December 9th, 1881.

General Fearing was born in Harmar, Ohio, October 10th, 1837. He entered Marietta College in 1852, and graduated in 1856; immediately after his graduation, young Fearing entered the publishing house of Moore, Wilstach & Keys, of Cincinnati, and soon after the house of Shaffer & Roberts, of Philadelphia.

In April, 1861, he was visiting in Cincinnati, when the news of the firing on Fort Sumpter was flashed over the land, he, at once, enlisted in the "Zouave Guards," which afterward became company D. of the Second Ohio Regiment, and with which regiment he participated in the first battle of Bull Run.

Soon after the expiration of his three months term of service, he was appointed Adjutant of the Sixty-third Ohio, but while on his way to report for duty, was notified that he had been appointed Major of the Seventy-seventh Ohio, which was then being organized at Camp Tupper, Marietta, Ohio.

With this regiment, he participated in the Tennessee River expedition, battle of Shiloh, and siege of Corinth. In August, 1862, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-second Ohio, and assisted in its organization. On the 7th of October, this regiment was sent to the Kanawha Valley, and afterwards to Carthage, Tennessee. On the 22nd of March, 1863, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and with it assigned to General Crook's Brigade, Army of the Cumberland. Colonel Fearing was placed in command of three regiments, and defended Hoover's Gap against the repeated and persistent efforts of the enemy to retake it. His regiment was engaged at Catlett's Gap, Georgia, but he most distinguished himself, on the 19th of September, at the "battle of Chickamauga," where he was severely wounded, and afterwards sent to Cincinnati. In March, 1864, he reassumed command of his regiment, then encamped at Ringgold, Georgia, and with it participated in the battles of Resaca, New Hope, Kenesaw, Smyrna Camp Ground, Chatahoochie, Atlanta, Utoy Creek, and Jonesboro. Immediately after the close of this campaign, he was breveted Brigade-General, and assigned to the command of the Third Brigade of Second Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, and with it participated in "Sherman's March to the Sea," especially distinguishing himself at the battle of Bentonville, where he was again severely wounded. He was sent home from Goldsboro, and mustered out May 19th, 1865. After the close of the war, he became a member of the manufacturing

firms of Blymyer, Day & Co., of Mansfield, and Blymyer, Norton & Co., of Cincinnati, and afterwards associated himself with his old college friend and army associate, Colonel T. J. Cochran, in the manufacture and sale of oils. While walking down the hill from Mt. Auburn to his place of business, he slipped and fell, and in doing so reopened his Chickamauga wound. His health soon began to fail, and by advice of his physicians he quit business, and early in 1879 retired to his old home in Harmar. On the 8th of February, 1881, he was stricken with paralysis affecting his left side; in August, he received a second stroke, which rendered him speechless and helpless, and on the 9th of December he died.

He fought in the first and last battles of the war, and now we have laid away his manly form, trusting that pain and suffering has given way to eternal peace and joy.

Major John C. Hamilton died at St. Paul, Minn, February 19th, 1882.

Major Hamilton was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, August 30, 1837. He was brought up on a farm, but received a liberal education at Hagerstown Academy, and was employed as a teacher at the outbreak of the war.

He enlisted September 15th, 1861, as a private in company C, Forty-third Ohio Infantry, and fought his way up, step by step, in that regiment, to the rank of Captain, being promoted on each occasion for conspicuous gallantry in battle, or for some other equally meritorious reason. He participated, with his regiment, in the battle of New Madrid and siege of Island No. 10, under Pope; the siege of Corinth; the battles of Iuka and Corinth, and all the battles and marches of the celebrated Atlanta campaign, being attached to the Army of the Tennessee. After the fall of Atlanta, Captain Hamilton was ordered to Columbus, Ohio, on recruiting service. Here he was promoted to Major, and assigned to the 178th Ohio Infantry. With the regiment he participated in many battles and skirmishes during Hood's futile campaign against Nashville. After General Thomas' glorious victory at Nashville, Major Hamilton's regiment was ordered East, where he assisted in the capture of Fort Fisher, under General Terry, and proceeded thence to Goldsboro, N. C., where it remained until the final surrender of the Rebel armies, being finally mustered out July 12th, 1865, making a continued arduous service of nearly four years.

After the war, Major Hamilton, having taken two or three months for recreation, went to Pittsburg, Penn., and pursued a thorough course of instruction in the Iron City Commercial College. Having graduated, he accepted a flattering offer of a position as teacher in the college, until failing health admonished him that a change of climate and of vocation was necessary. He then resigned his position and decided to remove to Minnesota.

He arrived in St. Paul in July, 1866. On the opening of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad to St. Cloud, October 11th, 1866, he proceeded thither and took a position in the office of the company as chief clerk. After remaining there a year, he was tendered and accepted the position of local agent of the Winona and St. Peter Railroad at Owatonna. He was soon thereafter, Sep-

tember 28th, 1870, married to a most estimable young lady, Margaret Hartney, who is now left a widow with one son, a bright boy 10 years of age.

In 1873 he accepted the general north-western agency of the Red Line Transit Company and removed to St. Paul, where his headquarters were established. He retained this position, and performed its duties with great success until May 1st, 1879, when he was appointed assistant general freight agent of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad, still remaining at St. Paul. In September, 1881, he was constrained by failing health to resign this laborious position, but the company, unwilling to lose his services, and still hopeful of his recovery, immediately appointed him general agent at Minneapolis, a place involving much outdoor exercise, riding, etc., and he removed to that city. But all hopes were illusive, and at the close of the year, finding himself unable to perform even the light duties of this office, he resigned it December 31, thus terminating an unbroken connection of 15 years with the transportation lines and interests of this State.

He never sought public office, although always taking an intelligent interest in public affairs as a citizen. At the session of the Minnesota Legislature in the winter of 1872 he was elected chief clerk of the House of Representatives, and discharged the arduous duties of the office with credit.

He was one of the oldest and most active and interested members of our Society.

He was always an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and after having acted as commander of the posts at St. Cloud, Owatonna and Rochester, was elected department commander for the State in 1870, and served two years, giving much time and attention to the interests of that then flourishing order. In all life's relations he had shown himself throughout to be a man of high order of ability, of firm purpose, of strong common sense and of sterling integrity. He commanded the respect of all who knew him, by the exhibition of these qualities, and withal bore himself in so kindly and genial a manner as to attach to him, as with hooks of steel, a wide and ever-widening circle of friends. He passes away now, in the sunny midsummer of life, but he leaves, with all who knew him, the fragrant memory of a warm and gentle heart, of a true and noble manhood, and of a career dedicated to works of usefulness, as its dawn was enobled by unselfish devotion to the service of his country.

The funeral services took place at Minneapolis, February 22nd. The casket was covered with elegant wreaths and crosses of flowers. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Conn of St. Paul. His remarks were brief but practical, and highly eulogistic of the gallant services, the useful manhood and high Christian character of the deceased. After the services, a long procession of carriages followed the remains to the depot—Messrs. J. J. Hill, A. O. Bailey, H. A. Castle, S. B. Gault, H. G. Hicks, S. Lee Davis, A. Guthrie and W. S. Alexander acting as pall-bearers. The train landed the company at the St. Paul Union Depot at 3:30, where a large throng awaited it, and another long procession of sorrowing friends took up the sad line of march to Oakland Cemetery, where the interment took place with brief but appropriate religious ceremonies.

General William W. Wright died in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1882.

General Wright was a civil engineer in high standing at one time, and in February, 1877, was a candidate for the office of Chief Engineer of the city of Philadelphia. He began his career as rodman on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1847, when the surveys for that road were begun. He remained in the service of the company until 1854, when he was appointed principal assistant engineer in charge of the Western Division of the main road. In 1857 he accepted the position of division engineer on the surveys of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway, after the completion of which he went abroad. During the rebellion he was engaged in military railway duty, first with the Army of the Potomac and afterward with Sherman in the Mississippi division, where he was known to many of us as "the dare devil of the engineer corps." After the war he accepted the position of engineer-in-chief of the Kansas and Missouri Bridge Company, at Leavenworth, Kansas, where he planned and superintended the construction of one of the finest bridges on the continent. He was also chief engineer of the Chicago and Atchison bridge over the Missouri river at Atchison, and made the surveys and plans for that structure. He was selected by De Lesseps out of all American engineers to do the preliminary survey of the proposed Panama Canal. He completed the work, but would not return to such a warm country.

Poor Wright, he was a man of extraordinary talent, but so warm hearted and genial a companion, that he was unfortunately lead into dissipations which threw a cloud over the later years of his eventful life.

General Stephen A. Hurlbut, died at Lima, Peru, March 27th, 1882.

General Hurlbut was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on November 15th, 1815. He received a good education and devoted himself to the legal profession. In 1835 he took part in the Seminole war, serving as Adjutant in a South Carolina regiment. Subsequently he practiced law in Charleston, until 1845, when he removed to Belvidere, Illinois, where he resided many years. He was a member of the Illinois Legislature in 1859, 1861, and 1867. When the war broke out he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and served with General Grant throughout the early campaign in the West. He succeeded General Banks in command of the Department of the Gulf in 1864. He was mustered out in 1865. In 1868 he was a presidential elector. President Grant appointed him Minister Resident to the United States of Columbia on April 22, 1869, and he remained there for three years. In 1872 he was elected to Congress from the Fourth Illinois District, and was re-elected in 1874. He was defeated in 1876 when he ran as an independent Republican candidate for the same position. In the Chicago convention of 1880 he supported Mr. Blaine. President Garfield, after his inauguration, offered him the mission to Mexico, which he hesitated to accept. He finally accepted the Peruvian Mission. He sailed on July 2nd, 1881, a few hours after receiving the news of the President's assassination.

Up to the morning of his death, General Hurlbut had been in the enjoyment of the best of health, had been visiting his friends, and taking leave of

them prior to his departure for the United States, fixed for the 6th April, and nothing indicated his sudden demise. He awoke and dressed as usual early on the 27th, played for some little time with his two grandchildren, of whom he was excessively fond, and then, while washing his face, was suddenly seized with such intense pain in the region of the heart as compelled him to give vent to agonizing cries, which aroused every one in the house. He was soon surrounded by Mrs. Hurlbut and his son, Mr. Geo. Hurlbut, and his wife and servants, but for some moments he remained in strong agony and totally deprived of all power of articulation. A doctor was almost instantaneously in attendance, but no appliances were at hand to render assistance, even if such could have been of service, against the acute attack from which the General was suffering. He was placed upon a bed, where he momentarily recovered consciousness, his first exclamation being, "God bless you all, I am dying! Oh, my heart." A few more disjointed phrases were all he uttered, and in less than twenty minutes from the first attack he ceased to exist.

Directly after the calamity became known, General Lynch dispatched an aide to offer surgical or other assistance which might be required, and the Legation was thronged by a multitude of all nationalities, whose subdued voices and spontaneous condolences proved how terribly and widespread the blow had made itself felt. The members of the bereaved family was so overcome they could take no action, and some friends, at the head of whom were Jacob Backus and D. H. B. Davis, formed a committee of five to make all arrangements which might be necessary. General Lynch at once offered, in the name of the Government of Chili, to take charge of the remains and give them a public funeral, conducted with the ceremony and honor due to the high official position and military rank of the deceased. This offer, however, was declined by Mrs. Hurlbut, who was averse to military display, and expressed the wish that the Episcopal services should be had at the Legation, and the body have temporary lodgment in Meiggs' vault at Villegas, kindly placed at her disposal by Henry Meiggs, pending transfer of the remains to the United States.

This wish was carried out, although modified by a large attendance at the removal of the remains from the Legation to the railroad station, and by the anxiety of some distinguished Peruvian gentlemen to be admitted to offer a marked tribute of respect. They requested and obtained permission to drape the residence in mourning, and constructed, in one of the largest salons, a mortuary chapel in which the body lay and was viewed by a great number of visitors.

Among the first to arrive at the Legation after General Hurlbut's death were General Moore, United States Consul at Callao, and Admiral Balch.

General Moore at once assumed charge of the Legation, and of the archives.

Long before the appointed hour for the funeral the streets in the vicinity of the Legation were crowded, while many houses on the proposed route of the cortege were draped in mourning, or mourning emblems were hung in

festoons of crape and white from balconies or over porches and over court yards.

Flags were at half mast, those on the public buildings in Lima and Callao, and on the shipping of the latter port, having been since the 27th. The stores in the city and Callao were closed.

Prior to the *cortege* leaving the Legation, the Episcopal service was read by Mr. Lewis, of the Pensacola. The casket was placed on the hearse of the Italian Fire Brigade, which had been permitted to offer this tribute of respect, and preceded by about one hundred Free Masons of all nationalities in ordinary costumes, the hearse drawn by volunteer Americans, moved from the Legation. Men of all ranks and nationalities surrounded the hearse, which was surmounted by floral tributes. On one side was Admiral Lynch, Chilean Commander, on the other Canevaro, the unsuccessful candidate for Peruvian military honors. There were Trescott, U. S. Envoy to the Pacific Republics, Senor Ribeyro, President of the Peruvian Supreme Court, the American and French Admirals and General Moore. There were many French, Italian and Chilean naval officers, and a score of well known Peruvians.

Behind came George Hurlbut, son of the deceased General, and Rev. Mr. Lewis. Then followed a dozen other intimate friends of the family, and behind them the officers of the Pensacola, Lackawanna, Adams and Onward, and with them officers from the Chilean Ironclad Blanco Enaladia. Then about two hundred unattached Chilean officers of all grades, whilst bringing up the rear, and a thousand strong at least, was every Peruvian in Lima (dressed in strict mourning), belonging to the party of which Calderon was chief. They were followed by students of the San Carlos University, the rear of the procession being brought up by a number of carriages, in the front rank of which the State coach of the Chilean authorities took precedence.

On arrival at the railway station the casket was placed in the funeral car, which had been prepared for its reception, and the train immediately left for Villegas.

On arriving, the casket was conveyed to Meiggs' vault and deposited in it. Senor and Terrazos Pinto, the Minister for Salvador, Carlos, Elias and Cesare Chacaltana delivered eloquent and impressive speeches in eulogy of the deceased, and the proceedings terminated.

On the 6th of April the casket was moved with every solemnity. A procession of boats from men-of-war and merchantmen in Callao accompanied it to the steamer, which conveyed it to Panama *en route* to the United States.

On April 30th the General's remains were buried at Belvidere, Ill., with appropriate military and Masonic ceremonies. Public and private buildings were universally draped in mourning, and not less than 10,000 people joined in doing honor to our departed comrade.

Colonel Ozro F. Dodds died at Columbus, Ohio, April 18th, 1882.

Colonel Dodds was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March, 22nd, 1840. His earlier education was received in the common schools of Cincinnati, graduating at the Hughes High School in 1858. In the same year he entered the freshman class of Wabash College, in Indiana, and finishing the junior year

in 1860, matriculated at Miami University, Oxford. He would have completed his course at this institution in the summer of 1861, but the aspect of the rebellion becoming serious, he raised a company known as the University Rifles from among his fellow students, and becoming attached to the Twentieth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, served under McClellan in West Virginia during the three months service. At the expiration of his term he recruited another company, which became company F, of the Eighty-first Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and continued in that command until October, 1863. He was then commissioned by Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, on the recommendation of General G. M. Dodge, commanding the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment of Alabama Cavalry, recruited from among the sturdy mountaineers of Northern Alabama. After the close of the conflict he returned to Cincinnati, where he began the study of law with Mr. Justice Matthews. He was admitted to the bar in 1866, and has since then, with the exception of the interruptions attendant upon the occupancy of official positions, successfully practiced his profession. In 1869 he was elected a member of the General Assembly of the State, and in 1872 a Representative in the Forty-second Congress, to succeed Hon. Aaron F. Perry, resigned. After leaving Congress he served one term as a member of the Board of Directors of the University of Cincinnati. Colonel Dodds has also held other positions of trust and honor, and always acquitted himself with credit to himself and the people whom he served. He was twice married, his second wife, formerly a Miss Lamson, surviving him.

The funeral services at Cincinnati took place on the afternoon of the 31st, at the church of the New Jerusalem, Rev. John Goddard, the pastor, officiating. Long before the arrival of the funeral cortege, the church, save that portion reserved for societies and the mourners, was filled to repletion, and after the cortege had arrived there was hardly standing room. The resident members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and Society of ex-Army and Navy Officers attended in a body, as did the Board of Work House Directors. Large delegations from the university and school board, Vattier Lodge, F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member, and many members of the bar were in attendance. After the casket had been placed upon the bier in front of the altar, a large flag was thrown over it, upon which was placed a wreath and sword, the former in colored flowers and the latter in tuber-rose and smilax. A pure white wreath ornamented the foot of the plain black draped casket. The services were simple, and in accord with the usage of the Swedenborgian church, of which the father of the deceased was a member, and consisted of the reading of the passage of scripture beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life," followed by the singing by a male quartet—H. J. Wetherell, Will. Avery, J. C. Pratt, and J. Frank Dunnick—of the hymn "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep." Mr. Goddard then delivered an impressive funeral discourse, treating more particularly upon the lessons to be learned from death. A prayer, concluding with the Lord's prayer, followed by singing "Jesus, lover of my soul," and the Apostolic benediction, concluded the services. An opportunity, embraced by nearly all present, was then given to gaze for the last time on the features of

the dead officer who in life was so well known, after which the pall-bearers, Colonel L. M. Dayton, General A. Hickenlooper, Captain I. B. Wright, Judge M. F. Wilson, Charles H. Stephens, and Charles S. Cowie, bore the casket to the hearse, whence it was taken to its last resting place in Spring Grove—that beautiful city of the dead.

When at the last annual reunion we greeted him as the orator of that brilliant occasion, little did we realize that at our next meeting we would be called upon to mourn his untimely death. "True to every instinct of manly virtue, he won from all who knew him nature's response in a heartfelt testimony to his many generous impulses. Ohio never received within her bosom a more manly child, her soil a more honored dead."

General James R. Slack died suddenly of paralysis, in the city of Chicago, June 28th, 1881.

General Slack was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, September 28th, 1818, and with his father's family removed to Indiana in the year 1837, where he continued to reside to the day of his death.

Having decided to enter the legal profession, he at once began that course of preparation and study, which enabled him in after years to attain prominence at the bar.

His sterling qualities, his acknowledged ability, his unswerving fidelity to principle, and his spotless integrity endeared him to the people with whom his lot in life was cast, and they recognized his worth and merit by calling him to occupy public places of great honor, trust and responsibility.

At the time of his death, he was judge of one of the most important judicial circuits or districts in the state, a position which he had occupied and ably filled since the organization of the district, having been first appointed by the Governor of his state, afterwards elected by the people and again re-elected, notwithstanding a majority of the voting population of his district was of opposite political faith.

Of his military history most members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee are familiar; perhaps no volunteer officer had a more extensive personal acquaintance, and none whose memory will be more sincerely cherished than by his comrades who survive him.

In September, 1861, General Slack was commissioned as Colonel of the Forty-seventh Regiment Indiana Infantry, and was ordered with his command into the State of Kentucky, where he was assigned to General Wood's brigade of Buell's army, but was afterwards transferred to Missouri and assigned to General Pope's army.

He, with his command, participated in various engagements and expeditions, notably that of New Madrid, Fort Pillow, Yazoo Pass, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Jackson and Achafalaya Bayou. On the 31st of December, 1864, he was commissioned Brigadier-General, and March 13th, 1865, as Major-General by brevet, being finally mustered out of the service January 15th, 1866.

Thus has closed an honorable and eventful life and another in our ranks has fallen, one whose courageous and sterling qualities will cause him to be long remembered by the citizens of his state, and especially by his comrades who survive him.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, *March 31, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE,
Chairman, etc.:

DEAR SIR:—In response to the invitation of the Committee on Invitations to attend the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in St. Louis, Missouri, on the 10th and 11th of May next, I answer that it will afford me much pleasure to be there in attendance if I can so arrange. I shall try. But I have accepted an invitation to be in Detroit, where I was stationed and well acquainted when a Lieutenant in the army, at a date at this moment forgotten, and if the two do not conflict, I think I will have no trouble about being in St. Louis at the time designated.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF WEST POINT. }
 UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY. }
 WEST POINT, N. Y., *March 31, 1882.* }

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.

Chairman Society of the Army of the Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I should be delighted to comply with your very courteous request. Express to my comrades my most cordial sympathy and affection, which time does not diminish.

As we meet here and there, there is always a mutual satisfaction in calling up those remarkable events in which we were co-actors.

The almost universal kindly feeling now existing, and the general prosperity of the country affords me abundant satisfaction. How different it would have been had we failed.

I shall not be able to be present with you this year.

Hoping that circumstances may be more favorable to me at the next annual reunion, I remain,

Ever sincerely yours,

O. O. HOWARD,
Brigadier-General U. S. A.

ARLINGTON HOTEL, }
 HOT SPRINGS, ARK., *May 6, 1882.* }

M. A. DOYLE,
Chairman Committee, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have not written you sooner for the reason that I desired to be sure as to whether I could meet with the Army of the Tennessee, before writing. I now find that I will not be able to do so. I could come, but it is thought best for me not to do so, as it would cut short my necessary stay at this place. I think in a few days I will be entirely restored to health, so that I can resume my duties with safety to myself.

I hope that you may have a very pleasant reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee. I feel that the greatest honor ever enforced upon me, was when made the commander of the Army of the Tennessee. No better army was ever put in motion, or no grander set of men ever drew blade or touched elbow, than composed it. Give my best respects to all the comrades.

Yours truly,

JOHN A. LOGAN.

CINCINNATI, *May 8, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee:

DEAR SIR:—I have to surrender the pleasure of going to the reunion.

One of the judges of our court was kept from his place this spring by illness. I was unavoidably absent one week in April; I am now having jury cases and cannot, under the circumstances, dismiss the jury and close the court, in order to go to the reunion.

I shall stand here like the Peri outside the gates of Paradise, and peep over the intervening space, to witness as well as I can, through reports, the glorious time you will all have. Colonel Dayton will take my report and vouchers.

May the Society live a thousand years. May its shadow never be less.

Very truly yours,

M. F. FORCE.

195 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, *May 1, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,

Chairman Invitation Committee Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of 24th ultimo, extending the invitation of your committee to meet with the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at their reunion in St. Louis on the 10th and 11th of May. I greatly regret that engagements made some time since, covering the dates mentioned, will prevent my joining the Society upon that occasion.

Please present my regrets to the committee and thank them for their kind invitation.

Very truly yours,

G. M. DODGE.

ROOM 6, NO. 71 WASHINGTON ST.,
CHICAGO, *May 3, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—Business calls me to Lake Superior next week, consequently I am deprived the privilege of meeting my friends at the annual reunion of the Society in St. Louis on the 10th proximo. I regret this exceedingly, more especially as I missed last year's meeting in your city, and also because St. Louis was the first objective point to which I was ordered on the 3rd of May, 1861, to report to General Lyon, then in command of Jefferson Barracks, to take part with my regiment (Twelfth Illinois Infantry), in the capture of

Camp Jackson. In this connection, I will relate an incident that may be interesting to some who participated. When I reported to General Lyon, he called into his office General Frank Blair, and consulted with him as to the advisability of my regiment coming into St. Louis, the city at that time, as he described it, being like a volcano. General Blair replied that the presence of a regiment from another state would undoubtedly precipitate a conflict; that for the sake of the city it must be avoided as long as possible. He advised us to remain on our own side of the river, to be in readiness if wanted, but he thought he had "Loyal Dutchmen enough enrolled to take care of the Camp Jackson fellows, and he wanted St. Louis to have the credit of doing it," and they did. All honor then to the loyal Germans of St. Louis, who along with the few other loyal men who enrolled themselves so early, resulted in saving the city from the ravages of war, and converting it at once into the great commercial depot for the supply of the whole Western Army, enriching its merchants and saving its honor. Hoping you will have a full and interesting reunion, and with kind regards to all the boys, especially my last old corps commander, *General A. F. Smith*, "God bless the old hero," I shall be with you in spirit.

Faternally yours.

JOHN MCARTHUR,
Pronounced by the boys, "Old Mac."

[Subsequent events enabled General McArthur to be present, but because of the historical incident contained in the communication it is here inserted.]

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, }
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *April 22, 1881.* }

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I am going to try hard to be at the St. Louis meeting. I need my spiritual strength renewed, and more of the grace of the *God* of battles in my heart. No where on earth, amongst no people, not even amongst the apostles, have any people or brethren dwelt together in such unity as the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee; and the outpouring of the Lord's good spirit of love and joy on these reunions of ours puts far into the shade the pentacostal outpourings in the days of the Apostles. I desire again to stand beneath its droppings.

Yours, etc.,

M. M. BANE.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *May 6, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKELOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have delayed answering your circular inviting me to be present at meeting of the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee," to be held in St. Louis, May the 10th and 11th, hoping that I should be able to be present. I very much regret that business engagements will prevent my being present on that occasion. These meetings are becoming more and more

interesting as an association. While we find the ties closer, and great joy is felt in the gathering, there comes a feeling of sadness on account of so many places being made vacant by death. Wishing the Society a happy meeting, I remain,

Yours truly,

P. PEASE.

DES MOINES, IOWA, *May 11, 1882.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,
President Army of Tennessee:

Please accept for yourself and my fellow members of the Society, my warm congratulations and my sincere regrets that my serious illness prevents my attendance at this reunion. With joyful greeting to all.

B. R. SHERMAN,
Governor of Iowa, Captain A. T.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
COMMISSARY GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, *April 17, 1882.*

DEAR SIR:—I sincerely regret that I shall be unable to be present at the approaching annual reunion of the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee."

Thanking the committee for their cordial invitation, and hoping that all who may attend this meeting will have a good time, I am,

Truly yours,

R. MACFEELEY,
*Commissary General Subsistence,
Brigadier-General U. S. A.*

MR. M. A. DOYLE,
Chairman Invitation Committee, St. Louis, Missouri.

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, *May 3, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—At the last moment I am compelled by circumstances, uncontrollable by myself, to forego the pleasure of meeting with the Society on the 10th and 11th inst.; a meeting so memorable to we old soldiers from St. Louis, as we recollect the "Days of Terror" of 1861; days which literally tried men's souls; when secession was rampant and there was no money in loyalty to the flag, only the prospect of death to support it, as threatened and on the 10th day of May put in execution at Camp Jackson. Ostracised by our dearest friends, insulted, so far as insult *could* go, by ladies, our own personal friends, it *was* a *hard* stand to take, General, to be and enlist as a Union soldier in St. Louis in 1861. It is Godlike to *forgive*, it is brutish to *forget*.

To those who still survive the perils of the war from St. Louis and elsewhere as *soldiers* on the confederate side, I extend the right hand of soldierly friendship. But to those of St. Louis "secessionists" *then*, but good contract

taking, money making (while we were in the front) individuals, living under the flag and its protection, cursing the flag then, and in their heart of hearts they do now, if living, I give my profound contempt; in fact, as a Lieutenant-Colonel of Missouri Infantry who will be present, a relative of mine, will remember saying, they cannot rise to the level of my contempt.

I had hoped to say these things and more, could I have been present; I regret fighting at long range now, when I fought so close in the days gone by.

Knowing how very much the good people of my old city will do to make everything pleasant for the Society, regretting more than ever before my inability to be present at this reunion, with kindest and heartfelt regards to all comrades present, I remain, General.

Very truly, your friend and comrade,

F. C. DEIMLING,

Late Colonel Tenth Regiment Missouri Volunteer Infantry.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, *May 8, 1882.*

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON:

DEAR SIR:—It has been my intention to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at St. Louis, but events which I cannot control will deny me that pleasure.

I trust you will have a happy reunion, and that it may have the effect of uniting in still stronger bonds of fraternity and good will those who fought together in a common cause,—the preservation of the union.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN M THAYER.

P. S.—My post office address is Grand Island, Hall county, Nebraska.

103 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK, *May 8, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—I deeply regret to announce my inability to be with you at the reunion of our Society at St. Louis. I well know that I miss a most enjoyable time, and I would particularly like to meet the members of the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Missouri Regiments, that served alongside of us at Vicksburg. I request some old veterans of the gallant Seventh Missouri to remember me at the banquet, and stow away an extra bottle on my account, I am sure, unless times are greatly changed since our little reunion at Lake Providence, they are both able and willing to do me the above favor.

In memory of those old Vicksburg days, I send you a copy of a song, which was arranged and "adapted" to our regiment by one of the officers, and which was sang at General McPherson's request, on board the steamboat, on the afternoon of July 4th, A. D. 1863, at Vicksburg, when Logan's Division and Ransom's Brigade marched to the conquered city. Perhaps some of

the old boys would like to give it voice. Wishing you all every blessing, and hoping all may live to enjoy many more reunions, I remain,
Your friend and comrade,

JOHN CRANE,
Adjutant 17th Wisconsin Infantry.

SONG.

Adopted and sung by the Seventeenth and Fourteenth Wisconsin Regiments, Ransom's Brigade, McArthur's Division, Seventeenth Corps, after the Siege of Vicksburg.

Air "Garry Own."

Come join with me each jovial blade
That belongs to our fighting Second Brigade;
Those lads so true in heart and blade;
And famed for danger scoring.

CHORUS.—Then fill and drink one Hip, Hurrah!
To the 19th and 22nd of May,
When in line and square
We all were there,
To meet the foe in the morning.

Then pledge with me each eye of blue,
And every maiden fair and true,
And our dear Wisconsin home to you,
The brave North-west adorning.

CHORUS.—Then fill and drink, etc.

And when with years and honors crowned,
We sit some homeward hearth around,
And hear no more the stirring sound
That spoke the bugles warning.

CHORUS.—We'll fill and drink one Hip, Hurrah!
And pledge the memory of the day,
When in line and square
We all were there,
To meet the foe in the morning.

DANVERS, MASS., *March 30, 1882.*

TO M. A. DOYLE, J. O. BROADHEAD, B. GRATZ BROWN, JOHN C. VOGEL,
S. M. BRECKENRIDGE, P. S. O'REILLY, M. D., JOHN N. STRAAT,
AND OTHERS,

Committee:

GENTLEMEN:—I am honored by your request for my attendance at the Fifteenth Annual Reunion of the Army of Tennessee on the 11th of May next.

It is not possible for me to accept the invitation; but I thank you for in this way associating me with the great struggle for liberty and Union in the South-west, and especially with those who suffered so much for the good cause, when "the loyal heart of Tennessee," as I once called it, was tried as by fire. Congratulating you on the fact that the fruits of that trial and suffering are now manifested in states really united in a free, prosperous and happy nation, I am, gentlemen,

Your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PECATONICA, ILLINOIS, May 8, 1882.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret to announce at this late date my inability to be present at the reunion of our Society of the old Army of the Tennessee. I had looked forward with great pleasure to this reunion, fully intending to be present and again clasp the hand of genial comrade Joel and others, but cannot. Kindly remember me to all the old comrades present.

Please make note on our records, of the death of our illustrious comrade Major-General S. A. Hurlbut, born at Charleston, South Carolina, November 29th, 1815, and died March 25th, 1882, at Lima, Peru. One by one our gallant old comrades are dropping out of the ranks, leaving a vacancy never to be filled here. How I should like to be present and hear the eulogies paid to the memory of this noble, brilliant and gallant comrade, by the surviving members of our Society, for I know he will receive at their hands, full honor, respect and justice.

Wishing you all a joyous reunion,

I am, sincerely yours,

O. C. TOWNE.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 7, 1882.

GENERAL THOMAS C. FLETCHER,

St. Louis, Missouri:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your kind invitation to attend the fifteenth annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee is received. I am very sorry these reunions come at a period in the year when business requires so much attention that it is almost impossible to get away. There is no meetings that have so much enjoyment and pleasure connected with them, as these reunions.

I have been calculating and arranging to go, but the nearer the time approaches, the higher the business piles up, and from the present writing, I fear I will be unable to be with you as I so much desire.

You will please accept my thanks for your kind remembrance of the meeting, and give my best wishes to our old friends.

Very truly yours,

W. M. McCrory.

FARGO, DAKOTA, *May 4, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary:

DEAR GENERAL:—I will not be able to put in an appearance this time at St. Louis, but know, from the material of the Army of the Tennessee, that they can pull through without me.

More than respects to our *old* friends, and knowing you will have a good time, I remain, as ever,

Very truly,

EDWARD SPEAR.

TOLEDO, OHIO, *May 9, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

*Corresponding Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
St. Louis, Missouri:*

DEAR GENERAL:—Enclosed find one dollar in payment of my dues. I regret very much that I cannot be present at this meeting. I hope you may have your usual interesting and enjoyable "good time." With kind regards to Colonel Dayton, General Force, and any others who may remember me,

I am, truly your friend,

GEORGE E. WELLES,

Late Colonel 68th O. V. V. I., and Brevet Brigadier-General.

CARBONDALE, ILL., *May 9, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

St. Louis, Missouri:

GENERAL:—I am unable to attend the fifteenth annual reunion of our Society.

It has been my intention to attend, if possible, hence I have not notified the committee that I would not be present.

Congratulating all who are so fortunate as to be in attendance, I am,

Very respectfully,

SAM. T. BRUSH,

Adjutant 18th Illinois Infantry.

\$2.00 enclosed to pay my dues.

MALCOM, IOWA, *May 9, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Society Army Tennessee, Lindell Hotel, St. Louis:

DEAR GENERAL:—At the last moment, 4:30 P. M., I must abandon my going to St. Louis on account of sickness in my family. I have anticipated the pleasures of this reunion for months, and had all arrangements made to be with you. Convey to all my regrets. Wishing you all a joyous and happy time, I am,

Truly yours,

A. C. BLIZZARD,
17th Army Corps.

LANCASTER, KY., *May 6, 1882.*

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I regret that business engagements prevent my attending the reunion at St. Louis on the 10th instant.

Any man may feel justly proud of belonging to an army that never experienced defeat. The Army of the Tennessee can claim this distinction; and whilst it is impossible for all to attend our annual reunions, we can nevertheless be in the future, as we have ever been in the past, united in heart, and rejoice in the fact that we contributed our share towards the preservation of the best government on the earth.

Faithfully yours,

W. J. LANDRAM,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.

NEW CASTLE, PA., *May 8, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—For months I have been anticipating the pleasure of attending the meeting at St. Louis, on the 10th instant, but it is now certain that our courts will then be in session, and I must remain at home. I regret I cannot be with you and have a small share of the grand good time that all members present will undoubtedly have.

But I must content myself, wishing all my old comrades happiness and prosperity, and hoping to be on hand next year.

Very truly yours,

OSCAR L. JACKSON,
Late of 63rd Ohio Infantry Vols., Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

NEW YORK, *May 6, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—Up to the present time I fully intended to be present at the meeting of our Society at St. Louis, May 10th and 11th. I regret to say now that I am unable to do so.

Trusting you may have the *usual* good time, and with love to all my old comrades,

I remain, very truly,

AD. WARE,
Late Brevet Lieut.-Colonel and A. A. G. U. S. V.

LAFAYETTE. TIPPECANOE CO., IND., *May 9, 1882.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I had hoped to be present at the meeting of the comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, in St. Louis, tomorrow and Thursday, 10th and 11th instant, but, as you see by the heading of my letter, I am away from home, and official duties prevent my attendance. Remember me to all

our old comrades; I know you will have a pleasant time, and am sorry I am to be one of the absent ones.

With kind regards for yourself and all the members of the Society, I am,
most sincerely,

Yours truly,

GEO. R. STEELE.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
ST. PAUL, May 9, 1882.

COLONEL DAYTON,

St. Louis:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—At the last moment I find I cannot attend the reunion at St. Louis. My official duties will not permit. I will not undertake to record my disappointment, as words would fail to express it.

Yours truly,

L. F. HUBBARD.

FARGO, D. T., May 9, 1882.

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Recording Secretary Army of the Tennessee, St. Louis, Missouri:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—A year ago I swore a great oath, that never again would I fail to put in an appearance at the annual meeting of our grand old army. But that's all I knew about it. Raymond left last night, Edwards, the infant, goes to-night, but I must abide here, sending you only, one and all, my best wishes for a glorious time, which you surely will have, or the hospitable gentle folks of dear old St. Louis have greatly changed in the last twenty years. Again wishing you a royal good time, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

C. A. MORTON.

LAFAYETTE, IND., May 8, 1882.

L. M. DAYTON, ESQ.,

Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—The serious and dangerous illness of my oldest daughter will probably prevent my attendance upon the fifteenth annual reunion of our beloved Society of the Army of the Tennessee; I had fully arranged to be there, but in addition to my disappointment in this respect, we have, I fear, the shadow of a great sorrow hanging over us. Convey my best wishes to our dear comrades, and hope that you may have a very pleasant and profitable reunion.

Sincerely yours,

J M. DRESSER.

EBBITT HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1882. }

MY DEAR DAYTON:—I expected to, and wanted to attend this year's meeting of our "Clan," but, "man proposes and God disposes." I'm sorry to say I can't come.

I suggest next year's meeting be at Buffalo, which is little more convenient to us eastern veterans than Cincinnati, Chicago or St. Louis.

Enclosed is my annual dues. God and Liberty.

Yours in arms,

GEORGE P. IHRIE.

PITTSBURGH, May 8, 1882.

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Recording Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I sincerely regret my inability to attend the reunion of the Society this year; I supposed, until Saturday evening, that I would be able to be one of you. I enclose one dollar for account of membership dues, and in this poor way send my cordial greeting.

Truly yours, etc.,

WM. M. VOGLESON.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, May 9, 1882.

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Recording Secretary Army of the Tennessee, St. Louis, Missouri:

At the last moment almost, I find that I will be obliged to remain at home, owing to illness in my family.

I had looked forward to the present meeting with great pleasure, hoping to meet my comrades once again with the hearty shake and pleasant greeting, to renew the old ties, but as it is I can only be there in spirit.

Colonel Davis will pay my dues. Trusting you will have a pleasant reunion and a grand good old time, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

A. S. BIXBY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, April 7, 1882. }

MY DEAR SIR:—The President has received your letter of the 3rd instant, extending to him, on behalf of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, an invitation to be present at the annual reunion to be held in St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th proximo, and directs me to say that he is unable to state at this time what his engagements may then be, but if they are such as will enable him to accept, he will notify you accordingly.

He desires me to thank you for the complimentary manner in which the letter is tendered, and for the kind personal expressions which your letter contains.

Very truly yours,

FRED. J. PHILLIPS,
Private Secretary.

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,
Chairman, etc., St. Louis, Missouri.

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, April 26, 1882. }

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation, with which you have honored me, to attend the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May next.

It would give me great pleasure to be with the Society on that occasion, but the pressure of my engagements here makes it impossible for me to accept the invitation.

I am, very truly yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,
Chairman Invitation Committee, St. Louis, Mo.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, }
WASHINGTON, April 18, 1882. }

MY DEAR SIR:—Please convey to your committee my sincere thanks for the kind invitation contained in your letter of the 12th instant. I regret that my engagements here will not permit me to promise myself the pleasure of meeting with you on the 10th of May.

Very respectfully yours,

W. M. TELLER.

MR. M. A. DOYLE,
St. Louis, Missouri.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22, 1882. }

MR. M. A. DOYLE,
Chairman, etc.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, tendering me an invitation to the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May next.

I am flattered by this mark of attention, and give my thanks to the Society for bestowing it.

I regret that the pressure of duty here will not suffer me to leave for an absence long enough to enjoy the meeting. I trust that your reunion may be enthusiastic and happy, and full of interest to all who partake in it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHAS. T. FOLGER.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, *April 22, 1882.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April 12th, inviting me to attend the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May. I regret to state that my official employment, so lately undertaken, will prevent me from accepting.

With kind wishes for yourself and other gentlemen of your invitation committee, and with sentiments of respect for the surviving members of the Army of the Tennessee, I am,

Very truly yours,

WM. E. CHANDLER.

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,

WAR DEPARTMENT,
SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, *April 8, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,

Chairman, etc., St. Louis, Missouri:

DEAR SIR:—Acknowledging your kind invitation to meet the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at their fifteenth annual reunion, May 10th and 11th, I have very sincerely to regret that I shall be unable to avail myself of your courtesy. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. K. BARNES,

Surgeon General, U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, *April 21, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,

Chairman Invitation Committee, St. Louis, Mo.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that I shall not be able to attend the fifteenth meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee to which I have had the honor to be invited.

Wishing you a pleasant and interesting reunion, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

M. C. MEIGS,

Brig.-Gen. Vol., Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

SOLDIERS' HOME,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 6, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,

*Chairman Committee of Invitation Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
St. Louis, Mo.:*

MY DEAR SIR:—Several days ago I received your very kind invitation to be present at the meeting of your Society, to take place in St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th instant, and have delayed responding, simply in the hope that

circumstances might so turn out as to enable me to accept; but now I regret to find that I will be compelled to forego the pleasure I had anticipated in being with you. I trust, however, that you will allow me to congratulate the Society upon the bright auspices under which their fifteenth annual reunion will be held. When we consider the wonderful growth in population and material progress made within the last few years by the Union, which the Army of the Tennessee did so much to preserve, and the fact that everywhere to-day, throughout our broad land, prevail peace, prosperity, wealth and contentment, surely the members of your Society may well meet to rejoice and congratulate each other upon the heroic part enacted by the Army of the Tennessee in that great drama, upon whose closing scenes the curtain fell, for the last time, some seventeen years ago.

Be kind enough to convey to the gentlemen of the committee, my sincere thanks for their kindness, and accept for yourself my high appreciation of the courteous and cordial terms in which their invitation was expressed. I have the honor to be sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. D. STURGIS,
Brevet Major-General, U. S. A.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., *March 21, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, ESQ.,
Chairman, etc., St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 27th instant, kindly asking me to be present at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May.

Owing to the absence of General Sherman from Washington, and other official matters, I cannot say, positively, whether I shall be able to be with you or not. You may, however, rely upon it that I will make every effort to so arrange my affairs that it will be possible for me to leave my headquarters for a few days in order to be present at your annual reunion. Should I fail, you must attribute it to circumstances beyond my control.

Please accept my thanks for your kind expression of friendship, and believe me,

Yours, very truly,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

NEW YORK, *April 20, 1882.*

COLONEL M. A. DOYLE,
Chairman, etc.

MY DEAR SIR:—On my return last evening, after an absence of a month, I found your very kind letter of the 24th March awaiting me, and I beg to apologize for the delay in answering it. I regret extremely that it will be impossible for me to avail myself of your most courteous invitation to attend the

reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. With my cordial thanks for the invitation, and with my heartfelt good wishes for my gallant comrades of the Army of the Tennessee,

I am, always your friend,

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

FORT SNELLING, MINN., *May 8, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,

Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I have received your kind invitation to be present at the coming reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, but I regret to say that my engagements are such that I cannot accept it. Thanking you most heartily for your courtesy, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ALFRED H. TERRY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 23, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,

Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—Thanks for your formal invitation to the fifteenth annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, and to the kind and flattering words with which you greet me. I trust I may be able to enjoy the pleasure.

Fraternally yours,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

314 E. 120th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, *May 1, 1882.*

M. A. DOYLE,

St. Louis, Missouri:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to attend the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at St. Louis, on the 10th instant, and have delayed answering it until now, in hopes that I could make such arrangements as would enable me to accept, but I regret to say that it will be impossible for me to do so. There is nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet my old St. Louis friends again, some of whose names I recognize among your committee. Your kind allusion to an incident in connection with the capture of "Camp Jackson," has brought to mind many incidents that occurred about that time, which I had almost forgotten, but the men who stood shoulder to shoulder in those days in defence of the Union, can never forget the scenes they passed through. Thanking yourself and the gentlemen of your committee for your kind invitation, I remain, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

T. W. SWEENEY,
United States Army.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, May 3, 1882. }

GENERAL M. A. DOYLE,

Chairman, etc.:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th May.

It would afford me infinite pleasure to be present on so interesting an occasion, did my official duties permit, and in giving expression to my regrets, please accept my heartfelt thanks for your kind invitation, and my best wishes for a happy reunion.

S. V. BERRET,

Brigadier-General, Chief of Ordnance.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS, }
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, April 22, 1882. }

DEAR CAPTAIN DOYLE:—Much thanks for the cordial invitation of your committee to attend the reunion of the "Army of the Tennessee," in St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th of May next.

I accept it with great pleasure, and unless prevented by circumstances beyond my control, I shall expect to be with you at the appointed time.

I am, very truly yours,

C. C. AUGUR,

Brigadier-General U. S. A

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours of 3rd came duly to hand, and I have delayed answering in the hope that I could arrange my business so as to answer it favorably to your wishes and my own. I am not able yet to say positively that I will come to St. Louis, so as to be present at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. I have an important place of trust, which may possibly require my presence here just at that time; if not, I will be with you. I need not tell you that your name is very dear to me. I never had a better friend than John Doyle.

Yours truly,

MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

MR. M. A. DOYLE,

St. Louis, Missouri.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE PACIFIC }
AND DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA, }
PRESIDIO, S. F., CAL., April 4, 1882 }

M. A. DOYLE,

Chairman Committee Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge, with many thanks, your in-

invitation to the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th of May next, and to express my great disappointment at not being able to accept it.

With my best wishes, I am, with proud respect,

Yours sincerely,

IRWIN McDOWELL,
Major-General,
Commanding Division and Department.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, April 10, 1882. }

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,

Chairman of Invitation Committee Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR SIR:—In acknowledging the receipt of your polite note of the 1st instant, extending me an invitation to be present at the fifteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Saint Louis, on May 10th and 11th proximo, I beg to tender you my thanks for your courteous attention. I regret having to add that the pressure of my official duties here will deprive me of the pleasure of attending on that interesting occasion.

Very truly yours,

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant-General.

2124 SPRUCE STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 8, 1882. }

MR. M. A. DOYLE,

Chairman Invitation Committee Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I have your favor of the 21st ultimo, politely inviting me to attend the annual reunion of the Society of the Tennessee, at St. Louis, on the 11th of May next, for which I beg to express my thanks. I have no doubt the occasion will be one of great interest, and I should like very much to be present, but I regret to state that my engagements render it impracticable for me to do so.

These reunions of the societies formed of those who stood by this government in its hour of peril, do much good, especially in educating the people in patriotism and love of country. I hope they will be perpetuated.

Trusting the reunion of your Society will be a very pleasant one, I am, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. R. W. MULLANY,
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt, through you, of the kind invitation extended to me by the committee on invitations of the Society

of the Army of the Tennessee, to meet with the Society on the occasion of its fifteenth annual reunion on the 10th and 11th instant.

It would give me great pleasure to be with you on that enjoyable occasion, and I regret that unavoidable engagements will prevent me from accepting the privilege so kindly offered.

Wishing you the fullest measure of enjoyment on the occasion, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

JOHN L. WORDEN,
U. S. Navy.

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,
Chairman Committee, St. Louis, Mo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 3, 1882.*

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very kind and cordial invitation to meet the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th instants, has been received, which, thanking the committee, I regret extremely my inability to accept.

I am, very truly yours,

N. BRYSON,
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,
Chairman Committee on Invitation.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 8, 1882.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your cordial invitation to the annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May next, and I shall take great pleasure in being present on that occasion if my health permits.

With thanks for your courtesy, and the complimentary terms in which you have been pleased to allude to my services, I am,

Very truly yours,

F. C. ROWAN.

M. A. DOYLE, Esq.,
Chairman Invitation Committee, Society Army of Tennessee, St. Louis.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, *April 20, 1882.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary Army of Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR COMRADE:—I am fearful that circumstances will not permit my attendance at the fifteenth annual reunion of the grand old Army of the Tennessee.

Inclosed find my annual dues. Wishing you all a most enjoyable occasion at St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th of May, I have the honor to be,

Very courteously yours,

W. S. ROBERTSON,
Late Major 5th Iowa Infantry.

SIDNEY, OHIO, *May 3, 1882.*

HON. THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
Chairman, St. Louis, Missouri:

DEAR SIR:—I expect to be present at the reunion, having at last succeeded in arranging my business accordingly.

Will you be kind enough to have forwarded to me the certificate to enable me to obtain reduced railroad rates.

Respectfully and truly yours,

H. WILSON.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *May 5, 1882.*

DEAR SIR:—I have determined to be present with our old comrades of the "Army of the Tennessee" the 10th and 11th instant; and advise the committee of my purpose, that my plate may not be omitted in the spread.

Fraternally yours,

ED. H. WEBSTER,
*Late Captain "A." Co., 12th Ind. Infantry,
 1st Brig., 1st Div., 15th A. C., A. T.*

TO GENERAL DAVID MURPHY,
Secretary, St. Louis, Missouri.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO., *April 17, 1882.*

TO GENERAL GOODING,
*Chairman Committee on Music, Army of the Tennessee, 419 Olive St.,
 St. Louis, Missouri:*

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Your note of April 13th, 1882, is this day received. I desire to tender the services of the Depot Band, without pay, to you during the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. The band will report to you at such time and place as you may designate. I would only ask that their transportation and subsistence may be furnished.

Yours very truly,

THOS. H. NEILL,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

244 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, *April 8, 1882.*

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 5th, and regret to say in reply that it is simply impossible for me to comply with your request. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to be with you on the 10th of May, and nothing could be esteemed as a higher honor, than for me to be permitted to speak for the Army of the Tennessee, but my engagements are such that I cannot leave them at the time indicated. I know I should have a good time and meet all the good fellows, but I must deny myself that

pleasure. Please make the best excuse you can for me, and believe me, with best wishes for yourself and the Society,

Ever yours faithfully,

JAMES H. WILSON.

GOVERNOR THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
St. Louis, Missouri.

LA FAYETTE, IND., *May 8, 1882.*

DAVID MURPHY, ESQ.,

Secretary Executive Committee, Room 7, Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I fully expected to attend the reunion of our Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th instant, but the serious illness of my oldest daughter will probably deprive me of the anticipated pleasure. Should her condition improve, I may be there for the banquet, though I fear I shall not be able to leave her.

Very truly yours,

J. M. DRESSER.

NEW CASTLE, PA., *May 8, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Local Executive Committee, St. Louis:

I regret I cannot be present at meeting of our Society on 10th instant.

I am unavoidably detained, and am much disappointed on account of missing the pleasure I had anticipated in being with you.

Very truly,

OSCAR L. JACKSON,
Late of 63rd Ohio Inf., Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

MARENGO STATION, *May 8, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee:

DEAR SIR:—With great regrets I am obliged to say to the comrades of the Army of the Tennessee that I love so well, that owing to business matters I cannot be with them at their fifteenth annual reunion, to be held in St. Louis, Mo., on the 10th and 11th instant. Although absent in body will be present in spirit. Please assure all of the members of my kindest regards, and may your fifteenth reunion be the most enjoyable to you all.

Yours truly,

WM. AVERY,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel 95th Reg't Ills. Vol. Inf.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, *May 8, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee Society Army of Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—I much regret unavoidable circumstances, which means, with

Proceedings of the Society

me, business duties at home that can't be dodged, will prevent my attendance at the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. All health and happiness to those more fortunate. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ADD. H. SANDERS,
Late Colonel 16th Iowa Inf., Brevet Brig.-Gen. Vols.

POST OF SAN ANTONIA, TEXAS, *March 8, 1882.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I enclose Roster of the Department of Texas with the officers marked whom I should like to see receive invitations to the Army of the Tennessee meeting.

Don't forget to get General Stanley down for a toast.

Yours truly,

C. J. DICKEY,
U. S. Army.

LINCOLN, PLACER CO., CAL., *April 25, 1882.*

DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee:

DEAR COLONEL:—Your printed circular invitation of Society of the Army of the Tennessee, came duly to hand. I am sorry to state, it will be impossible for me to be present at your festivities, on May 10th and 11th, as you request. *Wishing you all a right good time, with nothing to mar your pleasures, I am, truly,

Your humble fellow soldier,

C. GLADDING,
Late 1st Lieut. Co. K., 72d Regiment Ill. Inf't. Vols.

WARSAW, IND., *April 28, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR COLONEL:—I regret exceedingly that it will be impossible for me to attend the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee in your city, on May 10th and 11th, on account of my continued sickness.

Hoping you will have a pleasant and delightful meeting, I am, Colonel,

Yours truly,

WOODSON S. MARSHALL,
Capt. 46th Ind. Inf't. Vol.

TECUMSEH, CHEROKEE CO., ALA., *April 21, 1882.*

DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary:

DEAR SIR:—A wedding, on the 9th of May, which *I must* attend, will prevent my meeting with the Army of the Tennessee, on May 10th and 11th, as

I cannot attend to union and reunion at times so near together and at points so far apart. Both meetings will be bound by indissoluble ties, and will, I trust and believe, be full of joy.

Yours truly,

WILLARD WARNER.

SAVANNAH, GA., *April 25, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—I sincerely regret that I am deprived the pleasure of uniting with my comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, on its annual reunion at St. Louis, Missouri.

Be assured of my best wishes for the Society, and deep disappointment in being compelled to forego that bright oasis in life's journey.

Trusting the "relief" will visit this "outpost," and that I shall answer "present" at the next "roll-call," I remain,

Yours truly,

GRANTHAM I. TAGGART.

LA MOILLE, ILL., *April 20, 1882.*

GENERAL THOMAS C. FLETCHER,

Chairman Executive Committee, etc.:

DEAR GENERAL:—I am in receipt of notice of fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be holden at St. Louis, Missouri, May 10th, next. However strong might be my desire to be present and participate in the exercises of the occasion, it is not possible for me, and can only express my regrets at my inability to do so.

Hoping the reunion may be a pleasant and profitable one to all who are so situated that they can attend, I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

R. B. FRARY.

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY.

Secretary, etc., Executive Committee, Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that it will be out of my power to attend the reunion on the 10th and 11th proximo, in your city. I rarely miss, but this time an important business engagement will deprive me of the great pleasure.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. H. TERRELL.

LEADVILLE, COL., *April 12, 1882.*

H. C. TOWNSEND,

Secretary:

DEAR SIR:—Your card of reduced rates for members attending the fifteenth reunion of our Society duly received. I have endeavored to so arrange my

business that I could meet with you, but find it quite impossible. Please accept my best wishes for all.

Yours truly,

C. C. KELLOGG.

WAUKESHA, WIS., *April 19, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary of Executive Committee, etc., Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your circular letter of the 10th instant, and to convey to you my sincere regrets that urgent duties will prevent my attending the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Very truly yours,

FRANK H. PUTNEY.

MT. MORRIS, ILL., *April 20, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

St. Louis, Missouri:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to circular from headquarters of Secretary Executive Committee, I write to say that I will not be present at the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Wishing all who may be present on that occasion a jolly good time and a *pension*,

I am, very truly yours, etc.,

JOHN W. HITT.

LEBANON, TENN., *May 3, 1882.*

COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee Society Army Tennessee, St. Louis, Mo.:

DEAR SIR:—The circular announcing our annual reunion for the 10th and 11th received.

Should be glad to be with our old comrades again, but circumstances prevent.

Remember me to all; may you have a glorious time, a feast of reason and a flow of soul, as well as bowl.

If any of our comrades of the Army of the Cumberland are there, please tell them I am in Tennessee examining claims of citizens for horses, mules, forage and other necessities of life, which said Army of the Cumberland are charged with having borrowed during the late unpleasantness, and that I will with pleasure deliver any message they desire to send the claimants.

Very truly yours,

O. D. KINSMAN,

Late A. A. G. 3rd Brig., 4th Div., 17th A. C.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 8, 1882.

GENERAL THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
Society Army of the Tennessee:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to attend your "reunion" on the 10th and 11th instant. I accept with hearty thanks, and anticipate much pleasure in sharing your good time.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE G. MULLINS,
Chaplain in charge of Education in the Army.

ST. LOUIS, May 8, 1882.

COLONEL MURPHY,
Secretary Executive Committee:

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of the officers and members of the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, we take pleasure in extending to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee a cordial invitation to visit our rooms at such time as may be most convenient.

May I ask you to inform me when the time of their visit is decided on?

Yours, very respectfully,

CHAS. E. SLAYBACK,
President.
GEO. H. MORGAN,
Secretary,

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND,
NEW YORK HARBOR, *March 25, 1882.*

GENERAL THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
*Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Room 7 Temple Building,
N. W. Cor. 5th and Walnut Streets, St. Louis, Mo.:*

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 21st instant, inviting me to the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 10th and 11th of May next.

It is my intention to be in St. Louis this spring, and I will, if possible, so time my visit as to be present with you at your annual reunion.

My time is much occupied, and the absence of General Sherman from Washington renders my movements in the near future very uncertain.

Your letter appeals to me very strongly. I am greatly attached to your city, and to all its good people, who have always welcomed me with such a warm friendship. You know what a pleasure it would be to me to meet them, as well as all my friends, the old soldiers of the gallant Army of the Tennessee. Please express to all my sincere wish to be present on the 10th and 11th of May. Should circumstances prevent my leaving my headquarters, tell them how great my regret is.

Thanking you for your very courteous letter, I am,

Yours very truly,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

Please pardon the dictation, I am forced to this method to insure you a prompt reply.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 28 1882.*

HON. THOMAS C. FLETCHER,

Room 7 Temple Building, St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your kind and cordial favor of the 25th. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to meet the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at its approaching reunion in St. Louis. I hope I may be able to do so, meanwhile, I remain,

Very truly and cordially yours,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

1920 FRANKLIN ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *May 1, 1882.* }

TO COL. DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee, St. Louis, Mo.:

MY DEAR COLONEL:—Our distinguished commander, General W. T. Sherman, has just left us for your city, to attend the fifteenth reunion of Society of Army of the Tennessee, May 10th and 11th, 1882.

I regret very much that I cannot be one of your number, for I should much like to meet my many old friends with whom I campaigned at Corinth, and during the Atlanta march. Wishing all a jolly reunion, very truly,

Your friend,

W. L. ELLIOTT,
Brevet Major-General.

CINCINNATI, *April 27th 1882.*

DEAR SIR:—I have received your kind invitation of the fifteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th proximo. I served in the Army of the Cumberland, and it would give me great pleasure to meet our gallant comrades of the Tennessee at their coming reunion. As a member of the Fourteenth Army Corps, I was with them in the ever memorable Atlanta campaign, the March to the Sea, up through the Carolinas, in the last fight, at the grand review in Washington, and I shall always be glad to meet them, but I fear I shall be denied the pleasure of going to your city next month. With many sincere regrets that I cannot be present at your reunion, I thank you for your kind invitation, and remain,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT HUNTER.

TO COLONEL DAVID MURPHY,

Secretary Executive Committee, St. Louis, Missouri.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE.
OMAHA, NEBRASKA, *May 6th, 1882.* }

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I am in receipt of your kind and courteous note of invitation of the 2nd instant, to be present at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee.

While nothing would afford me more gratification than to meet again old friends, and with them revive old memories which will never be forgotten, I find that the movement of troops from my department to Arizona, and the condition of affairs, and changes incident thereto, make it inexpedient for me to leave my headquarters at present. In this connection, I should add that a reply to General Doyle's invitation of March 31st has been delayed until now, with the hope that I might be able to join in your reunion.

Regretting that it will be impossible for me to be present with you, and trusting that your meeting will be thoroughly successful, and one to be long remembered with pleasure, I remain,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE CROOK,
Brigadier-General U. S. A.

TO GENERAL THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
Chairman.

1214 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, }
WASHINGTON, May 8, 1882. }

M. A. DOYLE,

*Chairman, and the Members of the Executive Committee of the Society
of the Army of the Tennessee:*

GENTLEMEN:—Remembering always the pleasant association with your Society on the occasion of its meeting in Chicago, to receive General Grant from his trip around the world, it is with great regret that I am compelled, from the effects of a severe cold, to decline your cordial and kind invitation to unite with you in celebrating your fifteenth annual reunion at St. Louis, on the 10th and 11th instant, which I hope will be as memorable and enjoyable as the one it was my good fortune to be part and parcel of.

To you, Mr. Chairman, and the members of the Executive Committee, as well as to my friends and comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, I extend my grateful thanks and hearty greetings.

Faithfully yours,

T. H. STEPHENS,
Rear Admiral U. S. Navy.

REPORT COMMITTEE ON McPHERSON MONUMENT.

Upon behalf of the "Committee on McPherson Monument," I have the honor to report the final completion of the work assigned them under the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, }
LOUISVILLE, KY., July 7, 1865. }

"Many officers and soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, having expressed a desire to pay some fitting tribute to the memory of their late gallant commander, the noble McPherson, who fell in the front of battle, booted and spurred, on the bloody day of the 22nd of July, I submit to the several corps and

other commanding officers for their consideration, the following plan of action:

I would suggest that each regimental commander have lists prepared for subscription, and that those soldiers of the army, who may desire to subscribe, register their names thereon; as soon as the lists have been completed, that they, with the funds raised, be forwarded to the brigade commander, and by him transmitted for the purchase and erection of a suitable monument at the grave of that gallant soldier.

As soon as the monument has been erected, these lists should be deposited at the grave.

I would further suggest as members of the Executive Committee, Major-General William B. Hazen, Brevet Major-General M. D. Leggett, and Brevet Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper, citizens of McPherson's native state, and in every way fitted to discharge the duty of their position.

Corps commanders will please take such steps in the matter as will insure the result desired.

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Major-General.

Although your committee have, from year to year, submitted detailed reports, it may not be considered inappropriate to here give a brief resume of their stewardship.

To General W. T. Clark, Chief of Staff of the Army of the Tennessee, we are indebted for first suggesting the erection of a monument to General McPherson's memory, he having frequently mentioned the subject to members of McPherson's military family immediately after the General's death, but being then in the midst of engrossing military operations, little or nothing could be accomplished.

When the Army of the Tennessee arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, the undersigned called upon General Logan—the then commander of the army—and suggested the issuance of an order looking to the accomplishment of this long cherished object. This suggestion meeting with General Logan's hearty approval and General Blair's active co-operation, this labor of love was begun by soliciting contributions throughout the commands then awaiting muster out. A little over three thousand dollars was thus collected, about one-third of which was contributed by officers and men of the third brigade, fourth division, seventeenth army corps.

The first contract was made with T. D. Jones on the 13th of October, 1869, for an equestrian statue to be erected at Clyde, Ohio, to cost not less than fourteen thousand dollars or more than twenty thousand dollars. Although the committee up to this date had actually received but eight thousand dollars, they were induced to incur this obligation by representations that the Clyde associations would contribute the sum of three thousand dollars, and that the "California fund" of four thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars would be paid to contractor upon the certificate of the undersigned.

Under this contract the foundation was laid, but on the 14th of May, 1870, Cornelius Bealer, the financial backer and bondsman of Mr. Jones, died, and the latter was in consequence unable to proceed with the work. After many

vexatious delays, on the 5th of April, 1871, Mr. Jones formally abandoned the contract.

Your committee had, in the meantime, taken the necessary steps to secure indemnity for the loss sustained, and after a long and tedious litigation the suit finally ended in a compromise and payment of sixteen hundred dollars and three cents, which was added to the fund.

On the 27th of December, 1871, your committee again entered into a contract, this time with Louis T. Rebisso, a young and promising Cincinnati artist, and formerly Mr. Jones' principal assistant, who agreed to execute a satisfactory "working model" of the desired equestrian statue, to be completed on or before December 27th, 1873. Notwithstanding he was actively and continuously engaged thereon, it soon became evident that sufficient time had not been allowed, and that at least four years would be required for the successful completion of the work assigned him.

The expenses of this work had also largely exceeded the first estimate, leaving less than eight thousand dollars in the hands of your committee; decreasing interest, due to lapse of time and the failure of the "Clyde Association" to contribute the amount pledged by their representative, appeared to render hopeless the task of raising the funds necessary to complete the work as originally contemplated. In this dilemma, your committee turned for assistance to the National Government. Through the direct efforts of General W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, assisted by Major Elliott, United States Engineer, and General Babcock, Superintendent of Public Buildings, Congress was induced to make an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars to cover the expense of a suitable base, and to set aside one of the most beautiful squares in Washington city, upon which to locate the statue. Strange as it may appear, this proposed legislation met with the most determined opposition from the representatives of the "Clyde Association," composed of citizens of his native state and many residents in the vicinity of his boyhood home, who although contributors to the extent of only fifteen hundred dollars, were apparently determined that *no* statue should be built, rather than have one, creditable alike to his friends and McPherson's memory, located elsewhere than at Clyde. Nor did this unseemly opposition terminate when this wise and necessary legislation had been obtained, but was carried on up, even to the unveiling of that grand and imposing statue, when General Buckland, speaking for himself and his association, protested against the action of the committee, threaten an injunction, and demand the return of the fifteen hundred dollars before contributed.

Your committee, overlooking the singular opposition, and with an eye single to the successful accomplishment of the task assigned them, publicly advised that association that they would not only apply the fifteen hundred dollars before received to the erection of a monument at Clyde, but that in addition thereto they would contribute twice the sum that such association might raise toward the accomplishment of this object during the following year. No response having been made to this liberal proposition, on the 22nd of March, 1880, your committee, by the utilization of surplus material appropriated to this purpose, were enabled to enter into a contract, the details of

which are set forth in the following specifications and contract, for the erection of the monument now standing over General McPherson's grave at Clyde.

SPECIFICATIONS.

For the McPherson Monument to be erected by Rebisso, Mundhenk & Co., at Clyde, Ohio.

The contractors are to model in clay, plaster and cast in bronze, in the most workmanlike and artistic manner, free from wind shakes, sand holes, or imperfections of any character or kind, from cannon to be furnished by General A. Hickenlooper, a statue of *Major General James B. McPherson*, standing in a commanding attitude on the battle field, his right foot resting on a broken cannon, his left hand holding a field glass, and his right pointing out directions.

The total height of said statue to be nine (9) feet in the clear from bottom of plinth to top of hat; and, in general terms, to be a counterpart in style of the model made by said Rebisso, and accepted as satisfactory by A. Hickenlooper, a photograph of which accompanies these specifications. This statue is to be placed in position upon a pedestal or base constructed of the very best quality of grey quincy granite, entirely free from iron stains, rust spots, blemishes or imperfections of any kind, and in strict accordance with the plan hereunto attached, by which it is shown that the same is to be built in four courses, each of one solid stone marked 1, 2, 3, 4

The stone to be cut true and smooth in the very best and most workmanlike manner possible; all exposed surfaces to have a twelve cut finish, except the lower stone of base, which may have a ten cut finish; all plain surfaces to be perfectly true and straight, with beds so dressed that the jointing will be perfect; all arises to be straight and sharp, and surfaces and moulderings cut to the true and proper radii of curvature. The mitres in all angles to be true and perfect; the under bed of each course to be beveled slightly from the outside face stone, so as to bring the bearing surface at least four (4) inches from the face, and each course to be laid on sheet lead covering the entire area of the bed. The lettering on the base to be cut on (raised) in the same characters and position as shown on the model.

The whole base and statue to be placed in proper position on the foundation now laid at Clyde, Ohio, subject only to such changes as may appear necessary to reduce it from its present proportions to one more suitable to the changed character of the monument to be erected thereon, which will probably be confined to a removal of the excess in width and length to a depth of two (2) or three (3) feet below the surface, such excavation to be refilled with earth, and properly graded so as to bring the entire sight and monument in perfect harmony.

Witnesses,

T. H. MARPE,
W. S. GWYNN.

LOUIS T. REBISSE,	[SEAL.]
F. MUNDHENK,	[SEAL.]
C. WALSTRER,	[SEAL.]
A. HICKENLOOPER, FOR COM.,	[SEAL.]

CONTRACT.

This agreement, entered into this 22nd day of March, 1880, between Messrs. "Rebisso, Mundhenk & Co.," of the first part, and W. B. Hazen, M. D. Leggett and A. Hickenlooper, the committee having in charge the erection of a monument to the memory of *Major-General James B. McPherson*, at Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio, of the second part, witnesseth:

That said party of the first part, in consideration of the payments herein after stipulated, agrees to furnish all the tools and materials of every description, character and kind, and do all the work necessary to the completion and erection of a monument to the memory of *Major-General James B. McPherson* on the foundation already prepared at Clyde, Ohio, which monument is to be in strict conformity with the design and model submitted by said parties of the first part, and approved by the party of the second part, and the plans and specifications connected therewith, which are made a part of this contract. For the purpose of carrying this contract into effect, *A. Hickenlooper*, a member of said committee, is hereby appointed superintendent on behalf of said parties of the second part, and it is hereby mutually agreed that all labor, work, and material shall be subject to his approval, and all material and workmanship, which does not receive his approval, shall be considered as rejected and disapproved, and must be removed at the expense of the parties of the first part from the monument, and replaced by material or workmanship in every way satisfactory to said superintendent.

Said parties of the first part further agree and stipulate, that under no circumstances will there be any charges for extra labor, material, or expense, but that the sum hereafter to be indicated as the consideration, shall cover the entire expense of placing said monument in position with extra foundation taken out to a depth of three (3) feet, and the grounds immediately surrounding monument suitably graded, etc.

The said party of the second part, by their superintendent, reserves the right to make any alterations in the design, plans, or specification he may desire, but no such alterations or modifications shall in any way effect the contract, or increase the sum to be paid under it, unless previously agreed upon in writing and signed by both parties of this contract, and the said party of the first part expressly agrees, that in no event will they claim anything for any damage by loss of profits, by reason of such alterations made by the party of the second part. Said party of the first part agree to commence the work forthwith, and complete the entire work, and place the finished monument in position within a period of eighteen (18) months from the date hereof, and it is hereby agreed, that the said party of the first part shall pay to the party of the second part ten (\$10) dollars for each day's delay beyond the appointed time for the completion of said work, as liquidated damages, and not by way of penalty.

Said party of the first part further agree, that upon the failure by them to proceed with the execution of said contract to the satisfaction of the superintendent and committee, said party of the second part, after giving ten (10) days written notice of their intention so to do, may proceed, by contract or days'

work, to do or complete the work at the expense of said party of the second part, and this contract shall thereupon, at the option of said party of the second part, become utterly null and void as to said party of the first part, but without any prejudice to any right of action that may accrue to the party of the second part against the party of the first part. And it is further expressly agreed, between the parties to this contract, that in case of such a dissolution of the contract, the sum, whatever it may be, that may have been paid to the party of the first part, shall be held to be full and complete satisfaction for all services rendered, labor done, models made and all material furnished, and the party of the first part shall not be entitled to demand or receive anything whatever for the same, but the same shall at once pass to, and become the property of the party of the second part. The said party of the second part agrees to furnish for the material going into said statue, four (4) six pounder bronze guns now in his possession, and to pay for the full, complete and satisfactory execution of this contract in accordance with the models, plans, and specifications attached hereto, and marked "A," the sum of *six thousand (\$6,000.00) dollars* in manner and form as follows:

First. Upon signing of contract by all the parties in interest, or by A. Hickenlooper on their behalf, five hundred (\$500.) dollars.

Second. Upon the final and satisfactory completion of the working model of the statue in plaster, fifteen hundred (\$1500.) dollars.

Third. Upon the final and satisfactory completion of the bronze statue, fifteen hundred (\$1500.) dollars.

Fourth. Upon the satisfactory erection in position at Clyde of the granite base for said monument, one thousand (\$1,000.) dollars, and

Fifth. Upon placing the statue in position, and the final and satisfactory completion of the entire contract, the sum of fifteen hundred (\$1500.) dollars.

Provided, however, that before the aforesaid payments are made, the said party of the first part shall produce satisfactory evidence that all the work executed and material furnished has been entirely paid for, and are not subject to any lien or claim by any party whatever, and before asking for or receiving such payments they will remove and liquidate any claim of the kind should any such exist.

In testimony whereof, the said Rebisso, Mundhenk & Co., party of the first part, and said A. Hickenlooper, as agent of said Hazen, Leggett and Hickenlooper, party of the second part, have hereunto set their hands and seals this day of March, 1880.

Witnesses,

T. H. MARPE,
W. S. GWYNN.

LOUIS T. REBISSE, [SEAL.]
F. MUNDHENK, [SEAL.]
C. WALSTRER, [SEAL.]
A. HICKENLOOPER FOR COM., [SEAL.]

The following is a summary of collections and expenditures incident to the undertaking, the details of which have been reported each year to the Society.

Nov. 15th, 1866, Received	\$2,052.45	Expended \$	46.00
Nov. 13th, 1867, " "	1,043.00	Int. \$138.11	" 66.45
Dec. 15th, 1868, " "	2,289.25	" 276.74	" "

Nov. 17th, 1869,	Received	\$364.00	Int.	\$295.52	Expended	\$323.90
April 6th, 1871,	"	287.00	"	364.00	"	61.60
July 3rd, 1872,	"	1,505.00	"	397.00	"	1,260.00
Oct. 15th, 1873,	"		"	430.72	"	51,11.15
Oct. 14th, 1874,	"	1,715.03	"	273.68	"	2,089.90
Sept. 29th, 1875,	"	253.00	"	233.54	"	2,433.07
Oct 18th, 1876,	"		"	71.85	"	3,178.38
Sept. 5th, 1877,	"	2,800.00	"		"	3,819.44
Total contributed		\$12,308.73	Int.	\$2,481.16	Exp.	\$14,789.91

In addition to the above reported receipts and expenditures, the "California fund" four thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars (\$4,321.), and material to the value of one thousand three hundred and seventy dollars (\$1,370.) was transferred to Robert Wood & Co., making their total compensation for the bronze castings, as per contract, eight thousand dollars (\$8,000.), and the total cost of statue as it now stands forty-five thousand four hundred and eighty dollars and ninety-one cents (\$45,480.91), thus balancing all accounts pertaining to the equestrian statue at Washington. From surplus material remaining in the possession of the committee, the sum of five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one dollars and sixty-eight cents (\$5,791.68) was realized. The contract for the Clyde statue called for an expenditure of six thousand dollars (\$6,000.), leaving the committee's funds deficient to the extent of two hundred and eight dollars and thirty-two cents (\$208.32).

This statue, after being exhibited for a few days at Cincinnati, was unveiled at Clyde, O., on the eighteenth anniversary of the General's death, July 22nd, 1881, with imposing and impressive ceremonies.

Fully 10,000 people participated in the proceedings. At early dawn the roar of Hopkins' Battery awakened the slumbering host, who, upon arising, beheld the sky overcast with threatening clouds, and the streets muddy with recent rains. But as soon as Old Sol peeped over the eastern horizon the clouds passed away, and the day became one of surpassing loveliness.

The procession commenced forming at 1 o'clock, but owing to the surging multitudes that thronged the streets and walks, filling to suffocation every available space, it was after two before the column got into line ready to move. The column was under the command of General R. P. Buckland, and when formed ready to move was nearly a mile in length, and with its bands and banners, handsomely uniformed soldiery, and grand division of veterans of war, was an imposing spectacle worthy the occasion, and a fitting honor to the memory of the dead hero. The line moved to the McPherson cemetery in the following order:

FIRST DIVISION.

Chief Marshal in carriage with mounted aids.

Cleveland Grays, 60 men, with band and drum corps.

General Sherman, ex-President Hayes, President of the day, Orators and Invited Guests in Carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Columbus Barracks Band, Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, some fifteen or sixteen in number, with bands and drum corps.

THIRD DIVISION.

Hopkins' Battery, Sixteenth Regiment, O. N. G., with band, Tiffin Zouave with band, and other organizations.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Cuyahoga Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, ex-Soldiers' and ex-Sailors' organizations, with bands, citizens on foot.

The column, as it moved, was fringed from flanks to buildings with a compact mass of humanity, impossible to enumerate.

At the cemetery there had already assembled several thousand people awaiting the commencement of the imposing ceremonies of the afternoon.

At the foot of the mound and facing the monument was an immense platform covered and decorated with the National colors, upon which the officers, orators, invited guests, choir, and representatives of the press were crowded, until the limited structure contained nearly one thousand souls, in physical discomfort and mental fear of a crash, which was repeatedly intensified by the breaking of seats and supports. Among the distinguished guests were Generals Sherman, Force, Strong, Hazen, Belknap, Gibson, Leggett and Keifer, Governor Foster and his military staff in full uniform, Major McKinley, Hon. Amos Townsend, Hon. Warren P. Noble, of Tiffin, Hon. John W. Herron of Cincinnati, and Birchard Hayes. Among the ladies were Mrs. Cynthia McPherson, the venerable mother of the revered soldier, Mrs. Fauder Vandercook, of Angola, Ind., the only surviving sister of General McPherson, Mrs. W. H. McPherson, the widow of the General's brother, with her little son James R., Mrs. ex-President Hayes, Mrs. General Gibson and Mrs. General Force, with a number of others.

At 2:20 p. m. ex-President Hayes stepped to the front of the platform and with a wave of his hand called the vast assemblage to order, addressing them as follows:

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

FELLOW CITIZENS: Seventeen years ago to-day Friday, July 22, 1864, James Birdseye McPherson was killed in battle near Atlanta, Georgia. Between noon and one o'clock of that day he was shot with a rifle ball which, passing near his heart, shattered his spine and caused his death in about one hour after he was wounded. He was in command of the Army of the Tennessee, which consisted of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps, and formed the left wing of the army of General Sherman, which was then almost daily in battle for the possession of strongholds and communications upon which the life of the Confederacy depended.

In grateful recognition of his services and character, his surviving comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, and his friends and neighbors residing at and near his birthplace, Clyde, Sandusky county, Ohio, have erected a portrait statue of heroic size in bronze. It is the work of Louis T. Rebisso, an Italian artist who now resides in Cincinnati. It will fitly mark the last resting place

of the earthly remains of General McPherson. It stands before us, within a few rods of the spot where he was born, and is in the midst of the scenes in which his infancy and boyhood were passed.

The facts of his career and character will be fully spread before you by the distinguished speakers to whom that duty has been assigned. His rank, his important command, his brilliant services, the cause for which he died, his talents, his culture, his grace and beauty and soldierly accomplishments, his noble and lovable nature, so affectionate, so gentle and at the same time so brave and manly, and his heroic death in one of the great battles of a decisive campaign while he was yet in the bloom and promise of early manhood, taken altogether, have given to McPherson a place in the hearts of mankind more tender and interesting than that which belongs to any other of the thousands of honored heroes, whose death in battle his countrymen have been called to mourn. His name will be forever found on the shining roll of the world's best loved heroes. Neither Bayard, nor Sidney, nor Nelson, nor Wolfe, nor any other knight or hero of the old world in any age had better titles to love and grateful remembrance than belong to him whose grave, here at his birth-place, we are now about to mark.

The president then presented Chaplain McCune, of the Sixteenth O. N. G., who offered up an eloquent appeal to the throne of grace. The song "America" was then sung by the quartet.

The president then came forward and read the following letter from President Garfield, addressed to General Buckland:

June 28, 1881.

DEAR GENERAL:—I have received yours of the 18th instant, inviting me to attend the ceremony of the unveiling of the McPherson statue at Clyde, Ohio, on the 22nd of July next. I hope to be present, and shall certainly do so unless something occurs that I do not now know to prevent it.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

TO GENERAL R. P. BUCKLAND.

General Hayes then announced that he was in receipt of the following telegraphic dispatch from the President, the announcement being received with cheers:

July 22, 1881.

GENERAL R. B. HAYES,

Clyde, Ohio:

The President sends his comrades and friends assembled his cordial greeting.

[SIGNED.]

D. G. SWAIN.

The reading was followed by the most deafening cheers from the vast assembly, which showed their love and sympathy for their Chief Magistrate.

The President announced that it was suggested that a dispatch of congratulation and sympathy be sent to the President, and asked all who favored it to hold up their right hands and say "aye." A perfect sea of uplifted hands filled

the air, and a thrilling affirmation was heard when the following was read and approved by the audience with great applause:

TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD:

The comrades and friends of General McPherson, assembled at his grave on this anniversary of his death to assist in the grateful duty of unveiling a statue erected to commemorate his character and services, rejoice to know that the President is steadily and rapidly regaining his health and strength. This large assemblage, composed of citizens representing every shade of political sentiment, is, with entire unanimity, in deepest sympathy with President Garfield, his wife, and mother and children, and heartily congratulate him and them on the cheering prospect of his complete recovery. They rejoice that in this crisis it has been shown that the Union which McPherson died to preserve is fully and firmly re-established, and that in the presence of a common affliction or a great National peril, the people of our whole country are indeed one people. The prayer of all who are here assembled is, "God grant to our President restored health and a long, honored and useful life."

R. B. HAYES,
President of the day.

THE UNVEILING.

General Sherman, accompanied by Rebisso the artist, under escort, proceeded to the statue, where the General of the Army grasped the cords which held the covering of national colors, and pulling it the bunting fell to the base, exposing to view the grand commemorative of art. During this ceremony Hopkins' battery fired a Major-General's salute. As the monument was exposed, a prolonged and deafening cheer went up from the crowd. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men threw their hats in air, making a scene thrilling in the extreme.

GENERAL FORCE.

General Hayes then introduced General M. F. Force as follows: "Among the gallant men under General McPherson on the day he was killed, was one who was supposed to be mortally wounded—was the General whom I will now introduce to you—General M. F. Force of Cincinnati. The General spoke as follows:

The Army of the Tennessee, while yet in the field, before the muster out, resolved to erect a monument to the memory of General James B. McPherson, and appointed a committee to collect funds for the purpose. The citizens of Clyde contributed to the fund. The General Government, besides giving a number of bronze cannon, dedicated one of the squares of Washington City to the monument, and erected on it a stately granite pedestal to receive the statue. The committee resolved to have two statues, one in the capital city of the Nation, in whose defense McPherson gave his life, and one in Clyde, the home he loved so well.

In this place, in this presence, in sight of the home of his childhood, where he was born on the 14th of November, 1828, speaking to the playmates of his youth and the comrades of his career, there is little need of saying who James

B. McPherson was. They are present who remember the sunny-faced boy, cheerful, generous, affectionate, studious, diligent in every duty. His youthful toil helped to support a widowed mother. Entering West Point at the age of nineteen, he feared his limited education would weigh him down, but in a class which included Schofield, Terrell, Sill, Tyler, Hood, and afterwards Sheridan, he quickly rose to the head, and kept his place there. The professors regarded him as one of the ablest men sent forth from the institution.

Graduating first in the class of 1853 he was assigned to the Engineer Corps; retained at the academy one year as assistant professor, then detailed for duty, first at New York, afterwards at San Francisco, in charge of fortifications.

The strain of political questions was growing more tense, and civic contention broke into war while he was a Lieutenant in San Francisco. He had thought little of general politics, and imbibed prejudices, rather than formed opinions. But he did hold two opinions, clearly and firmly. With the clearest conviction of his intellect and all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature, he believed that those who attack the Constitution and the Government are public enemies; and that no officer educated and commissioned by the Government can with honor refuse to draw his sword in defense of the Government against such enemies.

On the 12th of November, 1861, McPherson was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of volunteers and assigned to duty on General Hallack's staff. He was yet unknown save to his personal acquaintances, and he had less than three years to live. But promotion was rapid. After Shiloh and the evacuation of Corinth, he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers upon the earnest recommendation of General Grant.

In October, 1862, sent with a brigade to the relief of Rosecrans, in Corinth, he had first direct command of troops. On his return he was promoted Major-General, and put in command of the district of Boliver. In the ensuing winter he commanded the right wing of Grant's force in North Mississippi. Next year he commanded the Seventeenth Corps before Vicksburg, and next, the Army of the Tennessee in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. Every promotion, raising him on a higher pedestal, gave wider recognition to his great merit.

The 22nd of July, 1864, found Sherman coiling his army about Atlanta. McPherson held the left of his line, and from his position looked into the city. Prudent and cautious, apprehending attack, he hesitated about advancing his line, and about detaching the Sixteenth Corps to destroy railroads. He rode with his staff to General Sherman's head-quarters, and obtaining leave to delay, rode along his line, inspecting, counseling, and giving orders. A shot, a volley, a shell shrieking overhead, announced the attack which he had foreboded. Galloping to the place of assault, he sent off his staff one by one, by the way, with rapid orders. Taking in a view of the attack on the Sixteenth Corps, he dispatched his last remaining officer to hasten up a brigade to fill a gap in the line. Proceeding from the Sixteenth to the Seventeenth Corps, in rear of the gap, he entered a path through the timber. There was a gleam of steel in the shade; a line of gray obstructed his path; a "halt" rang out through the forest. With a courteous salute he wrenched his horse from the

path into the woods. A sharp volley crashed. McPherson fell to the ground.

The line of gray swept on. The army commander, under the thunder of battle, lay in the depths of the forest, bleeding, alone. A wounded soldier of an Iowa regiment, George Reynolds, limping back to a hospital, came upon the dying chief, and forgot his own wound in vain efforts to staunch the flow of that precious blood. He guided General Strong, devoted friend, as well as subordinate, to the spot, but only to find a corpse.

McPherson was dead. When that bright light went out, the Army of the Tennessee was plunged in gloom, and a shadow went over the land. Grant and Sherman wept. His staff, the most united, harmonious and loyal military family in all the armies, were pierced with grief that the lapse of years has not dulled.

Only three years before he was an unknown Lieutenant of Engineers. He did not live to reach his thirty-sixth birthday, yet at his death the nation felt a wound. Alexander, Raphael, Pascal, died about as young, and their's are names that cannot die. Mere length of day is nothing. It is not existence, it is greatly living, it is achievement, that counts.

Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay.

We grieve over his untimely loss. We grieve for ourselves, not him. He had tasted the sweets of fame without touching its dregs. He had received the grateful applause of the nation, and did not live to encounter unfounded jealousy and baseless detraction. He had shared in full measure the joy of friendship and the rapture of plighted love. The sharp discipline of civil war had developed, defined and exalted his character. What more could this world give him? His death was untimely for us. We looked upon his career of public use as just begun, and were bereft of one from whom the people expected much.

He had a clear and quick intelligence; industry that never flagged. No detail escaped his vigilance. He was prudent and cautious, sometimes perhaps to a fault. He was deliberate in forming plans; resolute and dashing in executing them. Grant called him "one of the ablest engineers and most skillful Generals," and said "the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living."

We revere his character even more than we respect his ability. Noble and pure in every impulse; cheerful, generous, affectionate; whoever knew him well loved him. His marked trait was devotion to duty. Fond son of a fond mother, ardent lover of a faithful betrothed, he marched forward with no backward glance. He took no leave of absence during the war, but postponed happiness till duty should be done.

He needs no monument. His fame is more enduring than bronze. The monument is needed for us.

The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Let, then, the monument rise. Let it stand a perpetual monitor. Soldiers gazing on the lineaments of their loved leader will throb anew with patriotism.

Citizens of Clyde will freshly remember how the child of poverty expanded to the man of fame. Succeeding generations will be reminded that true heroism is simply doing every day the duty that lies before us. And the busy tide of humanity whirling by on these iron rails will be admonished that a noble life is greater than heaped-up riches.

At the conclusion of General Force's speech, ex-President Hayes said it was the good fortune of McPherson to be equally loved by those who were over him as well as those under him. He said that it was expected and hoped that General Grant would be present on this occasion, but it was impossible for the General to come to Ohio. He read a letter from ex-President Grant dated June, in which the General expressed the desire to be present. He also read one bearing the date of the 19th instant, which explained why General Grant would be deprived of the pleasure of participating in the unveiling exercises. The letters spoke in the highest terms of McPherson, whom General Grant both loved and admired.

GENERAL W. E. STRONG

was then introduced by the president of the day, as the beloved friend and associate of General McPherson, a member of his personal staff. Upon being thus introduced, the General delivered the following eloquent and impressive address:

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—From the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, we stand here in solemn awe before the effigy of one of nature's and civilization's noblemen. Millions of men will stand here, after us, and will ask, "Who was this man? What did he do? Why did his contemporaries single him out to do honor to his memory?" The reply will be that he was the highest type of the American, and the highest type of the American soldier. He was a man of transcendent military ability. In the book of fate it was written, "He shall be a chief and a captain." But above all he was a manly and a pure man. He was tender, and trusty and true. I speak of him in loving memory. There are no recollections of my life so sacred, so tender, so beautiful as those which lie garnered in my heart of James B. McPherson. He was my friend of friends and I loved him as I have never loved another man. It is among my brightest recollections that a portion of my life was thrown with him. It is the greatest honor of my life that I have been invited to speak upon this occasion and at this moment, but I cannot be partial to him. You all knew him and I knew him, and you all know that he was the bravest of the brave, the lovingest of the loving, and the truest of the true.

"His mien, his speech,

Were sweetly simply.

But when the manner matched his mighty mind,

Up rose the hero; on his piercing eye sat observation;

On each glance of thought decision followed."

He was fit for the society of the immortal gods!

His boyhood was like the boyhood of the rest of us—inconspicuous and un-

eventful. When he was selected to be educated at West Point, he became one of the elite of the Nation. We train our captains of hundreds and our captains of thousands, and in time of war the Nation follows them. The boy selected and admitted to West Point can nevermore thereafter become inconspicuous, and McPherson added his consummate native ability to the advantages of his high training.

It is not for me to speak on this occasion in lengthy detail of his military history. That has already been done in an eloquent and masterly manner by the distinguished soldier and statesman, General John A. Logan. Nor is it in keeping to repeat again the story of his tragic death. Of all his brilliant record, I want to speak only of the very first day he commanded troops, because his action on that day stamps his career and illustrates the parallel between it and that of General Dessaix. Dessaix, of the army of France, who fell at thirty-two, the most distinguished soldier of that republic, and whose fame has overshadowed the world.

In 1862, when Sterling Price made his bold and desperate attack on our little army at Corinth, McPherson, then a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, was at Jackson, Tennessee, with General Grant. A brigade of four regiments was formed by Grant's direction and McPherson placed in command, and early on the morning of October 4th, with the sounds of battle ringing in his ears, he pushed out at the head of his gallant command to assist and succor his comrades-in-arms. The sounds of battle increased, the deep, heavy, sullen boom! boom! of artillery, grew louder and more continuous as he marched. With the instinct of the true soldier, knowing that where the battle roared there was his place, McPherson urged his weary men to the front. Without waiting to reconnoiter the ground and develop the enemy's strength and position—without knowing whether the battle was lost or won—without hesitating or faltering for one moment, he moved up upon the rear of the enemy during the battle and pushing boldly into Corinth he brought up his brigade on the right of Rosecrans, just as the guns from battery Robinette were repulsing the last fierce assaults of the rebel army.

McPherson arrived in Cornith when the battle had been won, but he was there in time to have turned defeat into victory. Dessaix turned defeat into victory and died on the field of Marengo. Like our own McPherson, he was a cavalier. "Sans peur et sans reproche." His name is pure and unsullied. His memory lives in every cottage in France. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, he had followed Napoleon to Egypt and back again to France. Upon his arrival Napoleon gave him the command of a division of 6,000 men. The evening before the battle, Napoleon directed him to move upon Novi in the morning. Dessaix began his march at dawn, but at the sound of the first cannon he sent his aide-de-camp, Savary, to Novi with a few hundred cavalry. Savary found no enemy at Novi and Dessaix immediately turned about, and, following the sounds of battle, marched for Marengo. He sent aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to tell Napoleon he was coming. When he arrived upon the field he found the French in full retreat. He was at once surrounded by the other generals. All except Napoleon counseled retreat to await re-inforcements. Napoleon asked Dessaix what he thought; Dessaix took out his watch. "It is

true," said he, "the battle is lost, but it is only 3 o'clock and there is still time to gain another." That answer decided Napoleon.

Dessaix leads up his 6,000 fresh veterans. Marmont pours the fire of his field pieces upon the Austrians. Kellerman hurls upon their flank 2,000 cavalry. A gleam of bayonets in the sunlight, a flash of sabres along the line, a ringing cheer, a rush to the front with the dead and dying left in heaps at every step. Grand! sublime! heroic! A frightful charge, a forlorn hope, a slaughtered command, a dead commander, but victory was snatched from defeat, the battle of Marengo was won and the rout of the Austrians was complete.

Dessaix was the French McPherson. McPherson is the American Dessaix. Both died young and yet with never dying fame.

McPherson lies buried here at Clyde. Dessaix lies near the summit of the Alps, and two monuments have been erected to his memory. "The tomb of Dessaix," said Napoleon, "shall have the Alps for its pedestal and the Monks of Saint Bernard for its guardians."

It is General McPherson's greatest praise that he was the highest type or representative of his Nation and of our army. I speak now of the Army of the Tennessee, which he commanded at the date of his death, July 22nd, 1864, and which he loved to idolatry.

It was an army to be proud of, and it is not likely that one equal to it will be seen again in this country in our day and generation. In drill, in discipline in courage, in powers of endurance, in esprit-du-corps, in military experience, in every qualification which goes to make up the truest type of a soldier, there has been no army comparable to it since Napoleon's veterans. It was composed of men whose bodies were so inured to hardships that disease could make no impression upon them. Each man represented five others who had started with him—the five had succumbed to disease or to the bullets of the enemy—four out of five were under the sod that was to be made free soil by their exertions and the exertions of their comrades, the fifth was at home discharged from the service by reason of disability, broken in health for life, or with a leg or an arm gone. The sixth man, to whom no swamp could give a fever, to whom wet clothes for a week could not give the rheumatism, to whom no march, however long, was a hardship, this culled and selected sixth man was there, robust, healthful, the ruddy glow of health coursing through every thousandth part of a square inch of his body, and visible through every pore of the skin, the patent, seal and superscription of the Almighty that he was the genuine coin of the realm. This man with the experience of a thousand marches and a hundred fights, with the memories of the achievements of the past, with Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Mission Ridge upon his banner, with the hope and determination in his heart to end the war, to give freedom and peace to his country, to revisit the loved ones at home and to resume the peaceful avocations which he had left reluctantly and only in obedience to the call of duty—this man was there on that July morning. He had slept on the ground during the night, and felt refreshed as only such a man could be after such a bed—he had had his coffee, his hard bread and his pork for breakfast, and now he was ready to do his full duty. Of this ideal American soldier James B. McPherson was the highest embodiment.

In this magnificent command, all muscle and brawn, without a useless pound of flesh, without a needless pound of baggage, James B. McPherson was second to none in genius, patriotism, manhood and worth.

All other armies but ours are permanent institutions. Our army was the American citizen only temporarily armed for a temporary purpose. The business of life in America is peace and not war.

The years glide swiftly by, the gray hairs come creeping in, and we, of the Army of the Tennessee, are no longer young. Twenty years have passed since we of the volunteers donned the blue and marched down the village streets and off to the war. The forms and faces and events of those days, at this distance, seem unreal and shadowy, like the remembrance of a dream, and yet we do not quite forget the waving flags and fluttering scarfs, the inspiring strains of martial music—the shrill notes of fife and drum and the booming of the village gun.

We have not quite forgotten the tears and prayers and promises, the music of soft voices and gentle tones; the brave words spoken to mothers, sisters, sweethearts, the parting words, the last good-bye. We cannot quite forget Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and other battles and campaigns in which we bore a part. More than sixteen years have passed, and yet we cannot quite forget the glistening bayonets and gleaming guns, the tattered battle flags and guidons, the long, swinging stride and gallant bearing of the veteran armies of the Union, as led by Sheridan's cavalry, they marched in review for the last time before Grant, Sherman and Meade.

All these dear and sacred memories of those stirring times "come wafted to us to-day like the wierd air of an Æolian harp swept by unknown winds, and the ear is touched, and through that the brain, and nerve and soul, and our hearts beat in sympathy and unison."

Why was it that when the drum corps struck up "The Girl I left behind Me," that every band in the column played it? Why was it that the men sent up such rousing cheers and tossed high their hats in air whenever the bands at tattoo played "Home, Sweet Home?" Why was it that so many soldiers were found dead on the battle-fields of the late war with letter, picture, or lock of hair of wife, sister, sweetheart or child clasped closely to their hearts or pressed tightly to their lips? Simply because, as Bayard Taylor says—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

In camp, in garrison or on the battle-field, when the bugles sounded the reveille or the drums beat the tattoo, in the excitement of the charge, "or in the advance of the skirmish line, where death lurked in the gleam of every gun," the soldiers' thoughts were far away with the dear ones at home.

On that fatal afternoon before Atlanta, seventeen years ago to-day, as McPherson rode straight to his death, who can tell but what his thoughts were far away, with one, linked to him by the nearest, dearest, tenderest ties, his promised bride. Perchance, in his imagination, he saw the old homestead at Clyde—shut in, half hidden by trees and flowers and creeping vines—perchance he heard above the roar of the conflict the twitter of birds among the

trees, the bleating of the flocks, the tinkling of bells, the drowsy hum of bees and the gentle murmur of the brook—perchance the soft breath of the summer air once more fanned his cheek and came to him laden with the perfume of roses and the incense of the growing grain and the new-mown hay—perchance he saw his dear old mother with her knitting, sitting on the porch of the old home, as the sun goes down and the summer afternoon fades away. The mother's heart is heavy and sad and her cheeks are wet with scalding tears, but her heart throbs with pride and her eyes sparkle at the remembrance of the great actions of her son,—of the battles, marches and campaigns in which he has borne so honorable a part. Hour after hour passes and still she sits there, every thought being of the absent one. The sun sinks to rest. The shadows deepen, twilight creeps on, and one by one the stars light up the sky. The flocks and herds have been driven in—the tinkling of bells is no longer heard—the birds have gone to rest and the leaves of the trees are no longer stirred by a breath of air. Night has closed in on the humble home of the Nation's defender, and the only noise that breaks in upon the solemn stillness is the rippling of the brook over its stony bed, the occasional baying of some farmer's dog and the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will.

Perchance, in his imagination, as he rode, once more as in his childhood's days he sits upon his mother's knee, his arms are about her neck—his face is pillowed upon her breast—his dark curls cluster about her cheek, and he whispers in her ear his childish thoughts, and perchance while these visions were floating before McPherson's eyes, the fatal bullet pierced his breast and the life-blood of this gentle soldier ebbed away among the forest leaves and rich blossoms on Atlanta's field.

Around the throne of the Eternal God must hover the spirits of such as he, who lived and died without ever having a selfish thought.

Here, where he was born and where his boyhood's days were passed lies all that is left of the steadfast friend, the gallant soldier, the great commander.

Rest thee friend, soldier, patriot !

We dedicate this monument to the manhood of America, to the manhood of the world. We dedicate it to all that is high, noble and glorious in the world. We dedicate it to all the heroes and all the martyrs of all the climes and all the ages.

"Sherman's March to the Sea" was then sung by the quartette.

General Hayes then came forward and said : "The mother of General McPherson is sitting on this platform listening to these eulogies and enjoying these ceremonies. She has just told me that when the General was a slender, delicate baby, three weeks old, as he was, the Seneca Indians, visiting their cabin, looked at the baby and said in their original Indian tongue, 'He will be a great man.'"

"There is now on this platform a man who is known to every American, and who needs no introduction to Americans, and I now present him."

GENERAL SHERMAN

stepped forward and was received with the wildest enthusiasm. He spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
FRIENDS AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN :

I have endeavored on many occasions by words spoken and by letters written to bear testimony to the noble character of General James Birdseye McPherson, whose form in bronze is now before us and whose body lies under it. I have heard others describe his personal traits and eulogize his many virtues, conspicuously so Generals Logan, Strong and Hickenlooper, his comrades and warm friends, at the time when the Society of the Army of the Tennessee dedicated his equestrian statue in the city of Washington. It so happens that my residence is close by that statue. Every time I look from my front window I see it, the handmark of the same artist, Louis T. Rebisso, who executed this one, and my mind rapidly runs back eighteen years and I see McPherson plainly on his black charger, bright, cheery, strong and hopeful ; one of the best types of knightly grace united to mental strength and genial humor of all my acquaintances. I do not profess to be an historian, but a witness before the grand tribunal of earth to testify of those things I have seen and of the feelings which mark each step in the world's development. This is the reason of my being here to-day. Nor is it the first time I have stood upon this ground made sacred by one whose noble life was sacrificed to his country's cause. I wish his family and friends to believe that, as long as life is spared, I stand ready to do a man's full part to add a least mite to his already established fame, and to derive from his noble life and career all the lessons which may inspire the coming generations of American youth to emulate his example. Those whom the gods love die young. My memory in a somewhat eventful career of forty years retains three conspicuous examples :

In the autumn of 1841 came to us in the everglades of Florida, a handsome black haired, black eyed boy, George W. Ayers, fresh from West Point, but a native of Pennsylvania, as full of life and hope, of manly courage and beauty, as any I ever saw. Whether in the swamps of Florida or the brilliant assemblages of St. Andrew's Hall, of Charleston, Ayers was the life of our circle, and an attraction to all the ladies. The Mexican war came, wherein he seemed sure of gaining the hero's crown of glory. Impatient of events, sweeping us all on fast enough, he sailed for Mexico and I to California. He was in all the early battles with Taylor, from Palo Alto to Monterey, and was then transferred to Scott's line at Vera Cruz, whence he fought with the foremost at Cerra Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco and Malino Del Rey, an old foundry in sight of the city of Mexico, where, in advance of his men he precipitated himself against a retreating mass of Mexican soldiers who turned and beat out his brains with the butts of their muskets. His dust must now be commingled with the earth in that old Magney ditch, where he was hastily buried. No stone marks his grave and very few remain on earth who

remember the man or even his name. Another of my trio of young heroes, Colville J. Minor, was attached to our company, F, Third Artillery, just as we were embarking on the Lexington for California. He, too, was fresh from West Point, a native of the District of Columbia, tall, strong, athletic and full of fun. He could sing a good song and dance the "Bolero" whilst on shipboard. He was the youngest of our group, the gayest, and a ray of light and a bond of good fellowship among us all. After the long and tedious voyage around Cape Horn of over six months, on January 29, 1847, we landed at Monterey, California, then a pure Mexican town, wherein Minor soon became the favorite, and was known as "Clandamiroo, a saint among dancers." In the summer of 1847, I had to go to Los Angeles, but returning in June, I found him sick of typhoid fever, and all the people, men and women, contended for the privilege of nursing him. In his own home he could not have received more kindly attention, but all was unavailing. He sank gradually, and on the 17th of August, 1847, went out that young life which, had it been spared, would have made a hero in the desperate days which have since occurred. When last autumn President Hayes and his gay party drove by the little tumbled down paling fence which marks the spot where, thirty-three years before, we had buried Minor by the lonely pines which yet breath his requiem, they did not, they could not, know how I felt when the spot of ground recalled the memory of that young life, which was part of the price our nation had paid for the conquest of California. My third young hero lies buried here at Clyde, Ohio, the orchard where he played as a boy. He, too, died young, only 35 years old, and was of the kind whom the gods did love "exceedingly well." You, his neighbors, knew him as a boy, and had a glimpse of him in manhood, and somehow I think a man may not be a prophet or a hero in his own home. You knew his genial, hearty nature, his attachment to his family and neighbors, but you could not see the man as I have seen him in danger, in battle when every muscle and every tissue was in full action, when the heroic qualities shone out as a star in the darkest night. I believe I knew McPherson better than any of you, and of this I must testify: In September, 1857, I was in New York city a citizen-agent for certain bankers of St. Louis. I found my friend, Major John G. Brainard, United States Engineer, quartered in a house in Price street not far from Broadway, and to be near him I took rooms there. In that same house I found Lieutenant McPherson of the engineers' corps of the army. We were usually out during the day time, but every night we met in Brainard's room or in mine and gossiped of the topics of interest at that day. I was naturally attracted to him because of his intelligence and his manly bearing—also because he was from Ohio and a graduate at the head of the class at West Point. There it was my first acquaintance began and it continued without interruption until I saw him last alive at the Howard House, near Atlanta, Ga., whence I sent his body to his home at Clyde for burial. From New York, late in 1857, he was ordered to California, and when the civil war broke out in 1861 he came back; and again we met in St. Louis, where he was an aide-de-camp to General Halleck, before the battle of Shiloh. He

was with General Grant at Henry and Donelson, and afterwards was sent with me up the Tennessee River as a staff officer, to represent, first, General C. F. Smith, and later, General Grant, in the attempt to reach the Charleston Railroad at Burnsville, and then to assist at Pittsburg Landing, preliminary to the great campaign there to begin. There must be many people here, I know there is one, General R. P. Buckland, who remembers how intimate and friendly we were before the battle of Shiloh, as well as after it. McPherson always stayed at my camp and never failed to visit the Seventy-second Ohio belonging to my division, in which regiment he had many old neighbors and friends from this same town of Clyde. McPherson was still at that time technically an aide-de-camp of General Halleck, who remained at St. Louis, but he had wisely permitted this young, enterprising and gallant engineer officer to go ahead, as he always wanted to go, with the advance of the leading column. Separate and together we reconnoitered all the ground to the front for twelve miles to the right and left, and when the battle of Shiloh was in progress, Grant relied chiefly on McPherson for the topographical knowledge of the battle field and its surroundings. McPherson, however, was not content to remain in the capacity of a staff officer, but sought for command. To do acts and not merely to advise. His natural place was as a leader of men, the highest sphere in military life. This he attained at Corinth, and thenceforward as a Brigadier General and Major General at Corinth, Oxford, Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Atlanta, he performed deeds which are fully recorded, and place his name honorably and worthily in the catalogue of the great Generals of the world. On this occasion it would not be proper for me to dilate on these themes, although it would be a labor of love. Events followed each other in such quick succession that at this distance of time all seem projected into one grand result, but the years 1863 and 1864 were big with events which will influence the destiny of America for centuries to come. Days were as months, and months as years of ordinary limit. McPherson, a youth, grew from a Lieutenant of engineers to be a corps commander, an army commander, promotion as rapid as ever marked the progress of the mighty men in the days of Napoleon, but, like a brilliant meteor, "Loved of the Gods," his young life went out before we had achieved the full measure of the work demanded of us by the times. All that was mortal of him lies buried here, within a few feet of where we stand, but the spirit, the genius, of the man survives, and millions will award him a full share of the fruits of a victory for which he gave his young life so nobly and so heroically. I, his companion, friend and senior, have been spared a few years, and could I recall him to life now I would not. He sleeps well. A nation has adopted him as one of her heroes, and long after we are gone, and it may be, forgotten, young men will gather about his equestrian statue in Washington, and this one at Clyde, Ohio, and say to themselves, "Behold the type of man who rescued us from anarchy; who died that freedom might become universal; that America might attain her true place in the gallery of nations, and whose virtues, heroism and self sacrifice we must imitate." The artist may model his form, the painter may reproduce his likeness, and the

historian narrate his deeds, but none save his comrades in battle can feel the full force of his living, genius and character. We must soon pass away and leave him alone in his glory, but before we go we should attempt to emphasize his fame, and I have sought elsewhere for words fitted to the subject, but cannot find anything more appropriate than what I myself wrote the day after his death, when the sounds of battle still thundered in my hearing, when my heart was torn for the loss of a comrade and friend, one whom I loved, in whose keeping had the fate of one of our best armies, and whose heart's blood still stained the hand with which I wrote. I therefore do beg to reproduce my own report of his death made after I had consigned him to the care of loving aides to be brought here to Clyde, Ohio, for interment.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *July 23, 1864.*

GENERAL L. THOMAS,

Adjutant-General United States Army, Washington, D. C.:

GENERAL:—It is my painful duty to report that Brigadier General James B. McPherson, United States Army, Major General of volunteers and commander of the Army of the Tennessee, was killed by a shot from an ambuscade about noon of yesterday. At the time of this fatal shot he was on horseback, placing his troops in position near the city of Atlanta, and was passing a cross road from a moving column towards the flank of troops that had already been established on the line. He had quitted me but a few moments before, and was on his way to see in person to the execution of my orders. About the time of this sad event the enemy had rallied from his entrenchments of Atlanta, and, by a circuit, got the left and rear of this very line and had begun an attack which resulted in a serious battle, so that General McPherson fell in battle, booted and spurred, as the gallant and heroic gentleman should wish. Not his the loss, but the country's, and the army will mourn his death and cherish his memory as that of one who, though comparatively young, had risen by his merit and ability to the command of one of the best armies which the Nation had called into existence to vindicate her honor and integrity. History tells of but few who so blended the grace and gentleness of the friend with the dignity, courage, faith and manliness of the soldier. His public enemies, even the men who directed the fatal shot, never spoke or wrote of him without expressions of marked respect. Those whom he commanded loved him even to idolatry, and I, his associate and commander, fail in words adequate to express my opinion of his great worth. I feel assured that every patriot in America on hearing this sad news will feel a sense of personal loss, and the country generally will realize that we have lost not only an able military leader, but a man who, had he survived, was qualified to heal the national strife which had been raised by designing and ambitious men. His body has been sent north in charge of Major Willard, Captains Steele and Gile, his personal staff.

I am, with respect,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major General Commanding.

In justice to our enemies, I now state that I was in error in using the word "ambuscade." McPherson rode unceremoniously on the skirmish line of General Cleburne's division, which had not penetrated through the dense woods to a road, which up to that moment had been passed over back and forth all day by our men and by himself a short while before.

Seventeen years ago died this young hero, and about his grave has assembled this august audience, representatives of all parts of America, composed of men of the most exalted station. But we miss from our circle one who intended to be here, who had actually started on a tour designed to embrace his alma mater, his own home at Mentor, and this patriot hero's shrine at Clyde, but who now lies on a bed of pain and anguish, where for twenty days he has been almost within the portals of death. I mean of course our President, our comrade, General Garfield. Knowing from himself his purpose to assist on this occasion, and his love for the memory of McPherson, I addressed a note to Colonel Rockwell on Friday last, asking the privilege of standing by his bedside only for a moment, to bring direct to you even the shortest possible message of affection, and received the following answer :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, July 16. }

DEAR GENERAL :—It is the unanimous decision of the attending physicians that the President must not see any strange face for some time yet. I was permitted to deliver your message to which he replied briefly and substantially as follows : " God bless them all, ask General Sherman to say that in my every day of pain I have thought of them and the hope I had to have been with them. In my sufferings I feel that the dear old State is behind me." Of course his message is brief, but from his manner I know that his heart was full of feeling.

Very sincerely,

A. F. ROCKWELL.

TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

I will not mar the effect of this tribute of affection by a single word, and I am sure that from this shrine, made sacred by the ashes of McPherson, will arise this day a prayer that the majestic form of General Garfield, full of health, energy and life, may stand where we do now, and that his clarion voice will often again be heard to cheer in on the battle of life the hosts of young heroes who have drank inspiration at this pure fountain of patriotism.

A letter was read by the President of the day from General Garfield, dated Washington, June 28. It was in answer to a letter of invitation from the local committee, and in it the writer expressed a cordial sympathy with the movement of erecting the monument and the deepest admiration of McPherson as a man and a soldier. He also stated that it was his purpose to be present at the unveiling at Clyde, and that he would attend if nothing especial or unlooked for occurred.

The President of the day then introduced Governor Foster, who commenced by paying a glowing tribute to the great deeds and achievements of

the loved soldier. He desired to speak of him as he knew him in his early manhood. He first knew him at about 18. They were about the same age. He remembered the gentle character of "Jimmy," as they called him. He was a young man without an enemy. He saw him part from his mother when he went as a cadet to West Point. He watched him through his course and kept up his acquaintance with him until his death. He loved him as he had never loved another man. He knew him and met him in New York when he was on duty in New York. He never knew a man to speak ill of him ; saw him on his last visit home and went with him to Cincinnati on his way to the front. He expressed a willingness to give his life for his country, if need be. The Governor had been glad to aid in the building of this memorial statue. There was also a beautiful equestrian statue to him in Washington ; not only that, but a square dedicated to his memory at the National Capital, and to be known for all time as McPherson square. In conclusion he asked all who loved McPherson to remember that the cause he died for was right and the cause he fought against was wrong.

The chair announced that the men most active in procuring this statue were General Hickenlooper, of Cincinnati, and General Hazen and General Leggett.

The President then read messages of regret at their inability to be present, from Generals Logan and Hickenlooper.

The following telegram from General Hickenlooper was then read :

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

GENERAL WILLIAM E. STRONG,
Clyde, Ohio:

I have just returned from a three weeks' absence, and in consequence of unexpected delays, now find it impossible to join you or participate in tomorrow's exercises, which you know would be to me peculiarly interesting and affectingly tender, as it will be my second and last step in the successful accomplishment of the task of erecting an appropriate and suitable monument to perpetuate the memory of our loved and lamented commander and friend, which task has been but a labor of love, extended over the long period of sixteen years. I trust you will not forget to give due credit to General W. T. Clark, who first suggested the idea afterward so successfully carried out.

A. HICKENLOOPER.

General W. B. Hazen was next introduced and spoke as follows :

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

We have come here to-day to pay tribute to the memory of one of the nation's noblest men. Thirty years ago, when I entered West Point and was assigned to accompany, the orderly sergeant of that company strongly impressed me by the manliness of his bearing, the perfection of his figure, and the kindly, intellectual expression of his countenance. In response to my inquiry, I was told that he was Cadet McPherson, from Clyde, Ohio. I soon after learned that

Cadet McPherson was the best scholar in his class, and that he was the best representative of high moral character of the whole corps of cadets. And I well remember when our senior professor, Mahan, wishing to call attention to the growing habit of profanity, he addressed his communication to Cadet McPherson, as the one cadet whose influence for good would be greater than that of any other,

McPherson graduated in 1853, at the head of his class, and his career as an engineer officer of distinction, up to the breaking out of the war, is too well known to need mention here. At the first sound of war he was in his place, and I well remember his vigilance as a staff-officer as we went from Shiloh to Corinth and at the siege of that place.

There is no plainer page in history than that which records his most faithful and distinguished service, with high promotions which rapidly followed.

There are many here who will never forget the ominous shifting of the noise of battle far to our left on that memorable 22d of July, seventeen years ago, and the sad tidings brought by swift messengers that "McPherson is killed." There were few dry eyes in that brave army. For the same qualities of head and heart that so strongly characterized the cadet grew with the years and made him the idol of the army.

In his death the country lost a man whose character was so complete, whose every attribute was so perfect that language fails to justly portray him. With a knightly presence he was gentle, courtly, just. With a kind word and winning smile for all, with a heart incapable of wrong, his sincere frankness of manner made friends of all he met.

It was my fortune to head the committee chosen by the army before it disbanded, to commemorate, in some visible and fitting way, this universal sentiment for this noble man, and we have come to-day to render the account of the trust reposed in us. "We builded better than we knew," and with the aid of a generous government have already given into its care at its capital a beautiful equestrian statue in bronze.

Ours is, and is to be the land of heroes, as Rome was, and the same beautiful sentiment actuates us that has actuated all great peoples. When pre-eminently good men perform great national service, we not only gladly accord them a place amongst heroes while living, but when they die we commemorate their lives in imperishable brass.

And now, citizens of Northern Ohio, we commit to your care this monument in brass of your purest and noblest hero.

The President of the day then introduced General M. D. Leggett, of Cleveland, who spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I have very often heard the remark made by those who were not soldiers in the service, that the death of General McPherson was unnecessary—that he came to his death in consequence of unnecessary rashness—that he had placed himself in a position that was not a proper one for the commander of an army, and that in consequence of that rashness he met his death. No soldier that was

in the Army of the Tennessee, and no one that was present at the battle of Atlanta on the 22nd of July, 1864, would make such a suggestion. General McPherson was not out of his place. He was not a rash man. While he possessed all the dash and daring that belonged to a brave commander, he had all the coolness and sobriety and forethought of the most able. He had no reason to suspect the presence of the enemy in the position they held at that time. I will explain the situation. My line was formed just at the west of a strip of very dense timber-land, and right on the east of this woodland was my headquarters. I was on the line at the time the battle opened. General Scott, who commanded a brigade under me, went back at the first appearance of the enemy to order up a regiment that was back in the timber. One of my staff officers, Captain Raymond, had also gone back, and they were returning, and came up the road from headquarters, and just behind them, General McPherson, seeing General Scott and Captain Raymond, both of whom he knew, and knowing also that they knew how to go to where my line was, naturally followed them into the timber. He was aware that they knew the locality; he had not been on the line himself, and he took them for guides to it. The same volley that killed him killed the horse of General Scott and that of Captain Raymond, and those officers both fell into the enemy's hands as prisoners. Hence there was neither rashness nor lack of precaution on General McPherson's part. He saw a brigade commander going directly to his brigade, and following him he lost his life. So, friends, contradict that error. It was not unnecessary rashness. [A voice. "We can't contradict it."]

I was in a situation to know something of McPherson. I did not have the advantages of some who have spoken here to-day, but I had the opportunity of knowing one trait of his character well. General McPherson was always a gentleman, he was the very best type America has ever produced of the true gentleman. It mattered not where he was, whether he addressed a superior or an inferior—whether he addressed General Grant or General Sherman, or whether he approached a private in the ranks or a colored servant, he ever used the well-chosen language of a perfect gentleman. He spoke with deference and with respect to his inferiors as well as to his superiors. His gentility was of the kind that would not be put on and off at will. It was in-bred, it was ingrained in the warp and the woof of his very being. Wherever he was, whatever the circumstances, you always found him the perfect gentleman, a cool-headed, a considerate man—and yet, when his plans were formed, he had all the daring necessary to execute them, let come what would.

In that desperate battle of July 22nd, in which he lost his life, perhaps one of the most hotly fought of all during the war, I remember very distinctly the impression produced upon those around me when we heard of the death of General McPherson. It came, probably, within a very few minutes of its occurrence. Soldiers here remember how rapidly information of that kind would spread through the lines. It brought the feeling—our General is gone—and we each one of us must be our own general to-day. I have sometimes thought that the very desperation that seemed to take possession of our hearts

after we heard that he had fallen was one of the means by which we won the battle on that day. [Applause]. McPherson had a peculiar quality of being able to inspire his men. They loved as well as respected him. They had the same feeling toward him that is manifested here to day, and they had shown it all through the war. There was not a soldier in the ranks but felt welcome to go to him and speak to him as his best friend. This not only made him beloved, but gave him strength and made his army the compact organization that it was, united in his hands for whatever purpose he saw fit to use it.

You have listened to day to a fellow soldier of General McPherson, who was wounded, as we thought mortally, by the same advance that killed our General, being shot almost at the same moment. Large numbers of others, the very best men in the ranks and of the best officers in the line, fell, but in erecting a monument such as stands here to-day, it means more than McPherson merely; it means to tell to our children, to your children, to the children of the latest generations of this country, that it is possible for a man to love his country more than he loves his life. [Applause].

General W. W. Belknap, one of the most distinguished officers of the Army of the Tennessee, and a warm personal friend of General McPherson, was next introduced, and spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

The ties of family are tender and sacred. The affection of brother for brother and of sister for sister has its illustration daily. The love of mother causes her to cling with all the strength of a devoted heart to the child which breathes the breath of her own life. And yet, in the changes of time which mark the varying movements of a few short years, separation, though it may not dull the edge of these affections, still places brothers and sisters and children in the midst of other surroundings, when the memories of the old home come in glimpses, but in glimpses only, to lighten here and there the road on which we march. But there is a chain binding some men together, the luster of whose links time can not tarnish; and the strength of whose union grows firmer with each year.

And though the ranks of those who side by side trod the fields of war and braved the cannonadings of battle are full no longer; the recollections of soldier life do not fade with time. And those who stood together amid martial scenes, where danger lurked in every sound, still seem to hear the notes of the same bugle, still stand together, bound by a love which, having its origin in battle, does not waver with the winds of later life; and now, in this reverential hour see once more the kindling eye, the manly attitude and the heroic bearing of our young leader as we lift our hats again in his magnetic presence.

It was my fortune to serve on General McPherson's staff for a time, and afterward, as a regimental commander, to be under his orders, and both as friend and subordinate I knew him well. Bright as day, true as steel, untiring as the sun, fearless, reproachless, attractive in bearing; as a friend, familiar, as a General, dignified, he was indeed a knightly soldier. So faithful was he to

his trusts and so loyal to his chiefs that his commander and ours, our first commander, Grant, in the hour when he was promoted from our Western army to the command of all the armies, said to General Sherman : "What I want, is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success."

Worthily was this assurance given, for it fell from the lips of that great leader whose words mean what they say, and who amidst the hush of political discords tells to the wife of the stricken President the sympathetic grief which bows his heart for her.

The Fifteenth Iowa Volunteers, which I had the honor to command, often came under his eye, and partook of the inspiration of his presence. In that battle of giants at Atlanta, seventeen years ago to-day, it was the extreme left regiment of the seventeenth corps and fought near the spot where McPherson so sadly fell. One of its men, George Reynolds, was soon by his side. Pressing his canteen to those quivering lips he gathered the silent thanks of his beloved leader to himself, from the grateful eyes which had for the last time flashed in the light of the conflict.

We remember him personally with modest simplicity, at Cornith, with his own hand and voice awakening the teamsters as the time came for the morning march.

We remember his intelligent energy at Vicksburg—his patient moderation afterward and his resistless power. And those of us who saw him for the last time on July 20th, two days before his death, in the saddle, watching with his glass, from a hill, the effect of bursting shell, recall that perfect development of manly beauty, whose demeanor nerved the arms of the men of our advancing columns, and strengthened the chorus of their cheers.

Friends of his own home, his talent, his bravery, his honesty of purpose, his fidelity to principle, attached him to every man of his army, and wherever his soldiers are to-day, there is cherished his beautiful and beloved memory. And when he fell, the laurel wreath which he had worn so worthily was changed, with his spirit, for an immortal crown.

PRESIDENT HAYES :—We have heard many speeches to-day, and we will hear two others. Before they are delivered, I wish to give you a speech by General McPherson. It is dated "July 4, 1863, Vicksburg, Mississippi."

SOLDIERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS :

"Again I rejoice with you over your brilliant achievements and your unparalleled success.

Hardly had your flag floated to the breeze on the Capitol of Mississippi, when, springing to the call of our noble commander, you rushed upon the defiant columns of the enemy at Champion Hill, and drove him in confusion and dismay across the Big Black, to his defences within the stronghold of Vicksburg. Your assaulting columns, which moved promptly upon his works on the 22d day of May, and which stood for hours undaunted under a withering fire, were unsuccessful only because no man could take the position by storm.

"With tireless energy, with sleepless vigilance by night and by day, with battery and with rifle-pits, with trench and mine, you made your sure approaches, until overcome by fatigue and driven to despair in the attempt to oppose your irresistible progress, the whole garrison of over 30,000 men, with all their arms and munitions of war, have, on this, the anniversary of our National Independence, surrendered to the invincible troops of the Army of the Tennessee. The achievements of this hour will give a new meaning to this memorable day, and Vicksburg will brighten the glow of the patriot's heart which kindles at the mention of Bunker Hill and Yorktown: This is indeed an auspicious day for you. The God of battles is with you. The dawn of a conquered peace is breaking upon you. The plaudits of an admiring world will hail you wherever you may go, and it will be an ennobling heritage, surpassing all riches, to have been of the Seventeenth Army Corps on the Fourth of July, 1863."

JAMES B. MCPHERSON,
Major General."

Ex-President Hayes then introduced General Keifer, of Springfield, saying: "Among the noble men who died in the war for the Union, perhaps no one comes nearer to McPherson in the affections of the men he commanded than General Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. That corps, which, as part of the army of Phil. Sheridan, cleaned the Valley of the Shenandoah, and I say to you that among the men that commanded in subordinate commands in that army, perhaps none had more of the true pluck of the soldier than the man I now introduce you, General J. Warren Keifer.

General Keifer then said.

MY FELLOW CITIZENS:—On a former occasion it fell to my lot to say something of the life, character and death of General McPherson. I shall not attempt in the very brief words I give you to-day to add anything to that, as I behold the vast assembly of loyal, grateful men, women and children at the grave of the mighty hero. And as we watch the unveiling of this bronze statue, the inquiry comes to me as it must to all of you here assembled, what does all this mean? We understand why General Sherman, who unveils the statue of the dead McPherson, steps aside from his official duties and comes here from his distant home to honor the memory of a personal friend, as well as a great soldier, though but subordinate. Others are here, who, as commanders of corps, divisions, brigades, and who as comrades learned to love General McPherson for his noble qualities of head and heart. Their presence can be accounted for. Those who, under his directing, well faced death, and achieved victory beneath a Southern sun, come here naturally to do honor to their old commander. But people, those who did not fight with him, but for whom he died, have come to do honor and justice to a great typical soldier. But the dead soldier whose memory we commemorate by this enduring statue, and by our presence, has been in his grave seventeen years, a full half of the period of a generation. By the ordinary course of nature's

laws, half of the people living to-day shall have descended to the grave, and one-half of those now living were born since that eventful day when he ascended into immortality. What lessons are these young people to learn here? What lesson is the future generation to imbibe, when in the years to come, they pass in review by the silent chieftain? Will they gather from the sight of this statue—a history of the heroic McPherson—a desire to shed blood amid the fury and wild energies of battle? If so, the work of those instrumental in erecting this great work of art here has been the worst of folly, and it should be overthrown, and all traces of it obliterated forever. Will those who come after us judge us as barbarians, doing deeds of blood, rather than civilized men engaged in the holy and more enduring works of peace? For in the spreading blaze of progressive civilization we are to be rightly judged by more severe tests than one yet known to us.

The Chairman then introduced General W. H. Gibson, who spoke as follows.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

I come here with all these thousands to render homage to the common fame of an illustrious hero. Ah, how these years pass. I remember seventeen years ago, when our great army encircling Atlanta with battery and rifle-pit, off to the left of the Fourth corps, when I stood near my friend General Hazen, each of us with eight or ten regiments, how, in front of us the enemy began to press upon our pickets, how soon the deafening thunders of Hardee's corps rushed upon that Army of the Tennessee. Oh, how our hearts throbbed. And to-day I met upon this ground a boy of my command, who, hastening in from the skirmish line with his bosom open, and laying his hand upon my horse's withers said, "Colonel, General McPherson is dead."

I stand here to-day to confess with manly pride that I wept like a child. Life is dear to all, but when God selects out of all the material at His command and fashions a man like James B. McPherson, he renders to earth the grandest service and to posterity a lasting blessing.

I cannot say, as some have, that I had an intimate acquaintance with McPherson's boyhood. But I say that on that day at Shiloh, when death held high carnival everywhere, the first man that I met was Colonel McPherson. I, inexperienced, drew lessons from him, and on the night after that horrid carnage, he sat by me at the tent. He was not inquiring about the Governor of Ohio, nor about the member of Congress from his district, but about his old neighbors at Clyde. And I well remember old Abraham Porter, and wondering why he asked after him. He had thought lovingly of him—and for everything and everybody about his home.

I love a man who loves his home and his neighbors. I love a man who never forgets those who have stood by him in his childhood. General McPherson has passed from earth. There are here by scores and hundreds those who saw him amid the thunders of battle. I feel to-day in the presence of that statue like uncovering my head.

Glorious name! Immortal hero! Bright star on the galaxy of our Na-

tion's glory ! He was born in Ohio—born in Clyde, and to-day I appeal to you to guard well his memory. Cherish his immortal example, and let us, here in this presence, on this anniversary of his death, and in sight of his statue, make new and bolder and higher resolves to fight on and fight ever until the blood that he poured out on the soil of Georgia shall accomplish the liberty of all mankind.

James McPherson has passed away. Here I greet to-day the mother that bore him. I go back in memory to that time when a little prattling babe he sat upon her knees and curled his soft arms around her neck. Oh, venerable mother ! Oh, glorious matron ! In that grand day when God shall marshal earth for judgment and calls upon you for your jewels, like the mother of the Gracchi, you can point to James B., your son, and say " Here is my jewel," and waiting heaven will answer " Amen !"

Men live for a purpose. Men die for a purpose. Following the career of this great man step by step, I see him in the full vigor of his youth, in the perfection of his manhood, a soldier, riding grandly at the head of his command. But he has passed away from earth, his mission accomplished. To-day it should be the common pride of every man of Northwestern Ohio, to feel that here in Clyde was born a boy, who, as a man with flaming sword, carved his way to immortality and fame. There let his ashes sleep, and as the ages and the centuries shall pass, let our children and our children's children come trooping in, in the shadow of that statue ; let them draw fresh inspiration for life's approaching battle. Let us to-day not only dedicate that monument, but let us dedicate ourselves and teach the boys and the young men, the grand possibilities that lie before them. I hope that in the future no immortality of fame shall be won on the battlefield. Rather let that fame be won on the battlefield of peace. But should the time come when soldiers must again fight and die, let the name of McPherson be a watchword and inspiration, and armies shall fall in, and men like him to realize that

"The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

McPherson's blood was shed not for the hope of glory or triumph. No ! no ! Every drop was warmed by the fire that melted four millions of fetters and lifted to God four millions of the poor.

Finally, we have come up here to-day rendering homage to the name and deeds of this great man. But let us not forget that among the dead and the living there are yet those who shared these perils and glories with him. I feel at times to-day as if I wanted to shout, and I mean to have one before I leave this ground. I don't want anybody to die as long as I can help it. I never struck a better world than this. [Laughter and applause]. But when I look upon these gathering gray hairs, I am afraid I will never have a better chance to shout than now. We have upon this stand to-day the companion of McPherson and the peer of any military genius on earth, William Tecumseh Sherman. [Applause]. I don't want to help dedicate his statue at all, but if he beats me in passing to the other world I mean to haggle away until I get him up one, I will bet him that. [Great laughter].

I tell you that this people of ours, by just such blood as McPherson's, have been made the grandest people that God ever panoplied with his bright suns because they were men brave enough to fight for the right—to die for the United States. And to-day we are passing through an ordeal as trying as nation ever suffered. When an assassin attempted to strike down our Chief Magistrate, oh, how bright our country rose. All parties were forgotten, all sects were forgotten, and in one grand fraternity of grief a Nation went up to the throne of God in prayer. And to-day that President is rising from the bed of threatened death, and he is panoplied by a halo like to that of divinity itself.

The speech making and other exercises at the cemetery continued until a few minutes after five o'clock, when the Rev. J. S. Broadwell pronounced a benediction and the great company dispersed. A portion of the crowd remained to get a better view of the statue of McPherson, but the greater part returned to the city. Citizens sought their homes and visitors and guests their hotels and the depots.

Thus have the labors of your committee been brought to a successful close after seventeen years of patient effort and unceasing attention.

A. HICKENLOOPER,
For the Committee.

The President read the following :

MERCANTILE LIBRARY, }
ST. LOUIS, May 10, 1882. }

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR :—The St. Louis Mercantile Library Association extends a cordial invitation to the Army of the Tennessee to visit its Library and Reading Rooms during your reunion in this city.

The rooms are open from nine o'clock A. M. to ten o'clock P. M.

By order of the Board of Directors. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN N. DYER,
Librarian.

The President also read the following application :

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 10, 1882.

To the President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR :—I desire to present the name of Miss May Smith (at her request), the only daughter and child of the late General Giles A. Smith, as an honorary member of this Society.

Signed,

C. F. EMERY.

The President stated that by the Constitution the application required his approval before it could be acted upon, and that he gave it most cheerfully and heartily.

On motion of Captain Emery:

Resolved, That Miss May Smith, only child of the late General Giles A. Smith, be elected an honorary member of this Society.

On motion of Col. Higley:

Resolved, That the Society do now adjourn until this evening at this place at half-past seven o'clock.

ST. LOUIS, *May 10, 1882.*

In accordance with the adjournment at the meeting this morning, the Society assembled at the People's Theatre, and soon after eight o'clock that portion of the seats reserved for the members was occupied by them, and the remainder filled by citizens of St. Louis.

The exercises of the evening began by a drum corps playing the retreat, and a camp song, when the drop curtain was raised and the evening guns fired from the stage. The stage had been arranged as a camp scene and was very effective.

General Fletcher, Chairman of the Committee, accompanied by the President of the Society, Mayor Ewing, Governor Crittenden and several distinguished members of the Society and officers of the army, took seats upon the stage.

General Fletcher proceeding with the programme, said :

SPEECH OF GENERAL FLETCHER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

The Executive Committee having in charge the arrangements for the fifteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, desire me to express their gratification at your presence as their invited guests at the exercises this evening.

Comrades, they bid me to extend to you that whole-hearted greeting with which we were wont mutually to welcome each other in our quarters and around the camp fire, and to express the hope that your business meetings may be pleasant and profitable and that the arrangements made for your entertainment may prove adequate to the production of pleasing recollections of your meeting in St. Louis.

Here, in this city, the nucleus upon which grew your grand Army of the Tennessee, was formed by the men who rallied around Lyon and Blair for the upholding of the national authority.

The Governor of this great commonwealth is here to bid you welcome in the name of the whole people of the state. The

Mayor of this prosperous commercial city is here to assure you of the welcome of its people, who appreciate the fact that the prosperity and greatness of this city has risen upon the foundations laid in the victories in which you so largely shared.

No one can appreciate the happy surroundings of peace, so beautiful on every hand to-night, as the soldier who has stood amid the desolations of war, and in the exultant hour of victory has mourned its necessity.

In these decorations, in meeting thus each other, in assembling before our old commander, hale and hearty, thank God, as when he led our grand army, we are reminded of the stirring scenes of our soldier life, and seem to hear again the trampling hoof, the ringing saber, the infrequent shot of the picket, the bugle blast, the long roll, the irregular fire of the skirmishers, the volley of the reserves, the multitudinous rattle of the fire of the long lines of infantry, the boom and roar of the artillery, the shouts of combat and the cheers and hurrahs of victory—victory begrimed with powder, stained with blood, and crowned with death—these are not the memories we want to keep alive.

Upon such victories it was alone possible to rear in its present grandeur the superstructure of the republic, to be shaken no more forever.

As soldiers we rejoice in the victories of our arms. As citizens let us now joy in the splendid victories which we are winning as a christian nation by the force of peace, law and order, well regulated society and good government. From every land we are winning brains, muscle and wealth.

Shouts of victory come from the great grain fields of the North and West, echoed back in happy unison from the cotton, rice and sugar fields of the South. A hymn of victory is heard in the sounds of the manufactories along the river shores and in every department of art and science. From the hills and mountains come triumphant cheers of victory as they yield their minerals to be added to the wealth of the nation.

The whole republic, from the hills to the ocean shore, is vocal with music of prosperous industries and hymns of peace.

Victory, radiant with hope, beautiful in prosperity, and crowned with chaplets of life and happiness ; it is the memory of the fact that all this is consequent upon the victories in which we shared that we want to keep alive, and we intend to keep alive, as long

as we live, and leave to our descendants the duty of keeping them alive for generations yet to come.

The committee has arranged an order for the exercises of the evening, which I am directed to deliver to your presiding officer, to be executed under his direction, and I now turn over the command to your old commander.

The President, General Sherman, was received with hearty cheering, and assuming the chair said :

The Army of the Tennessee will come to order. Ladies and gentlemen, who grace this occasion, bear in mind that this is a meeting of an army society, an adjourned meeting from this morning; therefore, if you do not understand the proceedings in their entirety, it is because those of this evening form but a part. I will adhere strictly and closely to the programme, for it is the business of the local committee to prepare in advance and we time ourselves accordingly, and in the first place we must waste no time; therefore, as a preliminary and a beginning of the Society meeting this evening, I will call upon the Rev. Bishop Fallows to offer a prayer.

The Bishop made the following invocation:

O, Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, Thou bounteous giver of all good, through Thy loving kindness and tender mercy we are brought to this auspicious hour. Thou didst watch over us in the rude beginnings of our existence as a people; Thou wast with our fathers in the trying hour of revolution; Thou didst watch over the infancy of this republic; Thou wast with these, Thy servants, in the dark and stormy days of our civil conflict; Thou didst teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight in the holy cause of liberty and union; Thy own hands didst give us the victories and Thy own right hand brought us salvation. Let Thy blessings, rich and copious, rest upon us as one common country. Grant, we pray Thee, O Heavenly Father, that in all the length and breadth of our land there may be a purified and united people, may not Judah vex Ephraim nor Ephraim envy Judah; may there be no more wasting nor destruction in our land nor violence in our borders; may our walls be called salvation and our gates praise, and this mountain of the Lord's house be established upon the tops of the mountains that all nations may flow into it. Bless the Governor of this state, bless the governors of

all the states, let Thine especial blessing rest upon the President of the United States, and, Lord, we pray Thee we may go on from grace to grace and from glory to glory, our officers being peace and our executors righteousness; bless this Society of the Army of the Tennessee, bless Thy servant, its president, may Thy blessing rest upon the families of those who have come here to-night; bless the widow and the orphan of our comrades fallen in battle, and fallen since the war has ended; and as our ranks grow thinner and meeting after meeting we miss the old familiar faces, may we only be brought still more closely together, and be brought still more close to Thee. When we have done thy will here upon the earth, give us a seat at the right hand in glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

The President then presented Governor Crittenden, with the following remarks:

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY:—It affords me especial pleasure to present to your acquaintance Governor Crittenden, of the state of Missouri, in which we have assembled to-night. The governor of the state of Missouri has come from the capital to welcome you here to-night, a man of noble family and glorious purpose. I bespeak for him your closest attention. Allow me to present Gov. T. T. Crittenden.

Governor Crittenden, who was received with loud applause, said:

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR CRITTENDEN.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—This is an auspicious day for our whole country. Peace and civil law prevail in every part of it, and man meets man in the happiness of diversified pursuits, each the equal of the other under the laws of every state and of the general government, and each blessing God, in his own heart, that our country is free from internal strife except such friendly strife as is incident to the mastery of mind, business, gain, trade—and that all, from shore to shore, live under one form of government, one broad, glorious flag, which waves in majesty and beauty, in every land, on every sea of the habitable globe. An occasion like this is significant and extraordinary. It is significant that there is something in the heart stronger than arms; something that

makes you—the strong, brave, fearless military men of America—lay aside your swords, your orders, your paraphernalia of power, your fierce manhoods and inspiring ambitions for the purpose of gathering together for a short while, as merrily as in younger days, and to recount your “marveling boyhood legend’s store,” as well as recite your great deeds of arms and history—all of which bind you together as brothers of the same household, of the same great events and results. It is an extraordinary assemblage, as it is alone in the interest and for the security of peace. Sirs, an assemblage like this in character and in multitude, of the crowned heads of Europe, would startle the marts of trade, the financial circles, the quiet masses, the pulpit and the forum, and would shake every throne “from center to circumference,” and make the whole of Europe one vast military camp; a waiting, mobilized army, with but one expectancy—the command, forward—when

“Red battle would stamp its foot and nations feel the shock.”

It is not so here, I thank God and our fathers for it. You have no “scientific frontiers” to adjust, no equilibriums of power to arrange, no sick man to uphold, no withered branch of decaying empire and departing power to feast over and divide, no questions of disarmament to discuss, no Constantinople to covet and to guard. These are questions beneath the dignity of such a meeting as this. The past, not frontier lines, the present, not neutral lands; the future, not matrimonial alliances, are the great subjects for consideration in this convention of peace workers. Here the great general meets his lieutenants

“With modest blush and bursting sigh,
And questions kind and fond reply;”

With no dread, with no suspicion, with no reservation, with no diplomacy of language or of smiles, he and they only desiring to make perpetual the work of the past, by the wisdom and patriotism of the present and the future. . This body is said to be above politics. It feeds not on such garbage. It is said to be so innocent of such an offense against the public morals, that it does not descend from its elevated position of birth, education and merit even to imagine that it has on its honorable roster one “suspect” whose bright eyes gaze into other fields for higher honors than those gathered amidst shot and shell and the bayonet’s gleam. How happy it is, my countrymen, for brethren to

dwell together in such unity, simplicity and love. I speak not as Sir. Robert Hazlewood would say, "typically, metaphorically and parabolically," but in the words of soberness and truth. I welcome you, fellow citizens, to Missouri, in the name of our people, with a generosity as broad and rich as the limits and soil of this great state. I address you as fellow-citizens, for it is the proud privilege of our country that while its men are unsurpassed as soldiers in war, they are so deeply imbued with the spirit of our republican institutions that they know how to return to peaceful pursuits, and, in them, show that the discipline of the camp has only increased their inclination and aptitude for civil life. A man of solid worth is never at a discount anywhere he may be placed. Necessity and circumstances always draw out his true manhood. Although so long a time has elapsed since you stood together in martial array, to preserve, not only for yourselves and your posterity and those whose feelings and sentiments you represent, but also for those who opposed you, the blessings of our glorious union of equal states, yet there are precious memories to be preserved of old friendships and associations, formed in sustaining a common cause, and means to be adopted to perpetuate, in some way, the record of noble deeds and brilliant actions, not only of the favored ones whose names and fame shine in life and history

"Like orient pearls at random strung,"

But also of thousands of gallant ones, "of purest ray serene," who died to fortune and glory unknown, who died without a murmur, in their country's cause, that you and I might live in a country untorn and unvexed by the miserable spirit of dissension and disunion. Can you not, in some way, brave leaders of American arms and molders of public sentiment, save their names and their deeds for the fearless pen of the coming historian? On the monument placed over the grave of the great premier of England by Victoria is inscribed: "Kings love those that speaketh right." In some way such justice could be done those dead heroes, the whole American people, North and South, will say: "All love those that speaketh right." Pensions to their living ones, modest head and foot boards to the dead, are well enough in their places, but do not full justice to the fallen ones. Time has had its soothing effect upon the asperities of feeling inseparable from war, especially civil war, and it is a cheering sign of the disappearance of these

asperities from our civil and social intercourse, that within the borders of a state which suffered so greatly from the divisions of its own citizens, in that civil war, you, the victors, the head and front of the victorious army, meet a sincere welcome from your brave former foes, as well as former allies, and all in this great city and state are now your friends; are now your hosts. The past is gone, with its thoughts, actions and deeds. No one would recall it. It is a part of the history of our common country, and that part, too, in my opinion, which makes us stronger and greater than ever before—not only in our own estimation—but also that of the civilized world. However much we may now, or might once, have deplored those divisions of thought and action which separated blood from blood, friend from friend, state from state, for a while, there is one great compensation, after all, upon which all Americans of every section look with that pride born of proud nationality. We think no such valor, no such dogged, persistent, unconquered and unconquerable bravery in the rank and file, no such engineering, no such endurance, no such generalship, no such soldiery, no such advancing, no such retreating, no such singing, no such praying, on both sides, in both armies, have ever before been displayed. Greek met Greek, and such battles have made America greater, stronger and more independent since than before the war.

If such battles were fought, won and lost, when we were separated, and teaching the world the science of war—by hard knocks and blows—in contending, on our own soil, for the supremacy of section over section, how much more brilliant would be the display of all those elements that enter into and make war, when state is joined to state, organized under our federal head, and the whole led and directed by the great leaders of both sections. Then, sirs, we would have and feel the pride of the “pomp and circumstances of glorious war,” without the mortification always incident to a civil one. To-day the valor of both sides is recognized and appreciated by each; Grant did not make Lee, Lee did not make Grant. It required the greatness of each to bring forth and develop the prowess of the other. Both will stand as the great leaders of their respective sides—the one a magnanimous victor; the other no less great in his defeat; shining in the solemnity and darkness of it as the pure diamond does in the obscurity of its native cave. To-day I represent the soldiers of

both armies—the citizens of both sides, in Missouri, in extending to you, survivors of the Army of the Tennessee, as generous a welcome and as broad a hospitality as ever gave character to any people. Federal and confederate of the past, merged now into that broader, and more honorable title, American citizen, are your friends, on this historic occasion, and you are their guests. There is no party here, there is no section here, there is no animosity here, there are no regrets here—save alone for the dead; no desire to recur to the past and remember its bitter waters—but one feeling, and that, to stand by the Constitution as it is, and the country as it is—one, united and entire.

The Army of the Tennessee: Around its name gather so many hallowed recollections. Its memory, brightened with success or darkened by death, dwells in every hamlet and household in this land. The living are here with us—where are its dead? They died not in vain; their works live after them and stand as a monument to their patriotism. In the words of Mr. Webster, I say, their fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble shall rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their memories be as lasting as the land they honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but their fame remains, for with American liberty it rose and stood, and with American liberty only can it perish. It was, it is the last swelling peal of yonder choir: "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth evermore." I catch that solemn song, I echo that lofty strain of funeral triumph, "their name liveth evermore." As long as American history is studied, men will read with wonder, the narratives of the great deeds at Pittsburg Landing, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Kennesaw Mountain, Dalton, and of that greatest of all historic marches, from Atlanta to the sea. And as they read, they will find those brilliant pages garnished with the names of such unsurpassed officers as McPherson, the premature victim of his own devoted heart; falling before he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, ere he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage; Logan, Howard, Hooker, our own beloved Blair—the greatest, bravest, truest man, friend and soldier, Missouri ever

had; Dodge, Osterhaus, Wood, A. J. Smith, Giles Smith, and many others equally as great, fearless and patriotic, some of whom are with us to-day, an honor to their own name, blood and country, and others, alas! have folded for the last time their silent tents, and are resting beyond the river "on fame's eternal camping ground." As one who deeply sympathized with the great issue you now represent, and then defended, and as the executive of this state, I again extend to you, the survivors and representatives of that matchless army, a most cordial welcome to Missouri. You are entitled to all the honors a grateful country can bestow, even "such honor as Ilion to her heroes paid." [Loud cheers.]

The President then introduced Mayor Ewing, by saying:

You are all perfectly well aware we have in the city of St. Louis a Mayor whose name is Ewing. The name is very familiar to me. It seems to me "Ewing" and "Crittenden" ran pretty close together. It affords me special pleasure to be able this evening to present to you the younger William L. Ewing, whose father and I have played cards many a time together. [Laughter.] I am sure Mr. Ewing will receive from you every attention. I know what he will say will be specially pleasing to those who know him.

Mr. Ewing spoke as follows.

SPEECH OF MAYOR EWING.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE :

It appears to me fitting that St. Louis should receive you with every degree of good will and cordial hospitality.

The army, which later received the honored name you now bear, was created in St. Louis, embracing nearly all the commands organized here in 1861; and its first substantial victories were Donelson and Henry. Your Society was organized at Raleigh, N. C., in 1865, by the gallant Blair; and his was the mighty brain which planned, and his the hand that drafted your original constitution. In his fealty to the Society, he never failed, until its consolidation gave it the elements of perpetuity. St. Louis furnished many of the great commanders of your armies—Grant,

Sherman, Blair, Osterhaus,—and with pride and pleasure she welcomes to her hospitality the successors and comrades-in-arms of your true and tried leaders. As Mayor of St. Louis, and in behalf of her people, I tender a cordial welcome to you, gentlemen, who did perhaps more than any other in stamping nationality upon the vast expanse of territory of which our city is the metropolitan and commercial centre. [Cheers.]

The President, in response to these welcomes, said:

SPEECH OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

As Governor Fletcher, chairman of the committee of local management, has desired me to express thanks to the Governor and Mayor, I will do so in a very few words, for I know we have a long programme before us. Governor Crittenden and Mayor Ewing, I thank you in the name of the Society for your generous hospitality. We hope every moment to so demean ourselves, so act and so speak, that when we leave here the impression will be good and lasting. We know that we feel nothing but kindness towards the people of Missouri. We entertain nothing but the most lofty respect for you and your positions. We remember well that at St. Louis began that great effort which settled the West. Here Lewis and Clark, Bonneville, Lee, and a great many others fitted out, got their boats and tents and oars, and went up the Missouri River and made their explorations. You know the Chouteaus and the Bents, they went and explored the mountains long before we had a right to go there, and so on, gentlemen, St. Louis has been the great pioneer of the continent, and we who fought for this continent, for this unity, for its unity, for its glory, for its everlasting fame, have a right to thank St. Louis and the great State of Missouri for welcoming us to-night as we have been welcomed through the Governor and the Mayor. I know that every man will say to what I have said "Amen," and will thank me for being thus short. Therefore I will call upon the proper authorities—I don't know who they are—for the national anthem, "America," which is to be performed, but I don't know by whom.

Mr. Saler and chorus sang a national anthem called "America," accompanied by the orchestra.

The President introduced the orator of the Society, remarking:

We now come to the real object of our meeting to-night, an oration by General Williamson, well known to you all. And to the audience I will state that the occasion this evening was chiefly to hear the oration of our fellow member, our comrade-in-arms, one who was with us throughout the whole war, familiar to all who are in my immediate presence, General James A. Williamson of the state of Iowa. I beg for him your close and careful attention.

General Williamson was received with hearty applause, and proceeded to deliver his address :

ANNUAL ADDRESS BY JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE :

Once more we are assembled as a brotherhood of citizen-soldiers, to commemorate the events of our soldier lives, and to renew the friendships formed while defending our country from hard blows dealt by unfriendly hands which would have destroyed it.

We are met together in the same beautiful and hospitable city where so many of us of the Mississippi valley came as raw recruits at the beginning of the war, to be armed and equipped for the strife and sent hence, without drill or military discipline, to the front, to play at the great game of war as best we might, until such time as we could, from experience, learn its art.

It was here that we drew clothing for our commands from hardware stores and canteens from clothing stores, and generally found army supplies in all kinds of queer, out-of-the-way places. No officer would have been surprised at being ordered to a junk shop for medical stores or to an iron foundry for blankets. There had been no time for organizing quartermaster and commissary departments, and accumulating stores for an army so large and so hastily called into existence.

The volunteer officer had many discouraging things to contend with, while trying to arm and supply his command with proper equipments for the field—such annoyances as being told that he could not see the general commanding without being in proper

uniform, when perhaps the officer did not know the uniform pertaining to his rank, and if he did it was impossible for him to have had it at that time, coming, as he did, direct from his peaceful home, where uniforms were unknown. But it was not all dark; there were bright hours and luminous episodes attending his efforts, such, for instance, as when he was able to evade the guard, force his way into the marble halls where dwelt the general commanding, there to be gladdened by the sight of persons clad in strange garments overlaid with gold lace, and speaking in tongues which only a polyglot linguist could understand. These strange people were, I believe, then called *adlati* or *adlatuses* or *adelantados*, or some other equally simple and familiar names.

The real sunshine came to my hero, the volunteer officer, and caused his as yet unbronzed countenance to light up with hope and expectation as one of these strange persons deigned to promise him an interview with the general commanding, after he should have procured his uniform, provided always that he should be punctual to the second at the appointed time, say at six o'clock and thirty-nine minutes and twenty-seven seconds in the morning of the first Monday succeeding the penultimate of the present or some succeeding month, or upon some other equally satisfactory and convenient occasion.

Thus was the heart of the volunteer officer cheered while trying to procure arms and equipments for his command, then perhaps in camp on the malarial margin of the river below the city, drinking water tainted with sewage, and wholly without camp or garrison equipage of any kind, and without arms.

Better days soon came, by and through the mighty efforts of a great, loyal people, who were able to overcome blunders and mistakes, and were undaunted by disaster.

The bright galaxy of orators who have delivered the annual addresses before this Society, have so often recounted the glorious achievements of the Grand Army of the Tennessee, that, should I attempt to do so now, it would be

"As tedious as a twice told tale
Vexing the dull ear of drowsy man."

The time has come when our achievements and the "fighting of our battles o'er again," must be left to the dispassionate analysis of the historian. An actor in the drama of war may venture too much in attempting to praise and extol all the campaigns and

strategic movements of the army in whose history his own fame and glory as a soldier may be interwoven, after the lapse of sufficient time to clear away the glamour of glory thrown over them by the partial judgment of friends.

The crucible of time will analyze and preserve the truth, the fame and the glory of our grand army for history ; and we have no fears of the result.

The wide and inviting field of philosophic speculation as to the causes and effects of the war is open to all, but the brief time allotted to a speaker on an occasion of this kind is not sufficient to enable him to gather laurels therein. Our annual meetings are held more particularly for social purposes, combined only with so much of business as is necessary to perpetuate our organization and keep it in working order.

The phenomenal character of the United States volunteer soldier has been much discussed before our Society and in the current literature of the times. The most instructive lessons for us, showing the value of our form of government over all others, have been derived from such discussion.

Much has been said of our volunteer army, and much remains to be said. The whole history of that army has not yet been written, and cannot be while so large a proportion of it still lives and continues to exert an influence upon the affairs of the government. It may be that soldiers of that army are yet to guide the state through other great trials, and it may be through wars.

It has been especially difficult for the people of other governments to understand how this nation called into existence an army numbering more than a million and a half of men by merely saying that the services of so many citizens, to act for the time as soldiers, would be accepted. No act of conscription was necessary. Patriotism took the place of the recruiting sergeant. From first to last, during the war, more than two millions of citizens voluntarily took their places in the ranks of the grand, loyal Union army without any training as soldiers ; and remained until they became veterans and as long as their country needed their services.

These soldiers bore the hardships of war, and fought with a bravery and tenacity known only to men who fought for a cause to which they have given much thought, and finally settled for themselves the policy which should guide them in the contest.

If the recruiting of such an army, in the manner described, has been hard to comprehend by ourselves or by the people of other nations, it has been yet more difficult to understand how that army could be disbanded and resolved into its original elements without creating apprehension as to the safety and peace of society, or disturbing the settled relations between capital and labor, or in any other manner producing any effect upon the body politic save that of a healthful influence upon the prosperity and happiness of the whole people.

That this was the case at the close of the late war will not be disputed or questioned. There must be some reason for this not to be found in other governments, where the disbanding of an army of such numbers would be more feared, if not more disastrous, than the continuance of a war. Was not this happy and extraordinary condition owing to some fact in or result of our form of government? The answer may, I think, be found in the perfect freedom of all men, under our system, to participate in the government by the ballot and by free and full discussion of all matters pertaining to the public interest.

By the exercise of these rights and habits, men come to look upon the government as something of their own making, for their own goods, and not as something to deprive them of their rights, thrust upon them by tyranny and the strong hand of oppression without their consent; and consequently they regard any attack upon it as an attack upon that which belongs to them for their use, protection and enjoyment.

The soldiers of our army had behind them homes, parents, wives, children and property. They did not go to war for an occupation, or from the love of war, but for a principle which they proposed to settle in accordance with right, justice and humanity. That being done, they were ready and anxious to return to their homes and vocations, more thoughtful and better men for having performed great actions and achievements prompted only by a love of country.

It was no unusual thing to see, in the ranks of our volunteer army, men representing more property and as much culture and character as citizens as the major-general commanding the corps or the army. This could not, perhaps, be seen in any other army in the world, and if seen in isolated cases, would be regarded as a freak and not the result of a form of government which makes each man

feel that he is the peer of any other citizen and must share in all the responsibilities of the government, and that there is nothing in the laws of his country, or in conditions of society, to prevent him from becoming the chief magistrate of the people if he can show himself worthy. The best type of American citizens entered the volunteer army as private soldiers, the colleges and the learned professions contributing their full share.

The service in no wise injured them, mentally or morally. The vicious became no worse, and the good were led to be more careful and thoughtful for the welfare of their government and of the responsibilities it imposed and the priceless blessings it secured. At the close of the war, they laid down their arms and returned to their homes with a more reverent love for their country on account of the sacrifices they had made for it.

The conduct of the volunteer soldiers, after they were mustered out, gave the highest and best proof of their character and worth which has been, or perhaps ever can be, given. Their conduct is and must remain the all-compelling argument in favor of the greatest freedom of thought and action. Some of those who bore arms in the ranks are now filling high places in the national and state governments, and taking front rank in business enterprises, and especially such as require daring and determination. Two of the most difficult railroad enterprises that have been projected in this country, have for their general managers men who bore arms in the ranks throughout the war. I know not how many others are filling such or higher places. The two whom I mention were soldiers in my own command.

It is known to us all, that there are many others, capable of filling any station, however high, in our government, or in the most important private business.

The best workers in the learned professions, and in the sciences, and in all business departments of trade and commerce, have been recruited from our disbanded volunteer army. No one familiar with our history will be surprised if some private soldier, who bore arms in the war of the rebellion, is yet chosen president of the United States. Other things being equal, the young man who served in the army obtained a more comprehensive knowledge of men and great affairs than in any other occupation for the same length of time. Witnessing and participating in the building of a bridge in a few hours, of a railroad in a few days, which, under

ordinary circumstances, in time of peace, would have taken months or years to construct, was a means of education and expansion not to be lost, but to be utilized and applied to the business of life and its great affairs in this era of progress and advancement.

The impartial historian, who is yet to write for the benefit of succeeding generations, will hold up the causes of the war and the means which would have averted it, to the world, for its guidance, as lights are placed on dangerous rocks and shoals to guide the mariner to the haven of safety.

On the occasion of our last reunion, the General of the army, in one of our business meetings, said: "Beware of men who make war necessary." Volumes of thoughts are condensed in these words.

Had mankind, in the past, acted with an intelligent understanding of their meaning, many of the most disastrous wars of the world's past history would have been averted.

Many of the wars for conquest, and all wars for the propagation of dogmas and creeds, would have been spared to the world if the meaning of these words had been understood by the people. A people fully comprehending them could not be forced by kings, tyrants or politicians into wars, save for liberty and honor. Had those words been understood and acted upon by the people of the states lately in rebellion, the men who precipitated and made that war necessary could have had no following. A majority of those who did the fighting had no immediate or beneficial interest in slavery to be subserved. Upon the contrary, they were led or forced into acts of war against their kindred and country, when no just cause existed. They fought for the retention and spread of slavery, in which, if they had succeeded, they would have only enslaved and degraded themselves. There is not, and never was, an upward or elevating tendency in slavery in any form, or in any time or place. It may have brought gain of gold to the owners of slaves, at the sacrifice of all else accounted good in a high, humane civilization; and as an evidence of the progress of thought in the right direction, none are more willing to admit this fact than many who advocated the system twenty years ago, when their fortunes were in that kind of property.

The war of the rebellion was the most causeless ever waged. Not one real cause existed for it. No oppression or unjust dis-

crimination, no taxation without representation—not one of the causes enumerated in the Declaration of Independence, against the mother country, existed. It was all the result of the teachings of men who make wars necessary.

It has been said, by many writers, that wars are not unmixed evils; that, in their results, a brighter and better side is often seen, when the smoke of battle has lifted; that the world has been moved along in its progressive course; that liberty has been secured, patriotism engendered and many good results for mankind secured.

It is, perhaps, true that these propositions can not be successfully denied, however desirable it may be to do so. The normal condition of man, in all periods of history, has been that of the oppressor and oppressed. The love of liberty, implanted in man's nature at his creation, and his longing and striving to secure it, have doubtless made wars necessary, which have benefitted mankind, and to which the world owes much that is good for the advancement of the human race. A majority of wars have not been waged for such high and great purposes. Wars for conquest and the dissemination of creeds and dogmas invented by man, have been more numerous and devastating, casting their dark shadows across the bright pathway of progress, humanity and civilization, and staying, for a time, the advancement of man, toward a higher and better estate.

Whatever may be said in favor of war to secure any end, to count material advantages as one of the results is like weighing those gains in the balance against the blood of its victims, mingled with the orphans' and widows' tears. Instead of writing and speaking of the material gains of the nation from the late war, is it not better to consider the moral good, and congratulate ourselves upon the fact that there was less of evil rather than more of gain resulting?

The causes of the war of the rebellion had long, deep roots in the past, planted before the forming and adoption of the federal constitution, which had gone to the bottom of the interest and nature of the men of the South. Without their fault, they had property in slaves by inheritance; and by their labor they cultivated their ancestral acres with great profit; and cotton was said to be king. This mobile property was always a great source of anxiety to its owners. The prejudice against slavery at the

North, which threatened its existence, was an exciting cause to disunion sentiments, founded on the belief that slavery would be more secure in a separate confederacy of the slave states. Laws had been enacted to return this property to its owners, when it escaped; but they did not have the desired effect, which was another exasperating cause, producing disloyal sentiments.

In the better ages which are to come to the nations, through striving for a clearer perception of right and truth, such causes as led to the war of the rebellion may, and no doubt will, be settled without war. It is perhaps futile to speculate upon what might have been, if the causes which led to the war had been compromised by a wise statesmanship, and all the slave property paid for at its money value. The war has now cost, directly from the treasury of the United States, nearly seven thousand millions of dollars, and perhaps nearly as much more in the loss of property, to say nothing of the loss of three quarters of a million of lives of the best and bravest men who ever bore arms. The highest estimate placed on the value of slave property in the United States before the war did not exceed four thousand millions of dollars. If it had been possible for statesmanship, reason and justice to have risen to the occasion, all slaves could have been paid for and liberated, and there would have remained enough of the cost of the war to have purchased for each freed individual a farm worth \$500, and yet enough left to build all the trans-continental railroads that have been and are being built, and still enough left to pay for cutting the ship canal through the Isthmus, leaving a balance of \$700,000,000 to promote education or to build asylums for the unfortunate. The large sum of money which the war cost over what would have been required to pay for the slaves, at their estimated value, would have driven poverty, ignorance and crime out of the United States for all time.

This nation was one of blood, with laws made by the representatives of the people, operating equally and lightly upon all. Religious freedom was enjoyed alike by all. No taxes or burdens were imposed upon any that were not imposed upon all. The grandest river of the world flowed centrally through the extreme north to the southern border, bearing upon its broad bosom, for interchange, the products and commerce of all sections. Every interest save one—human slavery, the greatest of all wrongs, and even that was safer in than out of the Union—dictated union and

peace. And yet, with all these sufficient reasons, union and peace was only secured by a devastating war. May we not hope that reason and justice in the coming time shall guide the people of the nations, and enable the amicable settlement of differences without wars?

Comrades, this is the twenty-first anniversary of one of the most important events of the war, an event which saved this splendid city, and the great commonwealth of which it is the metropolis, from passing under the control of the secessionists.

The consequences of such a disaster to the cause of the Union, as this would have been, can not be over-estimated. The commanding position of the state of Missouri in the Mississippi valley, made it of the utmost importance to the cause of the Union, that it, with its vast wealth and resources, should be saved from rebel domination. Great and trying emergencies in the life of a state and nation bring forth and develop the means of averting calamities. In no nation or state has this been more manifest than in the commonwealth of Missouri. Among the brave and great-souled men who have made the world better by being in it, and conferred unmeasured benefits on mankind by unselfish devotion to the cause of right and country, none deserves to have his name held in more grateful remembrance, or inscribed in burning letters higher on the roll of fame, than that wise statesman and unselfish patriot, whom we all loved so sincerely and tenderly, General Frank P. Blair.

In the dark, portentous days preceding overt acts of rebellion, more trying than actual war, none so clearly saw the design of the plotters of treason and war, as that most gifted and loyal man, General Blair. None but he, in those days of anxious watching, had the power of drawing around him so devoted a band of loyal, patriotic men, and inspiring them with the love and zeal which he felt in his own heart for the cause of his country and human liberty. We may seek, but we shall find few whose patriotism and love of country bore such fruit as his. Few men were his peers and none excelled him. Nature is sparing of such men, and but few are given to the world at any one time.

General Blair saw clearly, before others less prescient could see, the design of the governor of the state, and those acting under his orders, to seize the United States arsenal, with all its

arms and munitions of war, so necessary to the success of their plans for forcing the state out of the Union.

For months General Blair and his followers kept anxious watch on the course of events in the state and in the city, with their eyes turned anxiously toward the arsenal, ever planning and preconcerting arrangements to prevent its capture.

The long, anxious vigil must have an end. The end came, and with it the realization of their fondest hopes for the permanency of the state of Missouri on the Union side.

In those days of solicitude, when the loyalty of many of the officers of the old army was uncertain, or at best unknown, General Blair, ever on the alert for the means of serving his country, discovered a man of the old army, of humble rank, but of unquestioned loyalty, daring and bravery. This officer had served his country long and faithfully, and had seen much hard service on the burning, thirsty plains of Mexico and the Southwest. He had braved the malaria and fevers of the everglades of Florida, and had, with intrepid bravery and valor, climbed the rugged heights of the snow-clad mountains of California, in the service of his country. The name of this officer was Nathaniel Lyon, a captain in the regular army, then stationed at Fort Scott, in the state of Kansas. It appears, from some of his letters, written previous to this time, that he had accurate knowledge of the designs and the methods by which the disloyal slave power endeavored to enforce its rule upon the scattered, unprotected settlers of the free soil of Kansas, and failing in that, of their designs to break up the Union.

Fortunately for the cause of the Union, General Blair, assisted by the earnest efforts of his brother, then in the cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, had the power to procure an order, transferring Captain Lyon to the command of the arsenal at St. Louis.

By the transfer of Captain Lyon, two daring, loyal, kindred spirits were brought together—Blair and Lyon. There was no jealousy between them. Each wanted the other to take the lead and win the fame of having saved a state to the Union, and, perhaps, a nation from dismemberment.

These two great prophetic souls, working as one, with a faith and bravery born to love the old flag and the Union, saw clearly, from the beginning, what ought to be done, and called about them other tried and true men, whom they electrified with their own

zeal. They all kept guard over the prize so coveted by the disunionists, while the question as to who should have chief command was being settled in Washington. In the mean time, Camp Jackson had been established in the limits of the city of St. Louis, and the troops in the camp were armed with arms taken from the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge. Everything indicated the disloyal character of the state troops in this encampment. It was a standing menace against the peace and safety of the city and the state.

Something had to be done, and that quickly. It was uncertain how long Captain Lyon might remain in command, and equally uncertain as to what his successor might do. The blow must be struck now or never, which was to secure the state of Missouri to the side of the Union. Hesitation would have been a crime, and all might have been lost. The capture of Camp Jackson was determined upon and accomplished with the bravery and celerity which always characterized the acts of these indomitable men. There was no bloodshed or loss of life, other than that which was made necessary by the wanton assault of the hooting mob who fired upon the troops. In returning the fire, innocent men and women were killed. The capture of Camp Jackson deprived the disloyal element of the power to force the state into secession, and by this act it was moored safely in the Union lines.

All praise, honor and gratitude are due from the people of the United States to Blair and Lyon, to whose names the country should raise monuments as imperishable as the pyramids, and only less lasting than their fame. Would to God that, in following the career of General Lyon, I were able to record the fact that to him had been intrusted the responsibility of clearing the state of armed foes and staying the progress of the invader.

The inscrutable Providence or fate which rules in the affairs of nations decreed otherwise, and the nation was caused to mourn the loss of thousands of loyal lives, and bear the expenditure of millions upon millions of money, as a consequence of the blunder of superseding him.

After the purposes of the disunionists were unmasked by the capture of Camp Jackson, and they commenced overt acts of war, Lyon followed them to Boonville and defeated them in battle, and pursued them thence south to and beyond Springfield, which place

he designed holding as an outpost ; and he did hold it in front of a force much superior in numbers to his command.

While holding the enemy at bay, he asked and pleaded for reinforcements to enable him to hold his position. History will doubtless disclose the fact, if it is not already known, that reinforcements could have been sent, and that it was a blunder that they were not.

The term of enlistment of many of the soldiers of his command, who had been enlisted under the first call for troops, had expired, and some were leaving, and all were in the greatest distress for the common necessities of a soldier's life. Under these circumstances, Lyon did all that a brave and intrepid soldier could do who was apparently abandoned to his fate. He was more able and willing to fight than retreat, so he attacked the enemy with the desperation of despair, and fought one of the most notable battles of the war at Wilson's Creek, gaining a victory and sacrificing his own life.

Thus ended the career of one who might, under more fortunate auspices, have become the commander of one of the great armies of the United States, if not the greatest soldier developed by the war.

General Blair survived his companion-in-arms until after the close of the war, and his services to his country in both branches of congress are too well known to need mention; but, of him as a man and a friend, I feel that it is proper that I should speak briefly.

He was the bravest, the kindest, the truest, the sternest and the gentlest of men, as occasions arose for the exercise of these qualities. All good men who knew him loved him. Those who knew him best loved him most. His great, kind, generous heart was large enough to feel the woes of all the world. None ever supplicated him in vain. As long as he had, he would give. He was as unselfish and self-sacrificing as he was brave, and as brave as he was tender and gentle. God had given him mental powers of the highest order, which he had improved by careful culture and study. He was too kind by nature to use his great powers of sarcasm, except upon the greatest provocation, but woe to the unfortunate man who gave him the just provocation. He was a man to leave his impress on the world for good, and to be sincerely

mourned when he died. May his memory ever be held sacred by the people of the great republic!

While speaking of the men who saved the state of Missouri to the Union, a passing tribute is due to the naturalized citizens of the United States, then resident in the city of St. Louis and in Missouri. It should always be remembered to their honor that, while others faltered and many took up arms against the Union, the naturalized citizens rallied around Blair and Lyon, filling up the ranks of regiments which they were authorized to muster into the service, and rendered faithful service until the battles for the Union were fought and its victories won.

Our last annual meeting occurred just after the inaugural ceremonies of the president of the United States, who had been chosen by a free people in the manner prescribed in the constitution of our country. The event of a change of administration had been serenely passed. No war cloud, not even a voice of discontent, had been raised to threaten our peace, as had been the case four years previous. An era of general good feeling had seemingly been ushered in. A fellow-soldier of another army had been chosen chief magistrate. So fair was his record of a soldier, so unblemished his reputation as a statesman, so kindly, genial and just was his nature as a man and a friend, so exalted the position to which his talents and ability in the affairs of state had elevated him, all the people throughout the great republic seemed to enjoy a soothing, restful sense of repose and security. He was a man whom the people believed they could trust with their most sacred interests, and they had, as an army knowing itself to be well guarded at the outposts with true and tried comrades, lapsed into repose, and set about their ordinary pursuits, feeling that all was well. *President Garfield was on guard.* But, alas! for a purpose not revealed to man, the nation was not long permitted to enjoy this sense of quiet and security. The president, for whom the nation yet mourns, was stricken down by the assassin's bullet, wounded unto death. Then ensued a long, weary vigil.

All conditions of men, everywhere, were shocked at the crime. The whole nation sympathized in his suffering, and a long, feverish unrest disturbed the people; a settled gloom pervaded the country, affecting and depressing all branches of business and commerce. With bated breath, the effect of this calamity upon the country was discussed. Amidst and above it all there arose a

voice of confidence from the people. They had vividly in their minds a scene, equally dark and bloody, occurring when the worst passions of men were wrought to their highest pitch by a long and bloody struggle. They had passed from the gloom of threatened anarchy to the bright and tranquil day of good government. Faith in the capacity of our people for self-government rose higher, as they recalled those dark days. Anxious fears as to what the result would be in the event of the death of the president, gave way to a feeling of quieting trust that all would be well. The men of the war yet lived, who had saved the country as a unit, and had saved it from anarchy in a darker and more trying hour. To these men, the nation looked in case of danger.

Finally the end came. The head of the nation was dead. The skill of surgeons and the prayers of the people had been unavailing. Garfield was no more! Again the nation passed out of the gloom and dark shadows of a great sorrow, a chastened and a better people, and found all well in the hands of him who, through God's providence, succeeded as chief executive, in the peaceful manner prescribed by the constitution, and to whom, to-day, we look with so much confidence for good government.

Thus may it ever be with our country. May it ever be able to dispel the dark clouds and gloom that may obscure, for a time, the bright sunlight of good government and progress toward the highest, purest and freest estate to which human laws and human wisdom, with the aid of Almighty God, can elevate a people.

If wars must come as punishment for national sins, may our country arise from the appalling atonement of blood, regenerate, pursuing its upward and onward course.

Comrades, as the years go by, the survivors of our Society meet at stated periods, for the renewal and perpetuation of the friendships formed, perchance, on the battlefield, or on the weary march, or around the camp fire. For this, among other things, our Society was organized. At each succeeding roll call, some fail to answer, and our circle grows smaller. Those who were very young soldiers in the days of the triumphs of our grand army, are now at or past life's meridian. Since our last meeting, some of our most distinguished comrades have fallen. General Hurlbut has fallen at his post of duty in a foreign land, leaving his reputation and fame in the hands of his comrades. No lying seeker of

notoriety, before a congressional committee, shall tarnish his fame without an earnest protest from us, his surviving comrades.

General Orzo J. Dodds, who delivered the annual address at our last reunion, has been called to join his comrades on the other side.

General Kilpatrick, who so often fought by our side, though belonging to another army corps, has also fallen at his post of duty in a foreign land, where he was a second time representing his government in the highest diplomatic capacity.

The sound of the muffled drum and the funeral notes, heard at the burial of that accomplished and gallant officer, Major Twining, have scarce died away on the air. Though not a member of the Society, he was a soldier of the republic, and the national character of his services makes the mention of his name and services proper on this occasion. He was perhaps best known to most of us as the engineer commissioner of the District of Columbia. To him was assigned the duty of superintending the public improvements of the capital city of the nation. He took up the work where it had been laid down by much abused but noble men, and carried it forward to the satisfaction of the nation. The works of his genius will long remain splendid monuments to his name and fame.

We will cherish their memories and preserve the record of their virtues.

I know not how many others have passed away, as the record of the year has not been accessible to me. Time is running hard against us, and his hand can not be stayed. As we meet and look into each other's faces, we see the lines are deeper, the step less elastic, and that we are beginning to grow old, though some of us may deny it, as the General of the army did, a few weeks since, when I saw him skipping over an icy walk, and ventured to suggest that he should wear rubbers. His reply was, that he would when he had arrived at the age of discretion. He was not old enough yet.

As time goes by and our numbers diminish, may our love for each other increase until the end is reached, when there shall be none to answer *adsum*, and none to call the roll.

General Williams was loudly applauded as he took his seat.

The regular exercises being finished, the President was about to adjourn, when calls from the audience were made for General

Sheridan and a speech. The General, however, only bowed acknowledgement and expressed his thanks. Calls were also made for, and in succession Generals Pope, Belknap and Gresham, Colonel Dyer and others expressed their thanks for the compliment.

General Belknap spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF GENERAL BELKNAP.

The memories of the harsher features of the realities of the service are softened by the influence of the jars which have intervened. And while you mention those who have gone, the trials of their taking off are lost in the recollection of their gallant actions and heroic deeds.

And well may these thoughts come to us here, for here he lived who won our honor and regard. The statue of Frank Blair will tell to coming generations the story of his fame. History has its heroes, but his name would be carved high up, upon the list of manly men, in any heroic age. Ordered to the command of the 17th corps, and known to but few of his men, he came to us with scarce a friend; he left it without an enemy. The fond and faithful hearts of those who were with him in field, and march, and fight will protect his memory, and see that not a leaf falls from the wreath which rests upon his brow. The men who carried the musket remember his valor, and have no words for him but those of affectionate regard. And thus, while we weave the cypress with the laurel, we thank you, citizens of St. Louis, for this greeting, and for the honor of this welcome

Genl. Noyes and Bishop Fallows made short speeches which were well received.

Mr. Pope recited "Sheridan's Ride" very effectively, receiving rounds of applause.

"Marching through Georgia" was then sung by the Glee Club and audience in chorus, and the meeting adjourned.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., *May 11, 1882.*

The Society met promptly, according to adjournment of yesterday. The President called upon the Secretary to read the proceedings of yesterday's meeting.

On motion of Col. H. T. Noble:

Resolved, That the reading of the proceedings of the meeting be dispensed with.

The President asked if the committees, as named, were ready to report. Colonel Reynolds presented the following:

Your committee, appointed to select a time and place for holding the next reunion of the Society, beg leave to recommend the 3d and 4th of October, 1883 (the anniversary of the battle of Corinth), as the time, and Cleveland, Ohio, as the place for holding the next reunion.

Signed,

THOMAS REYNOLDS,
Chairman.

ST. LOUIS, *May 11, 1882.*

On motion of Surgeon Sabine:

Resolved, That the report of the committee be received and adopted.

Other committees not being ready to report, the President said he would give place, for the time being, for the order of "New Business."

On motion of General Sanborn:

Resolved, That the Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, be, and hereby are, constituted a Board of Publication, with authority to cause to be published, bound and distributed a third volume of the reports, proceedings, and annals of the Society, and that, as often hereafter as the published proceedings of the Society, unbound, are sufficient to make a bound volume to the size and appearance of volumes one and two, said Board have the authority to bind and distribute the same.

On motion of General Chetlain:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are due, and are hereby tendered, the resident members of the Society, to brother soldiers of other armies, and the citizens of St. Louis constituting the Committee of Arrangements, for the kind manner we have been received, and for the generous treatment extended to us while holding this reunion.

On motion of Lieutenant Scribner:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are extended to the Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic for their courtesies to it during the reunion.

Major Dawes requested that General Belknap should read part of his speech delivered at the reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade. It relates to the operations of that brigade on the 22d of July, 1864, near Atlanta, and eminently proper to form a part of our records.

The President asked for General Belknap, but as he was not present at the time, the matter was laid over.

General Noyes inquired as to what rules governed the admission of the eldest son of a deceased member to the Society, saying he was not in information as to whether the rules had been changed, or any were in force. The President read the third amendment of the constitution, which governs the matter in question.

General Noyes then moved that the eldest son of Major General F. P. Blair, deceased, Andrew Blair, be elected a member of this Society. The President, in a short but cordial remark, said he thoroughly approved of such election, and the motion was unanimously adopted.

General Belknap presented the following :

ST. LOUIS, May 11, 1882.

The committee appointed on the selection of an orator for the next meeting, respectfully present the name of the chaplain of the Thirty-second Wisconsin, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fortieth Wisconsin, afterwards Colonel of the Forty-ninth Wisconsin, now Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

Signed,

W. W. BELKNAP,
Chairman.

The report was unanimously adopted, and General Fallows, on inquiry by the President, accepted the duty.

General Leggett presented:

The committee on nomination of officers submit the following as their report :

FOR PRESIDENT.

General W. T. Sherman.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

General A. Hickenlooper.

TREASURER.

General M. F. Force.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Colonel G. D. Munson,
Major Henry M. Neil,
General H. N. Eldridge,
Captain A. L. Ogg,
Colonel Geo. E. Bryant,
General John W. Noble,

Colonel John M. Bacon,
Surgeon C. Goodbrake,
Major A. A. Perkins,
Captain J. H. Munroe,
Captain E. L. Baker,
General John D. Stevenson,

Signed,

M. D. LEGGETT,
Chairman.

Colonel Dayton requested his name be withdrawn from the report, as he had specially requested the committee not to re-nominate him, as he could not longer perform the duties, except at great sacrifice to himself, and he desired to be released, and understood his request was conceded.

General Leggett said Colonel Dayton had made the request as stated, but subsequently the committee had considered and declined to accord it, feeling that the interests of the Society made it necessary for Colonel Dayton to serve. He cannot be spared.

On motion, General Grier :

Resolved, That the report of the committee be accepted and unanimously adopted.

Major Dawes then renewed his motion to have General Belknap read his paper, and have it form part of the records.

The President stated the request, as embodied in the motion. General Belknap stated that he delivered an address recently to the members of Crocker's Brigade, that was mostly historical and

it might be interesting to others. If called upon to read it here, he would leave out the "spread eagle" and read the remainder, happy to do so if the Society desired.

General Eldridge said he desired to call the attention of the Society to this innovation, as he considered it, upon our custom. He had no objection to the paper or address being read, but to place it upon our records would establish a precedent cumbersome in its tendency and he felt it ought not to be done.

Colonel Cavender said there was a letter of Claib, Jackson's that Colonel Noble desired to read.

The President ruled the other should be disposed of first.

General Hickenlooper, answering the objections of General Eldridge, said he referred to it as an innovation. It is an innovation, and should be to this Society a most acceptable one. [Applause.] You have all noticed, no doubt, as I have, that there is, to a greater or less extent, a lack of interesting material offered for the consideration for this Society, all our proceedings being current business of the Society. I conceive that this innovation should be still more impressive and more emphatic than even in this case, in this, that our members should be requested generally and personally to prepare and offer to this Society identically the same class of literature that we propose to have General Belknap read to-day. [Applause.] It is only in this way that the individual features or memories of the historic events that transpired during our membership with the army can be compiled, communicated and placed in an imperishable shape, and I therefore differ very decidedly with the gentleman, and hope that not alone this paper will be read, but that the members will be invited to prepare and to read papers. The one to which reference is made to-day is not of the character that the gentleman speaks of. It is a paper prepared by one of the members of this Society, and while not originally intended for this Society, it pertains to events with which we were connected, and I therefore sincerely hope that the Society will insist upon having it read. [Applause and cries "Question!"]

The motion was unanimously carried. General Belknap proceeded to the stage and read the following extracts from his address delivered at a reunion of his old brigade at Washington, Iowa, September 28th, 1881.

* ° * * * *

MEN OF THE 3RD BRIGADE, 4TH DIVISION, 17TH CORPS:

Yours was a memorable organization, formed by and under the command of the gallant and lamented Crocker on April 27th, 1862, by the union, through the exertions of Colonel Wm. T. Clark, his capable Adjutant-General, of the 11th 13th, 15th and 16th Iowa in one command, to so continue through camp, and march, and battle until the end. It was not alone the only brigade organization in the Army of the Tennessee, but the only one in the Army of the Union, which held its original regiments together from first to last.

You will remember, that in the battles of July 21st and 22d, before your resistless fire whole ranks of the enemy went down. Flanked on three sides, you drew yourselves from his close embrace, and, not knowing that you were caught, in turn captured your captors. Attacked from the rear, you saved your fire from the reverse side until they came in line, and then you mowed them down as the scythe does the grass.

I have with me to-day the original letters, comments and reports of several of the officers of the Confederate army, and the original lists of killed and wounded on that eventful 22d of July. They have never before been given to the world, and as they are most interesting, I shall, with your permission, read them for your information, for from them you will learn how severely your fighting cut to pieces the rebel line. The Iowa brigade was attacked first by Govan's brigade of Cleburne's division of Hardee's corps. It contained the following regiments: 1st, 15th, 2d, 24th, 5th, 13th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 19th Arkansas and 5th Confederate. This brigade captured the 16th Iowa, after the most gallant fighting on the part of that regiment, as the Confederate general says in his letters and in his report. Afterward our brigade was assaulted by Lowrey's brigade (in which the 45th Alabama was severely punished and its colonel captured by the colonel of the 15th Iowa), and afterward by Smith's brigade. I shall read first an extract from General Smith's report, referring to the action on the morning of the 21st.

"About seven o'clock he opened a battery on my left, about 800 yards distant, which swept my line from left to right, committing dreadful havoc in the ranks. I never before witnessed such accurate and destructive cannonading. In a few minutes forty men were killed and over a hundred wounded. In the 18th Texas

cavalry, dismounted regiment, seventeen of the eighteen men composing one company were placed *hors du combat* by one shot alone."

The battery he refers to was the one commanded by Captain Frank DeGress, of the 15th corps, a young officer of barely twenty-one years of age, and now a prominent business man in the city of Mexico.

You will remember, that on the 22d we were attacked on our left at about 12 o'clock, noon. The following are the orders, the originals of which are in my possession, issued by General Hardee in accordance with orders from General Hood the night before:

"HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS, }
21st July, 1864, 7.30 P. M. }

GENERAL:—At dark you will withdraw your division within the city defenses. You will not take position on the line, but bivouac your troops, with your left to the right, looking from Atlanta, of the railroad. Your skirmishers will be left out, and will occupy your present line of defenses. It is proper to notify you that Cheatham's corps will also withdraw into the city defenses. The General enjoins watchfulness upon your skirmishers.

By command of Lieutenant-General Hardee.

T. B. Roy,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

"To Major-General Cleburne."

The next order is as follows.

"11 P. M.—By direction of Lieutenant General Hardee, your division will move at one o'clock to-night, on the road which will be indicated by the guide. Your skirmishers will be left on the line you occupied to-day.

Respectfully,

T. B. Roy,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

The following is a statement made to me by Captain Irving A. Buck, the Adjutant-General of Cleburne's division, (a gallant and accomplished officer, now residing in Baltimore) who placed Govan's brigade in position on that day :

"Although seventeen years have elapsed, the incidents of the 22d of July, 1864, are distinct in my mind.

"Our left brigade (Govan's) being heavily engaged and needing assistance, I was directed by General Cleburne to bring up our reserve brigade (Lowrey's) to Govan's aid. While riding back to execute this order, I discovered that a gap of about a brigade front existed between our division and that upon our right

(Walker's) the two having swung apart in passing through dense woods, where to maintain the alignment was impossible. Knowing that the order to Lowrey was given in ignorance of this dangerous condition of things, and believing that the situation was too momentous to admit the loss of time necessary to communicate the facts to General Cleburne, I continued on, finding General Lowrey, and after delivering my instructions, told him of this gap, and suggested that it should be filled, stating the posture of affairs, and saying I had no orders to this effect, but that under the circumstances he would be justified in exercising his discretion and powers as a general officer to disregard the order and fill the space and avert a great danger. He was prompt to assume this responsibility, and after showing him the threatened point, I galloped back to General Cleburne, who approved the action.

"Very fortunate it was that Lowrey so decided, as he encountered the Federal troops moving upon this gap, and although he was very roughly handled, meeting heavy losses, particularly in officers, the movement was stopped, which would have severed our corps and exposed our division to a flank attack, which could but have proven disastrous.

"This fierce attack upon Lowrey was made by your brigade, and the fighting must, to a large extent, have been by the Fifteenth Iowa, as Colonel Lampley, of the Forty-fifth Alabama, was captured by you personally, and the colors of the regiment, which I have seen in your hands since the war, were taken by the Fifteenth Iowa.

"Lampley was too slightly wounded to have caused his death which occurred some days later, and it is supposed that depression from chagrin at his misfortune contributed largely to his sad end. How little cause for shame or mortification he had upon his own account, or that of his command, none other than yourself, who witnessed their gallant conduct, better knows.

"This day was the most severe, fatal and hard-fought which it was the fortune of the division to be in during my services with it, and the record of its losses well attest the gallantry with which the attack was made and met."

The color bearer of the 45th Alabama was shot by Private Crowder, of the 15th Iowa, and the flag captured.

I have with me the original report of General D. C. Govan, who, as I said before, commanded the brigade which made the

first attack upon us that day. It is dated "Fortifications of Atlanta, July 30th, 1864." Extracts from it are as follows:

"CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the action of my command in the engagement of the 22d inst., near Atlanta.

"After being bivouacked about an hour within the entrenchments of Atlanta on the night of the 21st inst., I received an order to move at 12:30 upon the M'Donough road, and marched accordingly. My men had been much wearied by the operations of the 20th, the subsequent moving and entrenching upon the Augusta railroad, and the fight of the 21st, and the loss of another night's rest was a heavy tax upon their powers of endurance. After halting for about two hours after daylight, and supplying twenty additional rounds of ammunition, my command again moved with the division, passing Cobb's Mill, until we reached the road leading in the direction of the Augusta railroad. In accordance with the directions of the division and corps commanders, I formed my line of battle nearly perpendicular with this road, with my left regiment upon the west side, and with two regiments of cavalry to protect that flank. The road ran somewhat west of north, and I was instructed to preserve the same relative position to it, and informed that the whole corps would conform to my movements. I was further told that moving thus, I would take in flank the works of the enemy facing Atlanta. The advance was begun at 11:40 a. m., and was attended with great difficulties, as the way lay through a forest having a dense and almost impassible undergrowth. Frequent halts were necessary in order to correct the alignment, and to allow the troops upon my right time to come up. After moving about a mile, information was received that a train of 500 wagons parked in an unprotected place in front of me, and I was directed to move forward rapidly in order to capture these. I accordingly instructed Lieutenant Colonel Brasher, 2d Arkansas regiment, commanding my skirmishers, to press on, and drive the enemy's pickets out without firing a gun, which was gallantly done. My line had now reached Roder's House, where it was again reformed, and whence it moved forward without again halting. I did not encounter the regiment upon picket, as was expected, nor did I find any traces of a wagon train. About this time the enemy opened a section of Napoleon guns from the road, but

without effect. We now soon came upon our skirmishers, who had halted under fire from the enemy's works, and the engagement began at 1 o'clock p. m.

"The entrenchments of the enemy facing Atlanta extended along the road upon which we advanced. Contrary to our expectation and information, we encountered other works almost perpendicular to these, and designed to protect him from the very movement we were then making. These consisted of two lines of breastworks, the first about 200 yards in length, the second in its rear and reaching further to our right, each having in front an almost impassible abattis formed by cutting down the thick undergrowth of small oaks. A line of battle occupied the ground in front of my right upon the extension of the line works. The two Napoleon guns before alluded to were upon the right of the first work, and swept the road and the woods upon either side. My left, the 1st and 15th, the 2d and 24th, and half of the 5th and 13th Arkansas regiments came full upon these formidable entrenchments. The men charged to within thirty paces of them, and sustained for fifteen or twenty minutes the withering fire which was poured upon them, at the same time making their way through the abattis to the enemy. At length the enemy ceased firing, and called upon my men to stop also, saying they surrendered, while some of them aimed their guns, and were only prevented from firing by their comrades who preferred to end the fighting. At this juncture a portion of the 2d and 24th Arkansas advanced to receive the surrender, when the Federals who filled the trenches, seeing the fewness of their numbers, took them prisoners. The enemy made a dash upon my centre, and for a moment checked the advance, when Col. Murray, 5th Arkansas, collected his men and gallantly charged them back. Meanwhile the right, consisting of half the 5th, and 13th, 8th and 19th, and the 6th and 7th Arkansas regiments, had advanced beyond the flank of the enemy's works, and had driven before it the line there opposed, and the 6th and 7th, and the 8th and 19th, capturing a battery of six Napoleon guns, which before that time had been vigorously used against us.

* * * * *

"Perceiving that the right had passed on, and that the work was not yet done upon the left, where my small force was liable to be overpowered by the large number whom they thought to

capture, I directed the right to change direction to the left in order to take them in flank and rear. This was promptly and opportunely done, and compelled the immediate surrender of all who did not take flight in the confusion. This timely success rescued those of the 2d and 24th Arkansas, who had been entrapped, and the officers of this command now received the swords of their late captors. In making the movement to the left, a portion of the 6th and 7th Arkansas swept around and reached the open field, across which the brigade charged later in the evening. The 1st and 15th Arkansas took the two guns which were placed upon the road."

"There fell many whose services were invaluable. First among these was Jno. E. Murray, Colonel of the 5th Arkansas regiment, than whom there was no more gallant and promising young officer. He had just attained his majority, and was brave and chivalrous; of a high order of intelligence, and of fine capacity for command. Had he been spared, he would doubtless soon have attested his very superior military qualifications, in a higher sphere of usefulness. His loss is irreparable, and has cast a gloom over the whole command, where he was universally beloved. So, to, with Lieutenant Colonel Anderson Watkins, 8th Arkansas regiment, who was stricken down, sword in hand, very near the enemy's works. Also quite young, he was a true soldier, a gifted and valuable officer, possessed of great courage and having a high sense of duty. In this attack were wounded Colonel Colquitt and Lieutenant Colonel Martin, 1st Arkansas, both severely; Colonel Warfield and Lieutenant Colonel Brasher, 2d Arkansas; Colonel Smith, Lieutenant Colonel Cameron and Major Douglass, 6th Arkansas; Lieutenant Colonel Hutchinson, 19th Arkansas, and Captains White and Washington 5th Arkansas, both dangerously; besides many other brave and valuable officers, whom I can not name in so condensed a report.

"When the men gained the works, they were much scattered and mingled, in consequence of having passed through the woods and abatis, and with the assistance of my officers, I at once set about reforming my line. The regiments, much reduced, were drawn up along the enemy's second work. At about 5 P. M., the Major-General commanding directed me to move forward again. The order was given and the men passed the works and moved on with alacrity, notwithstanding their thinned ranks and ex-

hausted condition. Passing through the woods for about 500 yards, the command reached an open field sloping upward and forward; on the west side of which extended the continuation of the works that had been carried. We were now in the rear of them as they fronted Atlanta, but the enemy had faced about and constructed a second and parallel line alongside the former, being thus protected both in flank and rear. He had also thrown up a work, at an angle with this, with its left thrown back, which commanded the field above referred to, and from which he kept up a heavy and constant flank fire upon my men. Undaunted, however, my command gallantly charged across the open field, at the same time changing direction to the left, on which flank the enemy was nearest, and carried the intrenchments, at about the same time that a force from Cheatham's Division, upon the opposite side, took them upon my left. With this force were the skirmishers of this division, who had just arrived from their late position upon the Augusta Railroad, under command of Colonel Brucum, 8th Arkansas regiment, of my brigade, who was dangerously wounded in the charge. This position had been several times unsuccessfully attacked, if I am not misinformed, and to carry it required the most determined bravery and spirit.

"We now held the most advanced portion of the works that had been carried, with our right extended away toward the enemy, and within twenty-five or thirty yards of him, and having our front and rear flank exposed to an unintermitting fire. Operations ceased with the approach of night, and my troops lay in this exposed position, under fire, until about two o'clock next morning, when, upon my representing that it would be extremely hazardous to remain there after daylight, I was directed to retire my command to the second work taken from the enemy. This I at once proceeded to extend and accommodate to my defense, using for this purpose tools captured from the enemy. Brigadier General Lowrey was placed upon my right, while the Texas Brigade, having lost its commander, was reported to me, and stationed in the enemy's first work, in my rear."

* * * * *

Next is the report of General M. P. Lowrey, who commanded the brigade with which the 45th Alabama was connected, and

which attacked us when the 11th, 13th and 15th Iowa were on the reverse side of the works. His report is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS LOWREY'S BRIGADE,
ATLANTA, GA., July 29, 1864. }

CAPTAIN I. A. BUCK,

Assistant Adjutant General:

SIR:—I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by my command in the engagement of the 22d inst. My line was formed in the rear of Smith's brigade, on the East Point and Decatur road, with the regiments arranged in the following order from right to left: 1st, 33d Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Crittenden, and 2d, 32d Mississippi, Colonel W. H. H. Tison; 3d, 16th Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. Ashford; 4th, 5th Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Herring; 5th, 3d Mississippi Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Williams; 6th, 45th Alabama regiment, Colonel H. D. Lampley; 7th, 8th Mississippi, Colonel John C. Wilkinson. I was ordered to follow Smith's brigade, 500 yards in rear. The whole country through which we passed was one vast, densely-set thicket, so much so that it was found very difficult either to follow Smith's brigade, or keep the proper interval, as a line of battle could not be seen fifty yards. The advance line soon seemed to have had much difficulty in keeping the proper direction, soon moved by the right flank, then forward, then by the right flank again, then forward, then by the left flank. The difficulty of following the movements in such dense woods, can scarcely be imagined; and to add to the difficulty, a part of General Manney's command, which I had been informed was to remain 300 yards in my rear, soon passed through my line, creating great confusion, which required a considerable amount of time to repair. That line then halted, and I passed through it, and was reforming in front of it, when I received an order from Major-General Cleburne to move up rapidly. I then started forward as rapidly as possible, but soon received an order from Lieutenant-General Hardee to move rapidly to the support of General Govan, who was on the left of Smith. To do this I must again move, by the left flank, which I at once began to do. But I soon received an order from Major-General Cleburne to move rapidly to the front and charge the works, that no time must be lost. I then halted, rectified the line, and gave notice to each regiment what they were expected to do, and moved forward

without delay, being then about 500 yards from the breastworks. The right wing of my brigade had to cross a glade which was very miry, and then, before advancing far, encountered Smith's brigade, which had been repulsed and was reforming. Then unforeseen obstacles threw them into confusion, and separated them entirely from the left, the woods being so thick that I could not see 100 yards of line at one time; the derangement was not discovered by me until it was too late to rectify it. To add to the difficulties, my men had had neither sleep nor rest for two days and nights under the rapid maneuvering above mentioned, and under the oppressive heat, many good men fell completely exhausted, and could go no further. But notwithstanding the great disorder, the line, though scattered and thin, rushed forward with great impetuosity, as though they bade defiance to Yankee breastworks. The 8th Mississippi lost their gallant Colonel, Adjutant and many other valuable officers and men, near the works. The 45th Alabama rushed forward, the gallant Colonel Lampley leading the charge, who was wounded and captured on the works; and Major George C. Freeman was wounded within ten paces of the works and captured; three color bearers were shot down in rapid succession, one killed and the other two wounded. The 16th Alabama captured two Yankee flags which were left by the retreating foe in front of their works. The 32d Mississippi rushed forward, almost to the works, when one-third of the command fell at one volley, and two color bearers were killed in quick succession. All the regiments acted well. Taking the brigade altogether, I never saw a greater display of gallantry. But they failed to take the works simply because the thing attempted was impossible for a thin line of exhausted men to accomplish. It was a direct attack by exhausted men against double their number, behind strong breastworks. The history of this war can show no instance of success under such circumstances. I lost in killed and wounded and captured about one-half the men that were in the charge—180 men, with their officers, being absent on picket detail, besides those who had fallen out in the fatiguing march. My loss, as will be seen from the accompanying report of casualties, was five hundred and seventy-eight (578) killed, wounded and missing. Many of the captured were first wounded; but some also charged over the breastworks and were captured, while others went to the works and could not get

away. The staff officers with me were Captains O. S. Palmer, J. Y. Cannack, and Lieutenants A. J. Hall and W. J. Milner. All these officers acted with coolness and gallantry, as they had done on every field. Captain Cannack was wounded and captured, Captain Palmer and Lieutenant Hall each had a horse killed under him while near the enemy's works. I reformed my command and brought it up to the support of Mercer's brigade in a charge later in the evening, but they were not again engaged. I herewith submit a report of the casualties of my brigade on the 22d inst:

					Killed.	Wounded.	Captured	Total.
Captain J. Y. Cannack	-	-	-			1		1
3d Mississippi Battalion	-	-	-	2	33	2		37
5th " Regiment	-	-		11	44	11		66
8th " "	-	-	-	13	71	3		87
32d " "	-	-		18	45	23		86
16th Alabama "	-	-	-	5	56	30		91
33d " "	-	-	-	7	38	34		79
45th " "	-	-	-	27	72	32		131
					83	360	135	578

All of which is respectfully submitted

M. P. LOWREY,

Brigadier General.

The slaughter in the early part of the day, on our side, was severe; later in the day it was small. But throughout the action, on the Confederate side, it was simply fearful. Govan's brigade lost 86 killed, 322 wounded, and 91 missing. Smith's brigade lost 19 killed, 107 wounded and 185 captured. Lowrey's brigade lost 83 killed, 379 wounded and 135 missing. Of these, in the 45th Alabama alone, there were two officers and 25 men killed, 13 officers and 59 men wounded and one officer and 31 men missing.

I have had the pleasure, lately, of being in correspondence with General Govan. His comrades speak of him as a most gallant officer, and he was a very able one, for the clearness with which his report is written shows how well he understood the situation of our lines. And those who are here to-day will bear willing witness to the energy of his attack and the bravery of the men led by him.

His letters, so full of interest, were written courteously, in reply to mine, and I venture to read them here, without his consent,

which I am sure he would kindly grant. I had written to him for the purpose of obtaining additional information concerning the incidents connected with the death of General McPherson.

I call your attention particularly to the close of the first letter, in which he speaks of the gallantry of the 16th Iowa.

MARIANNA, LEE Co., ARK., *November 13, 1878.*

GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP,
Keokuk, Iowa,

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 2d of September last, came to hand after considerable delay, the prevailing epidemic South causing great irregularities in the mails, and about the time of its reception all mails were suspended. I hope this will account for my long silence and seeming discourtesy in not replying more promptly to your letters. I regret to say that I am unable to furnish you with any of the facts or circumstances attending the death of General McPherson. Indeed, I know nothing of my personal knowledge, all I do know, was what I regarded at the time as mere rumor, not to be relied on. I can only repeat now, as far as my memory serves after the lapse of many years, what I heard on the day of the battle of the 22d of July. After the fury of the first onset was over, and the gallant 16th Iowa was captured, it was currently reported that General McPherson was killed upon my extreme right. Upon inquiry into the report, I learned that, half an hour after the commencement of the battle, some of the officers and men of my extreme right had passed over the dead body of some Federal officer of high rank, and from some particular circumstance, which I can not now recall, was satisfied it was General McPherson. This was substantially stated by some of the men of General Smith's Texas Brigade, that fought immediately upon my right. This is, indeed, the sum and substance of what I heard on that memorable day.

On the day following, the 23d, I met, under flag of truce, Colonel Clark, a staff officer of your army, while the dead were being buried, and mentioned the current report of General McPherson's death, and he evaded an answer by replying that it was reported that General Hardee, of the Confederate army was killed, intimating that no reliance could be placed in such reports. Your map I think a very correct one of the battle-ground of the 22d of July, and General McPherson must have met his death at the point indicated on your map.

I never heard it asserted that General McPherson was killed by a man in the 3d or 5th Confederate regiment. My impression was that he came suddenly under the fire of either my brigade or the extreme left regiment of Smith's brigade.

I will add, in conclusion, that my old brigade will have a reunion in Little Rock, the 7th of January next, and I will take special pains to inquire of all who may be likely to know anything on the subject, and should any facts and circumstances attending General McPherson's death come to my knowledge, it will afford me the greatest pleasure to communicate the same to you, thereby being instrumental in clearing up the circumstances attending the death of one of the most gallant and distinguished officers who fought under the 'Stars and Stripes,' and whose untimely death (now that the mad passions of war are over) all true Southern soldiers deplore.

I agree with you fully, and certainly as far as my command was concerned, the 22d of July was one of the bloodiest of the war, for of fourteen field officers, I think I lost twelve killed or wounded, and it was for some time a matter of doubt whether the gallant 16th Iowa would capture my command or my brigade them.

Very respectfully and truly,

D. C. GOVAN."

* * * * *

HOME, LEE Co., ARK. *December 15, 1878.*

GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP,

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letters of November 27th and December 2d, and am very much obliged for your courtesy and kindness. I read, with especial interest, General Strong's account of the particulars attending the death of General McPherson. It is a clear, concise, and, I believe, truthful statement of the tragic event of that memorable day. It gave me a clear insight of the disposition of your army on the 21st and 22d of July, and offers a satisfactory answer to the problem which I have tried to solve, namely. why it was that instead of taking the Army of the Tennessee by surprise, we found the 16th corps and part of the 17th corps facing south, and ready to receive our attack.

General Hood expected to attack your flank and rear, taking

General McPherson by surprise, and with a less vigilant and able commander it might have succeeded.

General Cleburne's division of Hardee's corps, of which my brigade composed a part, occupied the extreme right of the entrenchments around Atlanta, with our skirmishers occupying 'Bald Hill,' and it was our skirmishers that met the attack of General Leggett's division, and were only driven back after a very severe and spirited fight, in which, however, our main line did not participate, remaining in the entrenchments and subjected to heavy, well directed, artillery fire, killing and wounding many of our men. I saw seventeen men killed by one cannon ball. Early in the night of the 21st we moved out of the entrenchments directing our march around your left flank and rear, and it was expected the attack would be made much earlier in the day ; but the difficulty of getting the different commands in their proper position, delayed the attack until near 12 o'clock. It was well conceived but badly executed. My brigade occupied in the advance the left of the attacking corps. I was ordered to move directly up the McDonough road with one regiment on left of the road ; all the rest of the commands were to guide left on me. Instead of doing as directed, Bates' and Walker's divisions went off on a tangent to the right, encountering General Dodge ; while Smith's Texas brigade and General Lowrey's brigade became separated from me, inclining to the right and passing through the interval between the 16th and 17th corps. I do not make this statement intending to reflect, in the least, on any of my associate commanders, but only by way of explanation of the situation. As the battle of the 22d of July progressed, we became separated and for a considerable time each command fought, so to speak, on its own hook. This separation, and want of unity of action of our corps, was caused, doubtless, by circumstances that frequently have a material bearing upon an attacking force. A very rapid advance, and the difficult character of the ground, rendered it almost impossible to preserve a correct alignment.

This interval between the 16th and 17th corps enabled me to attack the Iowa brigade, who were fighting under the disadvantage (so well appreciated in action), of having their flank entirely unprotected. It was only after one of the severest fights in which I ever participated that I captured the gallant 16th Iowa and parts of four companies of the 13th, after they were completely

flanked. In this first fight I sustained my principal loss. I find myself, General, unconsciously fighting over again the battle of the 22d of July, reciting facts and incidents well known to you and not exactly pertinent to the subject of inquiry of your letters; but you must excuse it from the well known weakness of all old soldiers, to fight their battles over again; a weakness from which, I confess, I am not entirely exempt. I do not think there are any 'corrections or suggestions' that I can make to the statement submitted by General Strong. I think, as I said before, that it is a candid, truthful account of facts and circumstances attending the death of General McPherson, and of the position and movements of the contending forces on that day. During an absence from home for several days, I met a gentleman, formerly an officer of the 5th Confederate regiment, who confirmed, in all the main essentials, the statement of General Strong and Captain Beard. This gentleman saw the General as he rode rapidly down the road referred to in General Strong's account, and saw the fatal shots fired, saw the General fall from his horse, and saw his body after death, and was himself captured a short while afterwards. I do not think you will ever be able to get anything more satisfactory, or that will throw any additional light on the facts and circumstances attending the death of the lamented and able commander of the Army of the Tennessee. I assure you that I fully reciprocate the sentiment expressed in your letter, and have, in common with you, the highest appreciation of the courage and gallantry of the men whose courage I have tested, and with whom I have crossed swords on so many bloody battle fields. The reflection has often occurred to me, what could not be accomplished with the combined Union and Confederate armies (in a good cause), acting in concert and harmony, under such leaders as Generals Grant, Sherman, Lee and Johnston? If they had the ambition and opportunities, they, like Alexander, might weep that there were "no more worlds to conquer."

"I am very much obliged for your invitation to attend one of your reunions, and would take pleasure in doing so, if I possibly can. We will have a reunion of my brigade on the 15th of January next, and if you can make it convenient to attend, we will try to entertain you, and fight over again (in a harmless way), the battle of the 22d of July. I am in receipt, also, of the statement submitted by General Sherman, all of which I read with interest,

and for which I am indebted to you. Meanwhile, I should be pleased to hear from you at any time, assuring you that our correspondence has been a source of great pleasure instead of annoyance to me.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

D. C. GOVAN."

From these reports and letters, you will observe that the brigade had the respect of its opponents, and their words confirm our own belief and knowledge of your heroic conduct and the severe fighting of that day.

As I bid you adieu, for this reunion, the words are on my lips, which have always since 1862 been in my heart, "God bless the men of the Iowa brigade of the 17th corps." For they were true to their state, to their country, to themselves, and true to their corps commanders—McPherson, Blair and Ransom—who, though dead, look down on us to-day with blessing and love.

As the years pass and our days decline, the cherished memory of our later life will be, that in the time of the Nation's trial, we tried to do our duty in the brigade organized and first commanded, by that manly man and dauntless soldier—MARCELLUS M. CROCKER.

Throughout the reading, General Belknap was listened to with marked attention and interest, appreciative of the value of the papers.

The President then called upon General Noble to proceed and read the Jackson letter. General Noble said:

SPEECH OF GENERAL NOBLE.

MY FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

We assemble in St. Louis to commemorate the anniversary of the capture of Camp Jackson. I live on Camp Jackson now. The ground that then was covered with the tents of the men of whom General Lyon (God bless his memory!) found it necessary to take in charge, even before they had proclaimed utter and determined hostility to the Union, is now covered by fine residences of a prosperous and happy community, that of the city of St. Louis. I agree with our great general, the presiding officer, when he said, as he did yesterday: "We are willing to forgive, but we can not forget." [Applause.] And on an occasion like this, it is eminently proper

that not only the records of our comrades, such as General Belknap has read, distinguished with heroism, bravery and victory, should be proud, but that we should all know whether or not the action of our grand leaders, such as Lyon and Blair, were authorized at the time they took them, or whether the actions of any of our leaders, or our officers, military or civil, during the war, and particularly at the inception of it, were such as circumstances rendered necessary, without regard to particular rules of law or the experience of men. It was the grand wisdom, the earnest purpose, the farseeing souls of those men, early in the conflict, as well as their valor amidst the fight, that rendered, at last, this Union permanent. [Applause] Now I will tell you what I have heard before I read this letter, This is a big document, but it is not the whole book that I am going to read. That covers a very few pages, my fellow soldiers, but it illuminates wonderfully the records of Camp Jackson. I was going to tell you what I have heard about Lyon. They tell me that here in St. Louis, just before he went out there between Grand avenue and Garrison avenue, that the lawyers, good men and loyal men, had said: "Now, Lyon, don't you see that you don't want to commit an overt act,"—I believe that was what our old friend, Buchanan, called it [laughter].—You don't want to commit an overt act of aggression or open war, but we advise"—and they had already prepared a paper—"we advise a writ of replevin." [Laughter.] The theory of this was that the arms really did not belong to the United States, but, inasmuch as they had got into the hands of these fellow-citizens in Camp Jackson, and they really were not going to use them for the purposes intended, which was the salvation of the country, but rather to overthrow it; that they were, in a legal sense, about to commit trover, or convert them to their own use [laughter]. And now that the title was therefore defective, and in order to take them back, it was necessary to get out a writ of replevin, give it to General Lyon (heaven save the mark), and he would summon a posse—*posse comitatus*—there must always be enough Latin to give this thing effect—[laughter]—and with that he was to go out and serve the commander of the camp, and demand the possession, and if they did not surrender, why then, the *posse comitatus*, being the soldiers with their muskets, and ready for the fight, would do it all in a legal way. [Laughter.] I don't know how true it is, but I am told that the lawyers who had concocted the writ and went down to

see General Lyon and give it to him, found him with his hand on the mane of his horse and his foot in his stirrup. They said: "Here Captain, is the writ." "Well," he said, "I have already got one regiment marching out on the west flank to Camp Jackson, and I have another moving out on Olive street road, and if I don't get on this horse and get out there pretty soon they will have taken that camp before they hear of me. [Applause and laughter.] And they tell me now—but being distinguished gentlemen, I won't mention their names—that they went back and climbed the dome of the court house with the writ in their hands, and looked down to see the smoke and the fight, and that was the only effect that it had. [Laughter.]

Now then, to come to the point, when General Lyon went there, had he the right to go? Was it necessary that he should? Now let me read what Claib. Jackson said. I read the letter-press copy over his own sign manual. I don't know where this book came from, but it is genuine.

A delegate:—A contraband of war, I guess. [Laughter.]

General Noble: Well, I will read it.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., *April 19, 1861.* }

HON. DAVID WALKER,

President Arkansas Convention, Fayetteville:

SIR:—Your letter, enclosing the resolutions passed by the Arkansas convention, and expressing a desire "to hear from me touching the political affairs of the country and of the proposed remedies for existing evils," came to hand during my absence to the city of St. Louis, which will explain to you the seeming delay in my reply. From the beginning, my convictions have been that the interest, duty and honor of every slave-holding state demanded their separation from the Northern or non-slaveholding states. Mr. Lincoln, the representative man of the Northern mind, is the author of the sentiment that the states of the federal union "cannot permanently endure part free and part slave; that they must all become one or the other," &c. This is the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict," and though not of necessity a great philosophical truth, yet it is all the belief of the Northern people; and like other people they act upon their belief and convictions of duty. They believe the institution of slavery to be the sum of all villainies, and hence feel themselves called upon to extinguish it from the face of the earth. They believe, or affect to believe, their duty to their God and country alike demands this service at their hands, while we of the South, believe it to be the most damnable and hellish crusade that was ever waged against any people upon earth. Although they have abolished slavery in all their own states, they still feel that they are responsible for the sin of slavery, because they happen to live

in the same federal union that we do. For my part—and I trust in God such will be the judgment of every Southern man—I am for relieving their tender consciences by a full, complete and final separation. I am for absolving them from all responsibility, *here and hereafter*, and opening a way as broad as the Mississippi by which they may be enabled to make their calling and election sure. I have been from the beginning in favor of decided and prompt action on the part of the Southern states, but a majority of the people of Missouri, up to the present time, have differed with me. What their future action may be, no man with certainty can predict or foretell, but my present impression is, judging from the indications hourly occurring, that Missouri will be ready for secession in less than thirty days, and will secede if Arkansas will only get out of the way and give her a free passage.

Missouri and Arkansas have been called upon by an abolition President for troops to whip their Southern brethren and friends into the support of a miserable, black Republican, fanatical administration, and the question is, shall they assist in this hellish work, or like true and noble states stand by their friends and perish with them, if need be, in the maintenance of our common rights. Whatever may have been our past differences, it seems to me that the time has come when all true Southern men should be united as a band of brothers against the common enemy. Public sentiment here is rapidly tending to this point. A few days more will determine all. I shall be happy to hear from you as to what Arkansas is likely to do.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. F. JACKSON.

Now, I have no comment to make further than this, that while we are present in this city, we are willing that all past differences, or issue, if you choose to so call it, shall not be particularly agitated, but we are determined, and I say it in the community in which I live, and I say it in the presence of my old comrades, that whenever again the voice of lawyer, civilian, merchant or soldier be raised in condemnation of the action of General Lyon, when he put his foot in that stirrup and rode on his horse to the victory of Camp Jackson, that that letter will stand his utter and complete justification, and show that he knew the men with whom he was to deal, and the vast interests that were in his hands on that eventful day, and that *he did right*. [Applause.] And more than that, now, I let that go, but more than that, I say that when Claib. Jackson referred to the great Mississippi river as the broad highway which he was to open for the destruction of the Union cause, in his imagination figuring our wreck drifting down the stream, he little thought that the truth was that that grand river was the link, the grand commercial artery, binding the North and South together, and that there

would come from the hills and woods, the hamlets and the cities of all this western land, the soldiers who would see to it, as the Army of the Tennessee did most effectually see to it, that the great river should run unobstructed to the sea. [Great applause.] It is your grand triumph; it is your claim to the reception which you have received at the hands of the people of St Louis. You have been received heartily; you have been received by the Mayor, by the Chamber of Commerce, by the Cotton Exchange; you have been received most heartily and sincerely by the hearts of the people of this community, and they are with you, my comrades, as they are with all men that believe in the Union, and that the Union men are the ones who are to lead us on to prosperity and glory. [Great applause.]

The attention accorded General Noble was marked, and the sentiments he expressed, in his remarks, received hearty applause.

On motion of Major Dawes:

Resolved, That General Leggett be, and is, requested by this resolution, to prepare a paper on the battle of July 22d, 1864, and read it at the next reunion.

The President asked General Leggett if he would do so, and received his acceptance.

On motion of Lieutenant Andreas:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to ascertain what arrangements can be made for transportation, how the members of the Society, and guests who might accompany them, could be provided for while there, what time it will require for the trip, and, in general, the feasibility and practicability of holding the reunion of 1884, in the summer, in a grand encampment in the great National Yellowstone Park. The committee to report at the next reunion.

The President designated Lieutenant Andreas, General Pope, General Strong, General Sanborn and Colonel Everest.

General Hickenlooper called up a matter which he considered of interest to the Society, namely, wearing of uniforms by the members of the Society at its meetings, saying an effort to that end had once been made, and he now renewed it because he was decidedly impressed with the propriety and importance of carrying it out. It is well known that the Congress of the United States has authorized and encouraged the wearing of uniforms on

occasions of ceremony. He made a motion that a committee of five be appointed for the purpose of considering the propriety and practicability of wearing uniforms at our meetings, and that the committee report at our next meeting, and requested that he should not be named as one of the committee.

Colonel Seay opposed the motion, on the ground that it would be placing too much expense on members who could not afford it. He would not object to those wearing uniforms who desired, but did not want to make it obligatory on anybody. Other remarks were made by Colonel Oliver, in a measure objecting to the matter being fixed. General Hickenlooper said his desire was to have the committee consider the question and report its conclusions. The motion was put, declared carried, and the President named Major E. C. Dawes, General Walcutt, General Gresham, General Baldwin and Colonel W. L. Barnum as the committee.

General Fletcher said:

MR. PRESIDENT:

I desire to submit a motion that General Noble be requested to prepare for publication with the proceedings the remarks made by him in the presentation and reading of the letter of Claib. Jackson, which I understand to have been ordered printed in the proceedings. I make this motion because I would like to have in our proceedings, the reasons, as given by General Noble, for reading a letter of this kind. You know, in this region of the country—I don't know that it is so everywhere else—but here there is a powerful disposition on the part of a great many people to insist that all the memories of the war ought to be buried. Now, if some of us have the same kind of memories that they have, I think so, too [laughter], and if they want to bury the memories of all the errors and mistakes that they have made in following Claib. Jackson and Sterling Price, while we were following Lyon and Blair, we will help them bury it, and we will take the spade, each of us, as Generals Sherman and Sheridan have done many a time, and help them to bury all the errors and mistakes committed in times gone by; but they have no right to ask us to accompany them as chief mourners in weeping over it. [Laughter.] There are some memories that we propose to keep alive always, and among those are the memory of General Nathaniel Lyon and of General Frank P. Blair. No man more faithfully buried the issues of the war, or endeavored to do so more manfully, than did

Frank Blair. We will not bury the memory of Frank Blair now, [applause], and no man was buried more gloriously in all the war than General Lyon, and we will not bury the memory of General Lyon by this Society [applause], but, comrades, I understand it is not only our province to keep alive all these glorious memories which we have by our reunions, but we have the right to select our descendants afterward to keep them alive, and one of the memories we want to keep alive for them, and which we will keep alive until the last man of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee shall assemble by himself only, to hold this meeting, will be that of the American people in their struggle for the maintenance of the Federal authority, and that they were right. [Great applause.]

Lieutenant Scribner gave notice that he would present, at the next meeting, for the consideration of the Society, the following, to be the fifth amendment to the constitution:

Resolved, That any member of this Society have the right to designate a son, who shall, by a majority vote of the Society members present at an annual meeting, become a member of the Society at once, with the obligations, rights and privileges expressed in the third amendment.

General Fort suggested that it should include all the sons, and the President said it might be done by saying one or more. General Fort said, if at the next meeting, he would make such a motion and it would be in order.

On motion of Colonel Pride:

Resolved, That the question of the amendments above referred to be referred to a committee of four, to consist of the President, Secretary, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the Society.

On motion of Captain Ogg:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society are extended to General Buckland for his paper written upon the Battle of Shiloh for, and printed in the last report.

The President: Gentlemen, have you any further business for the Society? [Voices, "Move to adjourn."] I want merely to say a few words to you historically, before you go, for you know I have made it a point heretofore to insist that our Society ought to, and it is made our duty under the constitution, to do everything we can to illustrate the lives and history of our dead com-

rades. There have been some very important and very interesting publications made since our last meeting. You have seen them all. General Force has published a volume entitled, "From Fort Henry to Corinth," and among the most interesting of these publications is that of Mr. Nicolai, who was a private secretary to Lincoln, in which he describes all the little antecedent events attending the opening of the civil war. I think his book is wonderfully correct and wonderfully good, and as I read the book I made marginal notes; and when I came to the fact that Lyon had disguised himself in female attire, and gone to Camp Jackson, it occurred to me as very singular, for I knew Lyon better than almost anybody in this army. I knew him when he was a boy. I knew him when he graduated at West Point. I knew him in California, and in Florida, and I knew him here in St. Louis. I saw him the day he marched out to Camp Jackson, and I saw him the day before, too, and he was the roughest specimen you ever saw, with hair unkempt, with beard full, long and red; it struck me as very strange that he should do such a thing, and I wrote Nicolai to get his authority. He had gone to Florida, but I got a letter after I started on my California trip, stating that he was away from home when the letter had reached there, and didn't get it till he got back to Washington. He is now marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States, a man of excellent character and undoubted ability. Recently, I got a letter from him, which I intended to have brought with me. It is to this effect: He got the story from Colonel Peckham, who wrote a history of Lyon ten years ago. Since I have been here I have seen Preston Blair, one of the sons of Frank Blair, who tells me that his grandmother, Mrs. Alexander, furnished the dress. She is blind. She lives here in St. Louis, and is well known to everybody. She furnished him the cloak and a sun-bonnet over which hung a very deep veil. So Lyon, beyond all question, did visit Camp Jackson in disguise. He went there, I suppose, and satisfied himself as to what those people meant. At that time the papers were full of Beauregard and Jeff. Davis, and those names were pretty prominent then, as they are still, and the camp was then commanded by General Dan. Frost—I knew him well, still in St. Louis, a West Point graduate. The camp was rectangular in shape, lying between Olive street and Market street, and by driving along either of those streets westward, you

could look through the camp, and see stakes driven in with a board nailed across at each end of the streets, and on them was "Davis avenue, Beauregard avenue." I have no doubt Lyon wanted to satisfy his mind on that particular point—that these men had not only covert designs—for they were known to have received captured arms from Baton Rouge, and had also received two six-pounders that came up concealed in sugar casks; he went out there undoubtedly for that purpose, wearing the cloak and this old sun-bonnet with the deep veil, to see what he could see, and the next day marched out and surrounded the camp. Lyon took care, of course, to see that he was acting lawfully, as he wanted to obey the law, for we West Point graduates are brought up to have a very strict regard for the law, and when he had once satisfied himself that these men meditated some resistance, some attack on the arsenal, like a sensible man, he saw the danger, and made his first attack. And he was justified in that, both as a soldier and as a lawyer. I think General Noble was right when he said that he had a right to seize with a *posse comitatus* those arms, either with a writ or without a writ. At that time Frank Blair was a Southern man. I think he owned slaves at that time. I don't care whether he did or not. He was a magnanimous fellow, and he saw farther ahead than any of us. He knew Governor Jackson and all those men better than anybody else did. I saw Frank Blair two or three nights before at his house on Washington avenue and talked with him about it, and there was some dispute whether these men—the "State Guard," as they were called—in Camp Jackson meditated mischief or not. We all felt a sense of uncertainty. It was a camp not more than two miles from where we are now. Noble lives there. He knows how far it is.

General Noble: Two miles.

General Sherman: Yes. Well, our forces was very small; only a little column commanded by Lyon and one company of light artillery at the arsenal. We had four regiments of the Home Guards, which Frank Blair commanded, and I saw him ride up and down these streets in front of windows filled with angry women and scowling men, and I think it was as brave an act as I ever saw any of my men do in the midst of battle. Any man could have shot him down with a pistol, and that letter which General Noble has just read, merely speaks the spirit of the peo-

ple at that time. They looked upon the Black Republicans and Abolitionists as demons and villains of the deepest dye. I have heard Christian people, who used to go to church every Sunday and took the sacrament, curse and damn them to everlasting infamy [laughter], and the women and children felt the same way. They were all brought up in the doctrine that the Black Republicans and Abolitionists were devils incarnate, and that they could cut their throats with as clear conscience as they would those of an enemy. I think the spirit of our meeting has been kind and good, and I hope it will have a good influence on this community. [Laughter.] I belong here, and feel like one of them, just as Noble does. We have a right to settle here, and when we are in St. Louis we have a right to speak what we think, just as we would in New York, or Washington, or Philadelphia. This is an honest country. No honest man can play two parts. We must be plain, straightforward, honest soldiers. You are fighting a battle to-day, gentlemen, just as much as you were in 1865, but it is a battle of opinion, and a very important battle it is, too. We are fighting the battles of civilization, which commenced long before any of us could see, and it is going on now, and we, as members of this Society, coming together here, as we do, interchanging kindly thoughts, speaking of our old comrades in the way that we do, manifesting our love and respect for them and for the cause in which they fought, we leave a little ripple upon the surface of time, having its influence for good; and I know it, and you know it, and you feel it. At all events, we say so, and we believe so, and in adjourning to-day over to Cleveland next year, I hope I will see as many as are now before me, if not more, and if we choose to enlarge our ranks by bringing in new members from the children of those already in, so much the better. We, as a Society, have already lived fifteen years. I didn't suppose it would exist more than ten, but I have noticed, and notice with pleasure and surprise, that your numbers keep up well, and your spirit is bright and buoyant to-day as the day you first signed your constitution. [Loud and continued applause, amidst which the association adjourned.]

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

BANQUET.

The time-honored feature of our reunions, the official dinner for the members and invited guests, was duly provided at the Lindell Hotel. During the early evening, those who were to participate were assembled in the parlors, halls and headquarter rooms. At forty-five minutes past eight o'clock, the chairman of the committee, escorting the President, at the head of the party, proceeded to the banquet hall. The table at the east side of the hall was reserved for the President, officers of the Society and the distinguished guests, the others took positions at the tables arranged across the hall.

The President calling to order at nine o'clock, and requesting General Fallows, he invoked the blessing as follows:

O, Almighty God, we thank Thee that we are permitted to meet together to-night. We now ask that Thy blessing rest upon us, and that all these mercies and benefits we are receiving at Thy hands may be sanctified to our good. Bring us, we pray, evermore into intimate relations with Thyself through all these, Thine abounding mercies, through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

The dinner was discussed until a quarter past eleven o'clock, enlivened by music and animated conversation. At the conclusion, the President began the order of toasts and speeches as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:

You have now had three hours and a half at the tables—as long as soldiers should sit without hearing something. I have before me the bill of fare, consisting of toasts, and I deem it disrespectful to ask any gentleman to speak in the presence of people who are otherwise engaged. It is for this reason I want this room to ourselves and such as can occupy it and remain quiet. [Having previously referred to the waiters walking about the hall.] You know perfectly well that we have always been famed for our feasts, ever since the organization of this Society. We used to

allow the bummers, after we got through, to make all the noise that was necessary. Gentlemen, therefore, I ask you as friends and fellow-soldiers, to give each and every speaker a careful, quiet attention, and then, surely, you will be entertained, and it will be pleasant for the visitor and visited. None of the servants have anything to do, let them move around the exterior quietly, but I don't want them to pass up these galleries after the speaking has commenced, so that we can have a fair view over the hall. The music has had a chance, the caterer has had a chance and now comes our chance. I want the music simply to give us short little snatches between the toasts. I will now, gentlemen, commence exactly according to the programme, as laid down by your local committee, adhering to it literally and truly; and I ask every speaker who has prepared notes to speak as emphatic and as clearly as he can, and I promise to go as far as I can to keep order and to give him a fair hearing. [Cries of good.] Now, gentlemen, I invite and command your attention, and therefore will read the first toast. It is one which commands our earnest attention and respect:

The Republic, its spirit, purposes and institutions are the crown jewels of humanity.

Response by the HON. THOS. H. NELSON.

General Nelson was greeted as he rose, with rounds of applause and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Inasmuch as my time is necessarily restricted, so as to give opportunity to others who are to speak on this occasion, I will limit my response to the very comprehensive toast which has just been announced, to a brief statement of the effect—the moral and political results of the success of the republic in the war of the rebellion, especially with reference to our sister republics on this continent. And, I promise you in advance, that if my remarks shall possess no other merit, they will, at least, have that of brevity.

The American revolution, which released the colonies from British bondage, questioned, for the first time, the divine right of Kings, and taught the European monarchs that there was a

power behind the throne greater than the throne itself; that the voice of the people is indeed the voice of God.

That era of revolutions was inaugurated, which resulted in the emancipation of nearly the entire Western Continent from European domination.

Emulating our example, the Central and South American republics sprang into existence, and their elder sister, the great republic, ushered them one after another into the family of nations.

The origin and principles of government of the American republics being substantially the same, and all modeled upon our system, it was obvious that they must share the same fate and that they and the system must sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish together.

If we, who were trying the experiment of a free government under the most favorable conditions, had failed, the whole system must necessarily have failed, here, there and everywhere, and perhaps for all time. Hence the ardent wishes and prayers of enlightened patriots of those countries and throughout the world for the success of the great republic.

They fully comprehended the grandeur and magnitude of the mighty issues that were involved. They comprehended that it was not a mere contest for power on the one hand and independence on the other, as was maintained by Mr. Gladstone and many English and continental statesmen; that the war was not waged merely to put down a gigantic rebellion, nor merely to destroy the curse of human slavery; but they knew that you, soldiers of the army of the Union, were solving the grandest problem ever submitted to human society. Whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular government. Have the people the capacity to govern themselves? Can there exist and endure a free government with republican institutions? These were the vast issues that were involved.

The republics, therefore, and our system of government were on trial before a jury of the whole civilized world, and people of every nation, kindred and tongue, and representing every system of government, watched, and with the most intense anxiety, the wavering fortunes of the great conflict.

Thank God, the heroism of our soldiers and sailors, and the

wisdom of our statesmen; settled those great questions, as we trust and believe, finally and forever.

The moral lesson taught to the nations by the triumph of the republic was impressive and significant. Its influence has been felt ever since the close of the war. It is felt now from the centre to the extremities of this great republic and throughout the world, and will be felt "to the latest syllable of recorded time."

All history demonstrates that while republican governments are admirably adapted to foreign wars, because a foreign war always consolidates and crystalizes party spirit and public sentiment at home, yet republics have hitherto signally and invariably failed for the want of inherent power to crush our intestine strifes and civil wars.

It was reserved for the great republic, not only to meet and vanquish every foreign foe, but to destroy the mightiest rebellion in the world's history, thus clearly demonstrating that, after all, that government is the strongest in which the people rule.

The patriots of Central and South American Republics therefore very naturally considered our victories, their victories—our defeats, their defeats.

Their sympathies were outspoken, cordial and sincere.

At the close of the war, as you, Mr. President, are aware, I had the honor to represent our Government in the beautiful Republic of Chili, at the southern extremity of the continent.

During the four long, dreadful years of labor, sacrifice and blood, at times, too, when nearly all Europe mocked at our calamity, and beheld us, as many of them hoped, in the last agonies of dissolution, the Government and people of Chili never for one moment despaired of the republic. They relied upon the skill and courage of our soldiers, the righteousness of our cause and the justice of God.

Just after our failure in the Virginia peninsula, when the life of the nation seemed to be suspended on a single thread, that little republic seized upon the occasion to pay a large sum of money, that was due to our citizens on a claim that originated in 1819.

They paid me in gold coin, equivalent to the coin of the United States, when gold commanded \$2.80 in greenbacks, thus manifesting, in the most tangible form, the confidence of that Government in the stability of our republic.

Mr. Lincoln, in his last message to Congress, devoted a paragraph to this subject.

It is pleasant for me also to state that I had the honor to receive and transmit to the State Department and to the Sanitary Commission, for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, more money than was sent by any other of our legations abroad.

I recall, with much satisfaction, the announcement of the close of the war in Santiago, the capital of Chili.

The mail steamer from the North, that usually arrived at Valparaiso twice a month, was many hours overdue. It was in the spring of 1865, and great events were expected. The little colony of Americans residing in the capital, after waiting for many weary hours for news by telegraph from Valparaiso, at length disappeared. These were times, indeed, when we did not know whether or not we had a country.

About two o'clock in the morning I was aroused by the familiar air of "Hail Columbia," from a band of music. I knew that there were glad tidings. Hastening to the balcony I discovered, in the bright moonlight, the venerable form and snowy head of the President, a gentleman who was Minister to the United States when Henry Clay was Secretary of State, and was always our staunch friend.

In jubilant and exultant tones the old statesman shouted, in perfect English: "Richmond has fallen! Lee has surrendered! The rebellion is over. The Union is saved,"

The next day was proclaimed a feast day—a day of rejoicing, in which the whole people joined.

At noon a procession of more than 20,000 people marched by the Legation, and under our grand old flag, which they greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. There was the President and the Cabinet, the Senate and House of Representatives, and all the patriotic and municipal bodies, escorted by about 5,000 troops in uniform.

In front of the Legation was massed together most of the military bands of the city, comprising more than 200 instruments, on which they played in perfect harmony, "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner."

I felt that I was no longer a stranger in a distant land, but that I was among friends and brothers, whose patriotic impulses and aspirations were in perfect unison with my own.

Taking advantage of our great struggle for national existence, which absorbed all our faculties, energies and resources, to the exclusion of every thing else, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of the French, who really held the balance of power in Europe, attempted to overturn the generally established system of government on this continent.

To that end Maximilian, the young Archduke of Austria, was sent to Mexico, backed by French bayonets and foreign mercenaries, and proclaimed Emperor. The triumph of the Union was soon followed by the expulsion of the French hirelings from the soil of Mexico, at the command of the United States.

Maximilian, although thus shorn of his foreign support, foolishly remained and staked his all—life, fortune and fame—on the cast of a single die. He lost and paid the penalty.

On a bright morning in June, 1867, more than a month after his capture, and after a deliberate trial, in which he was ably defended, he calmly met his fate.

On the Cerro de las Campanas, near the city of Queretaro, a sharp volley of musketry was heard, and Maximilian was no more.

But the echo of those guns resounded and reverberated among the gorges of the distant mountains. It rolled across the Atlantic and shook every throne in Europe to its base. The royal tyrant who conspired against the liberties of men, heard it in his palace on the Siene, and trembled as he listened. It rolled over the Pyrenees, and the throne of Isabella of Spain began to crumble; over the Alps, and every monarch, from Italy to the far East, heard the rumblings of the coming earthquake, the prelude of the fall of empire.

Those echoes will roll on and on through the ages, and be answered by the uprising millions of future generations, until “kingly prerogative” and “divine right” are things of the past!

Behold the hand of God in history.

Isabella of Spain, prompted by Louis Napoleon, attempted to take possession of the Spanish-American republics on the Pacific coast, upon a new principle of international law—the right of re-vindication or reconquest—and for that purpose she sent the most powerful squadron ever seen in the Pacific Ocean, which bombarded Valparaiso and Callao, but that squadron “came and faded like a wreath of mist at eve,” in the presence of the

majesty of the United States, "redeemed and regenerated," Her unholy ambition was rebuked. The monarchy was abolished, and Isabella was driven from her throne by an outraged and indignant people. A republic followed and was soon supplanted by a monarchy under a foreign prince; who abdicated in a year. Another attempt at a republic and another monarchy completes her history to the present time. The people of Spain are not qualified by nature, education or patriotism for self-government.

Napoleon III., broken hearted and humiliated, his empire dismembered and destroyed, sleeps his last sleep under soil of France's hereditary foe, and France has ceased to be a monarchy. The leading power in the plot of overturning free governments is now respectfully following in the pathway of the great republic in the adoption of republican institutions.

Verily, the crime of European despotism against American liberty has been avenged.

Mr. President and gentlemen, I have now briefly presented a feeble outline of "the republic," and a faint idea of the moral effect of its triumphs at home and its achievements abroad, in behalf of civil liberty and the rights of man throughout the world.

It is my heart's desire and prayer to Almighty God, in which you and all patriots will cordially join, that this ocean-bound republic of ours, which was cemented by the blood of heroes, may be, and forever remain, a monument of true liberty, wisdom, peace, progress and prosperity, on which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

SECOND TOAST:—"Missouri." *Her bright Ægis, inscribed loyalty, borne by Lyon and Blair, still lights the way to greatness.*

Response by COLONEL DAVID MURPHY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE:

Again you are welcomed to the loyal state of Missouri. [Cries of "good,"] Here the Army of the Tennessee was organized and received its first installment of troops. It is true, that prior to the organization of the Army of the Tennessee, there was some work to be done preparatory to its organization. Although Missouri has always been loyal and true to the Union, and it can not

be said with truth that any vote ever cast in the state of Missouri has ever been against the union of these United States [cheers], the power of the government at one time fell into the hands of men who prostituted that power and attempted to deny the right of the Union to exercise authority within its limits, undertook to prevent that intercourse, that communication which is necessary to maintain our Union and preserve those relations which must exist between one part of the United States and the other. Twenty-seven years ago, it is true, that bad men attempted to stop and prevent the passage of loyal Indians from passing through to Kansas. They were compelled to take the overland route through Iowa, but notwithstanding the difficulties attending such a course, these men took that overland route; they settled in Kansas, and when the time came for a co-operation between loyal men of Missouri and loyal men of Kansas, they joined hand to hand. And such bravery was never witnessed as that displayed by the First Missouri and First Kansas, at Wilson's Creek. [Cheers.] Again, I regret to say that the mayor of St. Louis, for the time being, notified Captain Lyon [cheers] that the presence, that the quartering of troops outside the limits prescribed or assigned to the United States, was distasteful to the citizens of St. Louis. The question was, is that true or false. An appeal was made to the people of St. Louis to say whether the presence of Union volunteers was distasteful or not, and the loyal men of St. Louis rose in their might and they said that the presence of traitors in our midst is distasteful to us. [Cheers.] So that the first slander that was ever attempted to be cast on the good fame of Missouri was answered by such an arousal as drove the rebel power from the city of St. Louis, never to return again. [Cheers.] The flag of America was raised, and on that flag was inscribed: "Loyalty to the Union," and the flag was carried into the battle front by Blair and Lyon. [Renewed cheers.] I need not tell you that the Missourians who enlisted under the flag of our country were brave men. They formed a part of your army, and if you ever knew a Missouri regiment to fail in its duty, tell me now. [Cries of "There was not one, not one," and cheers.]

But, gentlemen of the Army of the Tennessee, there were other armies; there were other services rendered other than those rendered by the Army of the Tennessee. I need not refer to the services of Missouri troops at Wilson's Creek; I need not refer you—although,

according to history, we know nothing of it—need I tell you that in 1862, whilst you were engaged east of the Mississippi, that a body of Missouri troops marched from Springfield to Fayetteville, 120 miles, in three days, met an advancing army of 25,000, under Hindman, and on the fourth day broke up that army, of 25,000 men, and sent him back to Little Rock with scarcely a brigade. [Cheers.] Now, I again correct history and call your attention to the fact that when Sterling Price, the leader of the Missouri forces, attempted to invade Missouri and capture St. Louis, late as it was, a body of men under the gallant General Thomas Ewing and Colonel Fletcher [cheers]—a body of men of one thousand, met the invading force that was intending to take St. Louis, and at Pilot Knob almost destroyed that army of 12,000; they were glad—they were glad to cease their movement on St. Louis, and they were glad to get out of the state the best way they could. [Laughter.] And now, gentlemen of the Army of the Tennessee, let me say to you that your visit here is of incalculable benefit, not only to Missouri but to the Union. Your visit here shows the world by your reception, by the spontaneous and enthusiastic outburst and manifestation of pleasure with which you have been received, that no more loyal city in the Union lives or stands to-day than the city of St. Louis, the commercial metropolis of the Mississippi valley. [Cheers.] If St. Louis has nothing more to be proud of, she could rest and stand content with having the honor of having brought to the notice of history those two imperishable names, Frank P. Blair and Nathaniel Lyon. [Cheers.] The history of these men is more than local. Our beloved sister city of Chicago [cheers] has recognized this fact, and has prepared, in recognition of their national reputation, one of the most beautiful floral tributes I ever saw. The city of St. Louis returns to the city of Chicago greetings of her full joy and gratitude, and let it be hoped that this floral tribute, bearing those sanctified names will be a bond of union between us that shall always exist. [Applause.] And now, gentlemen of the Army of the Tennessee, let me say to you, as year after year passes on, continue to make your peaceful contests, and as you pass from city to city and from state to state, continue to rivet and bind the bond of union which connects the different states of this union one to the other, and let it be our duty and your duty to see that whatever is to be done to make this Union one and indestructible, it is the duty of the Army of the Tennessee

and you, co-laborers, to labor in behalf of union, and your reward will be ample, full and complete in the gratitude of the American people.

Music by Quartette.

THIRD TOAST. "*The President of the United States. Ruler and servant where the people are sovereign.*"

Drunk in silence, standing.

Mr. John W. Norton then recited "The American Flag," receiving applause.

Music, "*Hail to the Chief,*" by the band.

FOURTH TOAST. "*The Army of the Tennessee.*"

"Oh! 'twas a bold, brave army
When the boys with a right good will
Went gayly marching and singing
To the fight at Champion Hill."

Response by COLONEL J. J. PHILLIPS:

The Army of the Tennessee. The memory of that army calls up recollections of the past, and revives in our minds a remembrance of its origin, its organization, its trials, its sufferings, its victories, its glory. When in 1861 the call for volunteers was met by that grand rejoicing of the people that everywhere throughout the North was heard the sound of the fife and drum, and there was "gathering hosts and mustering in the ranks of war," of the men of the North, and every city, town and village and hamlet of the land was represented in that throng. From every profession, every pursuit, men came and enrolled their names as volunteers; and, with the good-by to the loved ones at home, they soon became a part of the regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, or army; then the individuality of men was destroyed, and they became a part of the magnificent machine of war—a regiment, an army. The drilling of the awkward squads; the monotonous "Left! left! left!" as they were taught to keep step; the right face, the left face and forward march, followed by the manual of arms. The constant drill of companies and regiments made up the early life of men here assembled for months of the early part of the war. Theirs was a new experience, and the manner in which this early work was done was evidenced in the

after work of war by the gallantry of the respective commands. Where the most work of drill and instruction of the soldiers, in all the schools of the soldiers, schools of the company and of battalion, was, was the safety of the men and of the cause most subserved when came the clash of army, and the rivalry in companies and regiments for pre-eminence in drill was the means and cause of higher proficiency, and as those regiments were gathered toward the front and the tramp of armies was heard throughout the length and breadth of the land. And where they gathered near the mouth of the Ohio, in the three States of Missouri, Illinois and Kentucky, was born the Army of the Tennessee, and here commenced another experience. The marches, the battles, the sieges and fasts and suffering of that army here commenced, and continued until from the Ohio to the Gulf was one grand bivouac and our camp fires burned on every hillside, and with the sky above as our roof, and a knapsack or saddle our pillow, with our home where we were halted and our muskets and forty rounds our sole property and the flag our religion, this army went forward and won victory. Its baptism of blood at Donelson, its heroic struggle at Shiloh where, face to face and hour after hour were the confronting lines with deadly effect, destroying each other, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the charge, the countercharge, the constant movement gave that battle its true place in the war as being the best test of the manhood of the two armies had during the war, where face to face and man to man the battle was fought, and it was largely a battle of companies and regiments, and with the highest skill and experience, with every movement planned and faithfully executed with the highest courage, with deadly effect and remorseless energy they came as the lava stream. They were met by the Army of the Tennessee, and with heroic energy, with desperate valor, with undying confidence, with stern determination, this army was driven back. It advanced; they receded, to again advance, and were the glacier torrent, now receding, then advancing, and thus with the same resistless force unyieldingly moved onward, crushing, driving all before it, and the valor of the South may well be typified in the lava stream that, with fiery power overflows all before it, whilst the valor of the North may be typified as the glacier torrent, driving, grinding, wearing its way, and

plowing through the lava of the ages. They met, the glacier torrent and the lava stream, and contended for the destinies of the republic. They met, and the cold, resistless, steady stream from the North remorselessly rushed its way to the Gulf. They met, and the lava is cold and silent and dead, while the glacier still moves onward, pressing its way forward. For the energy of the North must find an outlet and the building of railroads, the opening of new countries, the extending of our commercial interests are a result of that energy. The siege of Corinth, the second battle of Corinth, the siege of Vicksburg and then the march to the sea that threw a halo of glory over the achievements of that army, that will live in song and story through the æons and æons of time. The tramp, tramp, tramp of that army was heard throughout the South, and where her flag floated there was victory. The feet of that army pressed the soil of Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, where it met the foe, and the history of that army comprises a history of battles and marches and victories that are unparalleled in history. 'Twas a grand old army, where a brotherhood of feeling existed between regiments and brigades and divisions and corps; where jealousy had no place among its officers. It was a grand old army that educated to handle armies, and gave to the nation our grand old first commander, U. S. Grant. It was a grand old army that was the right arm of our second commander, General Sherman, and whose knowledge of that army made possible his daring feats, his wonderful marches, by eternal flankings. 'Twas a grand old army that idolized McPherson and mourns him as a brother, and venerates and honors the name of that noblest Roman of them all, C. F. Smith. Aye, we claim Wallace, Brown, Ransom, Hurlbut, Pap Thomas, Rousseau and others of our glorious dead as brothers, and as we cast our immortelles upon their graves and recollect for what they died, we renew our pledge to our country and swear that "this Union shall live" and that flag shall float over every part of the land everywhere within the Union as it is, and shall be that flag that symbolizes our country, and whose folds bespeak the freedom of the citizens of the republic; that flag to which we owe allegiance and under which we claim protection, whether at home or abroad; that flag floats over American citizens as the type of a republic of free-

men ; and let that flag be invoked to demand the release of suspects in Ireland who are American citizens. But what American citizen thinks with pride of the answer of Commodore Ingraham at Smyrna, in Asia, who, when Martin Costza, a naturalized citizen of the republic, demanded the protection of the American flag in a foreign port, received the reply: "Do you demand the protection of the American flag, then you shall have it," and then with open ports and bristling guns the protection of the flag was extended ; there was no time for diplomatic correspondence. "Do you demand the protection of the American flag ? then you shall have it," And all honor to our gallant soldier who so answered, all honor to the flag that so protects, and as it floats out and kisses the breeze on sea and land, it speaks as it spoke when floating over you "when passing through Georgia," and tells of homes, liberty, union, strength. And we again, here to-night, bow reverently to the flag of our country, that in the future as in the past, by your efforts, shall float over one people and is without shame. That flag waved alike over the soldiers of Illinois and Mississippi at Beuna Vista, Contreras, Chapultepec and Mexico ; that flag floated over the soldiers of Ohio and Louisiana alike when from behind the cotton bales at New Orleans British pride and arrogance were humiliated. That flag is the flag of our common country, and in the future, if there be wars of this country, I hope the soldiers of Maine and Texas, of Iowa and South Carolina, shoulder to shoulder and step to step, shall go forth to fight the battles of our common country. The gallant struggles of your past recurring to mind, we know that it was American valor, under wise counsels, will be found sustaining American honor and American glory, and in the language of our distinguished first commander, in his final report of the war, said: "Let us hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such herculean deeds of valor." Ah. Johnnie, we liked you, we admired you, and knew your gallantry and heroism and sufferings, and dangers and death, and we know the best blood of the South was poured out for a cause you believed, for men do not so fight unless they believe they fight for right, and whilst we mourn our glorious dead who lie slumbering 'neath the pines of the South, and over whose graves the winds sing sad requiems, we may also drop a tear to the memory of so many brave

men who gave their lives to a mistaken cause and in advocacy of a wrong principle. And, as we annually meet and note each meeting the thinning of our ranks, and that the grim reaper is abroad for his harvest, we speak of our dead. No, not as dead, "For to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and we keep alive in our hearts our gallant comrades who have gone before, and know that, whilst history or legends live, the Army of the Tennessee will be known. And as we returned to civil life the grandest victory of the war was evidenced by our victory over ourselves. For our returning to civil life, where we have

Worked for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherished some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor, all labor, is pure and holy.
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God,

Then to this toast I drink: "The Army of the Tennessee."

FIFTH TOAST. *Our Sister Armies, "The soldiers of a common cause are always comrades."*

Response by GENERAL J. S. FULLERTON:

COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AND FRIENDS:

Though here to-night a representative of the Army of the Cumberland, I claim membership with the Army of the Tennessee, having been ordered to its staff soon after the Atlanta campaign. Yet I was prevented from serving with you, and after Atlanta, did not again see you until, having fought your way through the confederacy to the sea, your campaign done, your victories won, you marched in review through Washington, winning plaudits from the admiring hosts who beheld your tattered flags and listened to the glorious rhythm of your martial tread. But here, of whatever army we were, we are comrades all. The soldiers of a common cause must needs be comrades. The ties that bind them together are too many and too strong to be sundered. The memory of perils past and honors won in a cause where life was freely risked for principle, endures to the last, and these golden memories are kept bright by the mingling with one another, and by the social friction, so to speak, of these reunions. It is well that we should come together, not to exult over a defeated enemy—God forbid that such a thought should ever sully the generous instinct of a soldier—not for the idle purpose of self-laudation, but rather to

keep alive in those who survive, and in the children who may come after us, that spirit of sacrifice and daring—that spirit of '62, that breathed as devoted patriotism in its purpose to preserve a nation as did the spirit of '76, in its resolution to create one.

As the years go by, the contracting circle of comrades reminds us that life is a continuous battle field, and sooner or later the roll call for us must be ended. These memories, these hallowed associations grow still more sacred, and the survivors are brought together into a closer fellowship. Let us bear in mind that we are, as it were, surviving trustees, and that it becomes us so to conduct ourselves as not to discredit the sacred trust and the worthy men who have been associated with us in its administration.

But I am departing from the text—"Our Sister Armies." Yes they were sister armies—all daughters of the great republic, and they fought under the family crest of the stars and stripes, with the motto, "Liberty, justice and equal rights." Like good sisters, they stood by one another from beginning to end, through a long and dreadful war, without strife, without jealousies, envy or hatred, all earnestly and harmoniously working for the one great cause, and it was not a lost cause. Of your sister armies in the field at the close of the war, the first born and the strongest was the "Army of the Potomac," then came your twin sister, your most loving and devoted sister, the "Army of the Cumberland;" then followed the little ones, your younger and unpretending sisters, the "Army of the Ohio," the "Army of the Gulf," the "Army of the West Mississippi," and that frisky gad-about, the cavalry corps. To speak of one of these armies is to speak for all. All did equally good work as opportunity afforded and as their strength allowed. There were no talents buried in napkins, everywhere usury was earned. The material of all was the same. Eastern men crowded in the Western army, and Western men swelled the ranks of the army of the East. In all were found the same bravery, the same sufferings and trials, the same heroism. Every division, every brigade, every regiment brought home men who did deeds which, had they been done in the days of ancient Rome would, down to this day, be read of by all the school boys of the land. Brave and heroic actions were too common to call for more than passing notice. They have been forgotten by the public—even by the actors themselves.

But I must hurry on, and shall mention but two of your

sister armies. The Army of the Potomac—the great army of the East, and the Army of the Cumberland, which, joined with the Tennessee Army, we may call the great army of the West.

It was the Army of the Potomac that got the first knock down in the war, and it was the Army of the Potomac that came out of the field with the last great victory. Bull Run taught us that however courageous and patriotic men might have been, they were not, for such reasons alone, soldiers, and Bull Run made soldiers who stood before the assaults of as brave and determined a foe as ever fought, without breaking or wavering ranks, soldiers who stormed forts and went over earthworks as the tornado sweeps through the forests.

To the Army of the Potomac was given the double honor of saving one capital and capturing the other, the first in its early days of military weakness, the second after it grew to full military strength, and after the Army of the Tennessee gave it Grant and the Army of the Cumberland gave Sheridan.

It was the only army that fought a battle in a Northern state, and there was but one such battle fought. Gettysburg dissipated all dreams of carrying the war into the North, and cracked the Confederacy from top to bottom. Though the Army of the Potomac fought in a small theater, it did its full share of the hard work of the war. Of over fifty thousand Federal soldiers killed in battle, nearly one-half fell on fields between Gettysburg on the north and Five Oaks on the south.

Two great armies went out from the West, the Army of the Tennessee and the brave old Army of the Cumberland. Both were marching as well as fighting armies. To you was given the responsible and arduous task of opening the Mississippi river. Like its Northern waters, which majestically rolling through the South sweep away all obstructions, so was your march down its banks. Columbus, Memphis and Vicksburg fell in your path and the river was freed. The Army of the Cumberland (then called the Army of the Ohio,) moving down through Kentucky, joined you on the second day of battle at Pittsburg Landing, together we captured Corinth. After Corinth we separated, the Army of the Cumberland marching to Kentucky, and from there started south on a new line. On the way lay Perryville, then the two days of fierce battle under the gallant Rosecrans at Stone River (or Murphysboro), then the sanguinary battle of two days at Chicka-

Chickamauga—the struggle for Chattanooga. As facts now prove, Chickamauga was at least a drawn battle, perhaps for us a victory. If a defeat, it was the first and only defeat of the Army of the Cumberland. During those two days of battle, our left stood against the combined attacks of all the corps of the enemy's army; stood like a rock when the waves beat against it; stood firmly and without falling, for Thomas was there. He was the general who as a brigade, a division, a corps, an army commander, was never defeated. God bless his memory! After Chickamauga we entered Chattanooga, and Bragg closely following planted his army on the crowding mountain and hills that stretched round us like a bent bow, from the Tennessee on our right to the river again on our left. That deep and unfordable stream closed up our rear. For days and weeks we were beleaguered in that little town. The forts and rifle pits that crowned mountains and hills lay above us like a great iron crescent. Day and night it sent shot and shell hurtling through our camps. Our commissary stores were about exhausted, men were almost starved, and horses could neither pull guns nor carry riders, when one day we heard your guns down the river. Cheers rolled through the camp, for the Army of the Tennessee was opening up the cracker line; men and animals were fed and then lively work commenced. Old Joe. Hooker, with the right wing of our army, boldly scaled Lookout mountain, and doubled up the left horn of the crescent. Your army ascended the north end of Missionary Ridge and doubled up the right horn. Two divisions of the Army of the Cumberland, ordered only to make a demonstration on the works at the foot of the centre of the ridge, not only made a demonstration, but without orders, under the lead of gallant Phil. Sheridan and grizzly Tom. Wood, stormed the hill and completely shattered the crescent. That day it went into total eclipse.

Again our army was together, but there came neither rest nor winter quarters. These armies never had winter quarters. Spring came, and with the first grass we started on the Atlanta campaign—the Army of the Cumberland always in the center, the Tennessee on the right or left. Campaign, it was called. It was, in fact, a battle—the battle for Atlanta; a continuous battle of one hundred and thirteen days; from five to twenty miles wide and one hundred long. Not a day but some part of the advancing army was under fire; like a season of

continuous rain and storm; to-day was the spluttering fire on the picket line, like the big rain drops before the storm—to-morrow, the storm and whirlwind of battle. Buzzard Roost Gap, Resacca, New Hope Creek, Kenesaw Mountain, Altoona, Peach Tree Creek, the battles under the works of the city, and then Atlanta was ours—and “fairly won.” After Atlanta, again we parted, the Tennessee army taking with it part of the Army of the Cumberland in its march to the sea. What was left of the Cumberland army turned back for the serious work of fighting the force we had driven out of Atlanta, and which Hood was then moving north. At Columbia and at Spring Hill we had our first blows; and at Franklin, while it lasted, was, perhaps, the most desperate battle of the war. On the little earthworks which we hurriedly threw up as the enemy approached—indeed, after he was in sight—within the short space of two hours, fell five general officers of the confederates.

Back we went to Nashville, where our army again came under the personal supervision and felt the guiding hand of Thomas, its old commander. Hood lay in his forts and behind earthworks (which he daily strengthened,) on the hills in our front. Thomas was getting ready to take the offensive. But neither the enemy in his front nor friends in the rear could make him move till he was ready. He knew what to do, how to do, when to do. At the proper time he fell on Hood and annihilated his army on the field of battle.

The battle of Nashville closed the war in the West; The Army of the Cumberland had finished its work.

SIXTH TOAST:—“*The Press and its Representatives during the War.*”

“He comes, the herald of the noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.”

Response by JOHN A. COCKRILL.

When the fugacious Johann Faust, the goldsmith of Mentz, went to Paris, in the fifteenth century, and sold a few copies of a Bible which he and a brace of poor workmen in his town had printed from movable types, the reproduction was so exact that the holy churchmen, who had known only the clumsy handiwork of the

scrivener, accused him of witchcraft and threw him into prison. It did not seem possible to them that a result so remarkable could be brought about without the assistance of a personal Satan, and this man who had helped to light the Promethean fire—the unextinguishable torch of civilization—died without composure amid persecution in a season of plague. That was in the sombre dawn which followed the long night of the age of iron and bloodshed. The fierce Timour had builded his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls and had paused before the gates of Damascus, his glittering battle-axe on his shoulder, and had seen his barbarous tribes streaming out to new conquests; the bloodthirsty and cruel Spaniard stood out upon the face of humanity as the highest type of manhood; England and France were wrestling like mastiffs for the mastery; all Europe was a camp of mailed men who knew no law but might and the dark finger-print of ignorance rested where rapine and conquest followed. The Cromwells and St. Justs, who were to teach the doctrine of human rights and human liberty, had not been born, but the day that the human artisans of Mentz beheld the results of their infant master art, the black bat of superstition folded her wings, and to the tolerance and enlightenment which followed is due the fact that I am able to stand here to-night, in the midst of a body of valiant men who have followed the drum and trumpet to battle, and proclaim the doctrine that “the pen is mightier than the sword.” It requires no small amount of courage to do this, for there is a tradition that even in this liberal age the men of my profession, who hang about the skirts of armies in time of war, are held to be but little better than spies. The ceaseless activity, the daring enterprise, the insatiable curiosity and the reckless energy of the army correspondent, may make him a nuisance to the generals, but there can be no war without history, and there is no historian like the mercury of the omnivorous newspaper press, who sits at the camp-fires, rides with the cavalry, lies in the trenches, and follows the stormers into the deadly breaches. Whatever there is of the heroic and chivalric in war, he grasps and sends ringing down the grooves of change along with the great world. Battle-pictures, such as the great Vernet might have never hoped to paint, fall from his unerring pen like leaves of autumn, and are lost amid the cumberous records of the hour. Whether it is a Pryor, standing amid flying bullets and hurtling spears, sketch-

ing the dying struggles of the Ashantee army, or the gallant Forbes, riding day and night across the trackless, mealy fields and hammocks of Southern Africa, to carry to the English people the first intelligence of the bloody battle of Isandula, the record of the press in modern warfare is one of Spartan bravery, marvellous endurance and unquestioned intelligence.

When the British army went down into the Crimea, in 1854, equipped for a holiday excursion, the blundering which sent the gallant men to perish in summer clothing amid snows, and die of cholera and fevers in hospitals but half supplied with medicines and comforts, was first exposed by the ubiquitous correspondent. It was the sorrowful story told by the graphic Russell, week after week, in his letters to the *Times*, that roused the English nation to a sense of duty to its suffering soldiers in front of Sebastopol. Responsive to the thundering clamors of the press came abundant supplies, the comfortable houses, the doctors and nurses who rescued that demoralized, emaciated and shelterless army and enabled it to convey in good time to the exultant Muscovite an idea of that indomitable Anglo-Saxon courage which, as Macaulay says, "is never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day."

In our great war, the correspondents in the field were not only as Pope has it, "a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," but they were given to the performance of chivalric deeds. It is safe to say, that there was hardly a piece of extra-hazardous work in the line of campaigning that these adventurous spirits were not first to volunteer for. Mr. J. B. McCullagh, the present well-known and able editor of the *Globe-Democrat* of this city, was early identified with the Union army. He was in the pilot-house of the flag-ship *St. Louis* at Donelson with Admiral Foote and four other persons when a shell pierced it, killing two men and wounding three, the admiral among the latter. In 1862, the same correspondent, while acting as volunteer aid with Nelson, at Richmond, Kentucky, was taken prisoner and paroled. After exchange, he went to Louisville and joined Nelson's forces again, and when Buell and Bragg were marching side by side in their memorable race for the Ohio river, he became the bearer of dispatches, and in the dead of night drove out into a country swarming with rebel scouts and spies; and delivered to the disconsolate and uncertain commander of the tired and dusty federal army the

first glad tidings that he had had for weeks. His companion on this occasion was Henry Villard, of the New York *Tribune*, now the president of the Northern Pacific railroad. Later on, in 1863, Mr. McCullagh was with the flotilla above Vicksburgh. Colonel Ellet, the commander of the ram, *Queen of the West*, called for volunteers to run the blockade and make a raid up Red river. Among those who were first to proffer themselves were three newspaper correspondents—McCullagh, Finley and Anderson of the New York *Herald*, and Bodman of the Chicago *Tribune*. The batteries at Vicksburg were safely passed, but the daring vessel was subsequently blown up by a shot from the enemy's batteries at Fort Derussy, up Red river. Anderson was captured and carried to Libby prison. Bodman escaped in a yawl, and McCullagh floated away on a bale of cotton. A month later three correspondents—Richardson, Knox and Colburn—attempted to run the Vicksburg blockade. They fell into the enemy's hands, were taken to Richmond and subjected to a prison life which they afterwards made famous. Theo. Davis, the artist for *Harper's Weekly*, was by the side of General McPherson in every engagement in the Vicksburg campaign and often took a hand with his carbine. He frequently sketched battles under fire. The first telegraphic communication between Pittsburg Landing and the North after the battle of Shiloh, was established by two *Herald* correspondents, Chapman and Doyle. With their own force of men they built a line of telegraph through trackless woods for many miles, and were thus able to send news to Cairo and the North ahead of the officers. W. D. Bickham of the Cincinnati *Commercial* acted as aid to General Rosecrans at Stone River and carried orders through the fiercest of the fight. Mr. Miller, of the same journal, was conspicuously active at Chickamauga.

Benjamin F. Taylor was all through the battle of Missionary Ridge, and it was his graphic letters to the Chicago *Journal* that gave the "battle above the clouds" its romantic place in history. These are but a few of the names of the men who braved all the dangers of deadly war in the West and whose exploits add lustre to the far reaching, insatiable journalism of our age. This list might be extended indefinitely, for in the East there were intrepid correspondents who campaigned in the swamps of the Chickahominy and the valleys of Virginia, and who, doubt-

less, caused many skillful generals to believe, with the great Napoleon, that "four hostile newspapers were more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."

In this connection, it may not be out of place to pay a tribute to a son of this city of St. Louis, a gallant compound of Sarsfield and Von Humboldt, who, in the service of the London newspapers, carried his name into every nook and corner of the Old World, and left it enrolled in imperishable letters upon the scroll of the immortals who have made the fame and glory of the press. He went with those who go down in great ships to search for the hidden pole; he risked his life month after month in the desultory Carlist war; he followed, amid dangers and privations which appall in the recital, the weary Russian columns across the steppes of Siberia and the inhospitable plains of Toorkestan to the borders of far-off Oxus; he saw and depicted the atrocities in Bulgaria which aroused Christendom and gave Russia consent to sweep down upon the hordes of Islam; he alone told the story of the bloody trenches before Plevna; he rode wounded and bleeding with Gourko's troops through the icy pass of Schipka and died beside the blue waters of the sea of Marmora where they wash the feet of ancient Stamboul. The gallant Skobelev wept at the grave of McGahan, and a requiem dirge sounded in all the Russian cantonments for the man whose genius and will had made for all the world a record of the valor of the Czar's soldiers, and who had justly earned for himself in the annals of journalism, the title of "the bravest of the brave."

To the student of newspaper literature the development of journalism in this land of quick and rare intellectuality must be something amazing. Though scarce in the meridian of life, I have bridged the era from the rude hand-press which Franklin left behind him to the magnificent perfecting machine which delivers its sheets like shot from the terrible mitrailleuse, its electric fibres extending into every quarter of the earth, supplying that touch which makes indeed "the whole world kin." From Ramage to Hoe—from the ancient smooth bore cannon to the 80-ton Woolwich breech-loader! There were chivalric souls who strove to plant the banners of civilization upon the walls of Jerusalem, before the days of Peter the Hermit, but it was not until that sandal-shod enthusiast raised his standard that the impious Saracen was made to feel the power of Europe's steel.

There were journals in the United States before the elder Bennett was born, but it was not until his pony express carried the intelligence through the *Herald* to the government that the Mexican eagle had met his lusty brother from the North and that victory had perched upon our standard at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, that the true mission and possibilities of journalism began to be understood. How grand and magnificent has been the development! At the threshold of this very century in which we live, the press was timid, vacillating, weak and dependent. It was the obedient slave to party and faction, and the fawning creature of patronage. Seventy-five years ago the English cabinet edited the London *Times*, and Napoleon conducted the *Moniteur* of Paris. As occasion demanded, both he and the elder Pitt were editorial writers. Within a half century the press has gloriously emancipated itself and the land is filled with its spirit of independence. It has kept in advance of popular liberty and it marches now at the head of every department of human effort. Formerly it was content to merely chronicle events; to-day it endeavors to shape and mould them.

From statesmanship to agriculture it is a potent factor. In the diplomacy of governments it plays a more important part than the statesman whose deeds it recounts and to whom it gives fame and victory. It treads hand in hand with science, and where governments have failed to wrest from nature her profoundest secrets, it has gloriously triumphed. It has stricken the shackles from the slave, set the imprisoned debtor free and leveled the whipping-post, and its first blows upon the mailed breast of Wrong fall as ominously as the Sicilian vespers fell upon the ears of oppressors six hundred years ago. It can proudly be said of the press that it has brushed aside the rubbish of centuries, exposed charlatanism in every form, and scattered forever the black clouds of ignorance and superstition. It is the only power that kings and despots fear, and it is the only agency that can preserve human rights. It is Magna Charta. The skill, discipline and earnest purpose which directs this power is the counterpart of that tact and bravery which leads men to battle. Its service requires every manly attribute and every manly sacrifice, for who will say that a Stanley, struggling through a dark and dead continent, amid ignorant and hostile savages, is not as

thorough an embodiment of human courage and fidelity as a Palafox fighting upon the ramparts of Saragossa?

It could not be otherwise than that under this peculiar republican system of ours, where liberty is so easily mistaken for license, the vast powers and opportunities which journalism affords should be grossly abused. We have seen in war the steady, massive columns of trained soldiers, marching with the regimental standards, and behind them the maligniters and the straggling vandals who pillage homes, insult the helpless, and otherwise disgrace the uniform they wear. For these mercenaries the guard-house, the shaved head, the ignominious expulsion. For the licentious press the contempt of honest men and the prompt exercise of that unerring public sentiment which never fails to justly adjudicate every social offence.

To-night a million and a half of men in the civilized sections of the globe are toiling beside that mighty engine, the press. This is the grand army of civilization and progress—a host beside which the armies of Xerxes were but feeble insects of the mould. The bivouacs of this army are on every mountain top, its couriers are in every valley. The bones of its videttes are whitening amid Siberian snows, under the shadows of that unapproachable Pole whose mysteries are locked against the advances of man. To this mighty host belongs the future—the era of universal knowledge and universal brotherhood—that millennial period, when the occupation of every warlike “Othello” will be gone indeed, when swords will be beaten into plowshares and cannons converted into printing presses; when there will be no wars—save newspaper wars.

MUSIC by the band.

SEVENTH TOAST. *The Rank and File.*

Our nameless heroes, though unsung
By poet's words or minstrel's tongue,
The memory of their deeds shall lie
'Mid treasured thoughts that never die.

Response by GENERAL R. P. BUCKLAND.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I esteem it a high honor to be called upon to respond to the sentiment, “The Rank and File,” and a great privilege to have

such an opportunity of expressing my admiration of the patriotic devotion of the brave soldiers who composed the "rank and file" of the Union armies in the late war. This Society, composed of the surviving officers of the glorious Army of the Tennessee, does itself honor by remembering, at every reunion, these brave companions in arms. At former reunions their sterling qualities, their heroic deeds, their terrible sacrifices, have been eloquently proclaimed by General Force, General Hurlbut, General Warner, General Pope and others. These distinguished officers and orators have rendered it difficult to add anything new, and impossible to say anything better than they have said in praise of the private soldier.

Nevertheless, whatever else we do, or fail to do at our meetings, we must never fail to pay due respect and honor to the rank and file; for to them we are indebted for whatever of success and honor any of us have achieved in the war.

Excepting the slight interruption by the Mexican war, the country had been blessed with nearly half a century of profound peace, when early in 1861 the tocsin of civil war, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, startled the people of the nation in their happy homes and peaceful pursuits from ocean to ocean. They were suddenly made to realize that civil war, with all its terrible consequences, was upon them. The government had neither arms nor munitions of war at all adequate to the emergency.

President Lincoln called upon the people to come to the rescue of their government. They were not soldiers; they had no experience in war. Military organizations and militia trainings, common in the early days of the republic, had been neglected for many years. The martial spirit of former days had become dormant. But the people responded promptly and with great enthusiasm. Men of every pursuit and of all conditions volunteered to enter the ranks of the army to save the Union. Regiments were organized and marched to the seat of war without arms, commanded by officers without experience. Arms, mostly of inferior quality, were furnished them on the eve of battle. What could be expected of a mass of men, however brave, rushed into battle under such circumstances? Our regular army officers, educated for war, lacked the experience in the field absolutely necessary to enable them to make the best use of their learning.

I heard our distinguished President, General Sherman, say that before the war he had never seen in line as many as one brigade of troops. They, too, had many things to learn by actual experience in the field. Many of them did learn rapidly after the war commenced. They had to learn how to treat and manage inexperienced volunteers, who were free American citizens, anxious to learn and do their duty, but unused to military camps and discipline. They had to learn how to teach these citizens the duties of soldiers without seeming to humiliate them, and at the same time gain their confidence and respect. This required time. It could not be accomplished in a day or a week. Yet at Donaldson, Shiloh, and other early battles, volunteers who had never before faced an enemy, and had but just received their arms, with no opportunity for practice, fought like veterans.

It has been said that some regiments at Shiloh did not stand up against the sudden and overwhelming onslaught of the enemy as they ought, but, considering the circumstances, the most surprising thing is, that so many fought so bravely and so well. Confidence between officers and men is absolutely necessary to make an effective army. They were mostly strangers to each other. They had not had an opportunity to become acquainted. I think it will be found, in every instance of faltering by the "rank and file," that it was occasioned by some fault of the commanding officers or the want of confidence in their courage or capacity.

As the war progressed, officers and men learned in the school of experience, the duties of soldiers and the art of war, and that which insured success—they learned to respect and place confidence in each other. In 1863, the Vicksburg campaign, the battle of Gettysburg and other battles, demonstrated that the "rank and file" of the Union army had become equal, if not superior, to any other soldiers in the world. No more is heard of the unreliable volunteers. New recruits, placed by the side of the experienced, soon became good soldiers. The army marches on steadily and surely to the final victory. Respect and confidence grew into the mutual attachment of brothers. Officers are justly proud of the "rank and file," and the "rank and file" of the officers. The war over, the volunteers returned to their homes and peaceful pursuits. The general and private soldier become equals in the high position of sovereign citizens of the great republic which they together risked their lives to save.

It is quite unnecessary for me to detain you with an effort to describe the services, hardships and heroic virtues of the "rank and file" of the armies in which you all served. You know them well. Thousands gave up their lives to save their country; thousands are disabled for life by wounds and sickness incurred in the same cause. The country not only owes them a debt of gratitude, but it is bound, in honor and duty, as far as possible, to compensate the living and the families of the dead. The future good of the nation requires generous treatment of her volunteers. What if it requires a large amount of money annually to pay soldiers' pensions. It is nothing, compared with the benefits their sacrifices saved to the country and to mankind. Instead of a divided country, half free and half slave, with the certainty of constant clashing of interests, and danger of war, the great republic, by their valor, is firmly established on a basis of universal freedom and unity of interests. Even those who fought so bravely to divide and destroy the nation are now satisfied that it is best for them that the Union is preserved.

The results of the war have made us a united, prosperous, and happy people. All causes of sectional strife are removed with the prospect of a career of prosperity and national grandeur such as the world has not heretofore seen.

Comrades of the Army of the Tennessee, whilst the distinguished commanders of our armies are receiving the rewards of honor which they so richly deserve, let us see to it that due honor and justice are awarded to the "rank and file."

"Ah ! never shall the land forget
How gushed the lifeblood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet—
Upon the soil they fought to save."

MUSIC by the band—*Rally round the Flag,*

SONG—*Quartette.*

EIGHTH TOAST:—"The Loyal Men and Women at Home."

"The inspiration of battle
Is drawn from kindred and home."

Response by COLONEL AUGUSTUS JACOBSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Our forefathers came across the sea from a continent where the common average man was a serf and a thrall—where the good things of this life were not for him, but for his betters. They came from a continent where there had been more cruelty than charity—more brutal blows than tender kisses. Heroes and martyrs there had their ears cropped and their tongues cut out. Sages and philosophers, naked from the girdle up, had there been whipped at the cat's tail. The best, and the purest, and the noblest of our race, had there been hanged, burned and crucified, and all because they loved liberty.

When our forefathers landed upon American soil they shook the dust of Europe from their feet. They founded a commonwealth based upon the idea that the love of liberty is a virtue to be rewarded, and not a crime to be punished. They founded a commonwealth based upon the idea that the good things of this life are not for the few, but for all men. They built schools for all, and the schools brought forth printing-presses, and the schools and the printing-presses consecrated this continent forevermore to liberty, intelligence, progress and prosperity.

The world has always been governed by keeping men down. Our forefathers invented governing by raising men up.

The cannon mounted against Fort Sumter was fired to make our American civilization execute an "about face." It was charged and fired by the few against the many. It was charged and fired to put an end to the honor and dignity of manly toil. It was charged and fired, not only against the living but against millions yet unborn. It was charged and fired to tear up by the roots the ideas and notions we had drank in with our mother's milk.

The flash of the Sumter cannon brought into line a nation. It was a nation whose soul was pregnant with a great destiny, and upon whose intrepid heart was written the prophecy of Appomattox.

The Sumter cannon was loaded with all the exploded stupidities of the dead past. When it went off it crushed not the civilization in front of it, but the barbarism that was behind it. The powder which would effectually carry the cannon ball of privilege,

inequality and slavery, has never yet been made in America, and it never can be made here.

The loyal men and women of the nation loved peace. We went to war and fought because we loved peace. When we marched to the sound of the fife and drum, we did it to settle beyond all question that here, to the end of time, the majority shall rule and the majority shall submit in peace.

And we fought not for ourselves alone. We fought not for the few, not for a class, not for a state, not for a section. We fought not even for this nation alone, but for all men, everywhere, and for all time. We fought in order that we might continue to swing our doors wide open to welcome all who should come and share our freedom with us. We fought to save and secure liberty a base of operations whence to spread over all the world.

And while we marched and fought, the loyal men and women at home made it possible for us to march and fight. They prayed for us; they cheered us; they worked for us, that we and the nation might live; they supplied us with all we needed, as soldiers had never before been supplied. The loyal men and women at home were our base of operations. The war could as easily have been carried on without soldiers in the field as without the loyal men and women at home.

While we fought, the loyal men and women at home brought up the nursling, giant nation, which, now come to man's estate, rejoices in a hundred thousand miles of railway, hundreds of thousands of printing presses, a million schools, and teeming, untold, endless wealth. While we fought, the loyal men and women at home laid the foundation for making the nation's bond as good as the nation's word, and both the nation's bond and the nation's word as good as the pure driven gold.

In love and tenderness toward the absent, the loyal men and women at home quoted Plato about us. They said: "the brave shall be crowned. He shall wed the fair. He shall be honored at the sacrifice and at the banquet, and if he falls we shall proclaim that he sprang from the race of gold and now haunts the earth in the form of a holy and powerful spirit."

All honor to the loyal men and women at home.

At last, East and West, after a hundred battles, their duty all done, there stood, of all our armies, half a million of bronzed veterans, victors without a thought of conquest; warriors with

thoughts only of home and fireside; led in their thoughts of peace, as they had been in their deeds of war, by our own immortal comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

No war has ever borne more glorious fruits than ours. Both victors and vanquished have risen to a higher civilization. The cheeks which slavery had furrowed with the hot tears of anguish, we have smoothed with the rippling laughter of joyous liberty. The blood we shed has risen up into land for the landless, homes for the homeless, knowledge for the ignorant, and it is yet, and in this very generation, to bring us for every child on American soil, east and west, north and south, the highest and best education the child can take and the world can give.

The fundamental idea underlying our government is, that it is wiser, better and cheaper to train good citizens than to shoot bad ones.

And now we mean here to rejoice in smiling peace. We meet here with cheer and good fellowship for the living, with tenderness and sympathy for our bereaved, and with laurel crowns for the memory of our dead. We meet here for the baptism of patriotism. We meet here with hearts overflowing with love for our whole country, and for all its inhabitants—with malice towards none, with charity for all. The brave honor bravery in friend or foe. We meet here well remembering that the rebel yell came from the throats of brave, daring and heroic men. In the great future of our country their descendants and our descendants, all brethren, from Maine to Texas, all Americans, will dwell peaceably together in this lovelier land, under these generous institutions, under the ample fold of this glorious old flag.

Music by the band.

NINTH TOAST. *Lincoln and Garfield.* "Great griefs are voiceless."

Drank standing and in silence.

Music—Dirge, by the band.

Song, by the Quartette.

TENTH TOAST. *The Medical Staff.*

"Give me another horse—bind up my wounds,
Thou silent sentinel of the soothing art."

Response by SURGEON W. F. CADY.

It was then long past midnight and Dr. Cady excused himself from delivery of his speech. It is, however, printed below.

Whatever may be written or said in praise and commendation of the medical staff of the Army of the Tennessee, must with equal justice be accorded to the medical staff of the army, both regular and volunteer.

According to the chronological tables of that great work of the venerable Surgeon General, "The Medical and Surgical History of the war of the Rebellion," over 3,000 engagements took place, where important surgical aid was rendered, and the casualties of killed and wounded medical officers were far in excess of those reported of any other division of the staff corps of the army.

Our typical army surgeon sprang like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

He brought to the military service large information, that he had enriched and perfected by years of close observation and patient practice.

To such attainments, he had only to add the knowledge of how to apply principles and practice to the preservation of the health and lives of men aggregated in camps or engaged in the face of the enemy as soldiers.

He had to do with the selection of camps, their sanitary conditions and surroundings. Ever on the alert, he kept a sharp lookout for the approach and presence of that most dreaded enemy, disease; an enemy that enervates the strongest hearts and depletes the grandest and best disciplined armies.

To the army surgeon, alone, it was given to know the mysterious ways of this enemy, and by sanitary methods and medical police, to suppress and avert the "breath of the pestilence that wastes at noonday."

He attached far greater importance to the "ounce of prevention" than to the "pound of cure," and was wonderfully successful in his treatment of disease by preventing it.

Thus it was that the duty doing medical officer of the Army of the Tennessee had much to do with the integrity, morale and efficiency of his command,

His humanity and professional devotion were often conspicuous, and distinguished him as a soldier of the higher type.

In the exercise of such exalted virtues, he became forgetful of self, and careless to the exposures and dangers of battle fields.

Then dear was the surgeon to the brave hearts of companions disabled by wounds and disease, and dearer still in the eyes of his dying comrades who last saw the sun on the battle-torn fields of an unfriendly South.

The medical man of the Army of the Tennessee, thus endowed and perfected, who remained faithful at his post of duty during our late mortal struggle for national life, is the surgeon and soldier, whom this Society can not afford to forget and pass over in silence, and I feel it the highest honor of my life to be called on to speak of him in language of faint praise on this auspicious occasion.

His memory should be respected, and I doubt not it will be kindly cared for by the future historian, long after the achievements of the average soldier of fortune are forgotten, or when they shall have become commonplace traditions of questioned historic authority.

The regular programme being finished, there were many calls for speeches, especially for ex-Governor Hendricks, of Indiana. The President recognizing the call, presented the Governor, who said his name was not on the programme, and he did not think he ought to say anything. He came to see the great man (pointing to General Sherman) who led brave forces, and to hear what all had to say who helped to save the land from perdition; who preserved the Union and upheld the laws and constitution of the country which all men must obey. Because they had maintained the integrity of the country, their names would ever be associated with the glory of the country.

Governor Hendricks was rapturously applauded.

General Noyes merely acknowledged the attention of a call, expressing his thanks and good wishes.

The President then declared the banquet ceremonies completed and adjourned.

CEREMONIES.

The local committee had accepted several invitations on behalf of the Society, among them one from the Merchants' Exchange to visit that organization at its rooms at one o'clock on the 10th inst., for a welcome and reception there.

The Society adjourned for the purpose, and were escorted by the committee of that body, Captain George Bain, Chairman.

Arriving at the Exchange, the Society were received with hearty applause, and General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Pope, General Hazen and others were conducted to the stand, when the President, Mr. Slayback, said :

GENTLEMEN:—It is with pleasure that I announce to you the presence among us of some of our distinguished fellow-citizens, who represent the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. I will not detain you with anything that I might say, but I wish, in your name, in the name of the Merchants' Exchange, to extend to those gentlemen our most hearty greetings and our hearty welcome. I take pleasure, now, in introducing to you General Sherman, whose face is familiar to you and whom many of you know personally. [Applause.]

And in response General Sherman said :

MERCHANTS OF ST. LOUIS:—It is like speaking in a market-house to talk here in this big hall ; I can hardly expect to be heard. Even the fountain, playing as it is, disturbs the voice, and you are accustomed to halloo louder than I am. [Laughter.] I have been in this place when you couldn't tell by the noise whether it was pork or flour you were after. [Laughter.] But, gentlemen, I am here simply as a representative of the society who have come to St. Louis and who are now so mingled with you in this hall that I can scarcely distinguish them from yourselves. They are like yourselves ; they are American citizens now. They were once soldiers. Soldiers were once wanted, and many of the merchants of St. Louis remember the time when the Mississippi was blocked to your commerce, and when you couldn't go beyond Sedalia without being armed and fighting.

At that time men who are now old, it may be, but just as much citizens as you are, left their business—lawyers, judges, doctors, merchants, and mechanics of all kinds, and farmers—left their business and put on the armor of soldiers and went forward, not for pleasure, for soldiering is not a pleasurable thing ; they went not for their own advantage ; they went because our Government was in danger of dissolution. They went with the highest motive that men can have on earth—to keep our country one and indivisible, as we had inherited it. [Applause.] No city on earth had a larger measure of interest in it than you here in St. Louis. If you had remained on the border of two conflicting states, in my judgment, there would to-day be no St. Louis at all. Men certainly could not have assembled together, as you do to-day, in this great and beautiful hall, and you would not have looked around on the portraits of old friends of mine, as I do now. You would have been soldiers yourselves to-day. The only hope of peace in America was in the success of the Union cause in our civil war. [Applause.] We come not here to boast of our act ; we come as friends to meet each other again ; we come to talk over old times and to speak of comrades long since dead, and to measure the progress of our country ; and gentlemen, I tell you, for I have just come from the far West, that we have a country that we ought to be proud of ; we have a country of which St. Louis is nearly the center. It used to be the actual center, until our friend Gilpin moved out to Colorado. [Laughter.] Why did you let him go? Because he carried off the center of our continent with him, and now it is at Denver instead of St. Louis. [Laughter.] But I tell you Denver is a beautiful city, and while I am a St. Louis man, and as a citizen of St. Louis I have paid taxes for forty odd years, and big taxes, too [laughter], I tell you, you are all the better for Denver, all the better for Chicago, and there is no necessity for anything but generous rivalry. You have the commerce of the world before you ; you have the products of the great Mississippi Valley—the inside track. Nevertheless you must expect to meet competition on all sides. You have competition on the north and on the south, on the east and on the west, and competition is good ; it is good for you all, and I am certain that St. Louis occupies a natural position which will make it a great commercial city. It is already a great commercial city, and the billions of the world turn now to St. Louis for

flour and pork and other things essential for human life and happiness. [Applause.]

Now, gentlemen, we come among you as friends. We did not expect the honor of being invited here. I did not, because we are not merchants. We are men whose vocations are scattered all over this continent, and we recognize it as a compliment to us and to the Army of the Tennessee, a body of as pure patriots as ever put on the armor, and laid it aside when their work was done. There were no half-way measures with them; they went forward to fight and to conquer, and they did fight and did conquer; but the moment it was over they said: "Peace, be still," and we have had peace ever since, and we have peace now; we have prosperity, and we have everything to make us proud and satisfied with our common country. It could not have been thus and we broken into pieces like a piece of gingercake. It is so now, and I hope it will ever so continue. Gentlemen, in the name of our Society, I thank you for this compliment, and I hope you will continue to prosper as you have in the past.

I know so many of you St. Louis people personally that I am more at home here than elsewhere, but nearly all of my old friends are gone. There is John J. Roe (pointing to the portraits on the wall). I knew him well; he is gone. Some of these portraits I recognize and some I do not; but I know that my best friends in St. Louis are passed away, but they have left children; they have left successors, and you, gentlemen, must take up the past where you find it, and lead on St. Louis to its ultimate destination, which, I hope, will be as grand as that of any city on the face of the earth. [Loud applause.]

He then introduced General Pope, who, being received with applause, said:

My friends, I thank you very much for this very unexpected kindness in noticing a retired person like myself, who is only here for the purpose of paying a short visit to old comrades in the Army of the Tennessee. I reciprocate the kind feelings expressed here to-day. St. Louis is my old stamping ground. I went to school here as a boy, and have had relations with St. Louis all my life, and there is no place in this country where I am so much at home, and no place where I am so grateful for any kindness whatever shown to me. I thank you very much. [Applause.]

President Slayback presented General Hazen, who said:

You need not expect from me any speech. General Sherman has done all that appears to be appropriate to the occasion. I will say, however, this is the first time in ten years that I have been here, and I wish to congratulate you all upon the magnificent progress which your city has made during that time, as seen in this great and beautiful building that we are now in, as well as the numerous magnificent buildings that I see all over the city. If it is a promise of what you are going to do in the future, it is going to make St. Louis the grandest and most beautiful city of the Western country. [Applause.]

The Hon. Allen G. Thurman, Senator from Ohio, being present, loud calls were made for him to speak, and being presented by President Slayback, he said:

I can hardly flatter myself, gentlemen, that I am honored with this call on account of any of my military exploits. [Laughter.] It is true that I was once captain of a militia company, but we were never called into action, fortunately for ourselves, and although it seems to be something of an anachronism to call on me, yet I can account for it in one way, and that is gratifying to me. It is to enable me to join with you, as I do with the most profound satisfaction, in rendering honor to the great general who has addressed you to-day, and to his gallant comrades, who did so much to preserve the union of these states. [Applause.] I am happy to do them that honor with you, although I have a little complaint to make of my friend, General Sherman. We know very well that he is one of the greatest military men of the age, that he had a knack of whipping everybody that fought against him; but I never suspected that he would take up the role of making speeches, and beat all of us speech-makers at that [applause and laughter], but somehow or other, he does it. He is the most irrepressible man, and you are doing yourselves honor and the country honor, in paying honor to him, and not only to him, but to his gallant comrades, who served with him with so much glory and so much distinction. Now, gentlemen, it is time for me to stop. [Cries, "go on, go on!"] It is a great thing to know where to stop, and it is particularly a great thing with a stump-speaker to know when to stop, and the point has arrived when my conscience tells me that I should bore you no longer. [Applause.]

As far as practicable, our members were introduced to the merchants, and undoubtedly enjoyed this welcome.

General Sherman having an invitation for the Society to visit the new Cotton Exchange, asked the Society its pleasure, and it was decided to accept. Proceeding to the Cotton Exchange, the Society was welcomed by its President, Mr. Wm. M. Senter, and then introduced General Sherman, who said:

We are a Society of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee, organized at Raleigh in 1865. Altogether, we are a good set of fellows. I came to St. Louis in 1850, bought property, and have paid taxes ever since. Therefore, I have a right to speak for the city. I am told there are people here who think we ought not to come here and boast of our war exploits during the war. To all such I say they had better stand out of the way. You all know me to be a man of strong political convictions, and not afraid to speak them, but I assure everybody that no soldier who followed me into this hall will ever revive any memory to the disparagement of Southern men. The people of the South are a noble race. It was their misfortune to have been born to the faith of slavery, but now I believe they thank God, as we do, that the curse of slavery has been abolished, and the Southern men encouraged in their efforts to earn an honest living. The millions of bales of cotton now produced annually by the South, is the product of free labor, and the yield is rapidly increasing. Cotton was king once, but is so no longer. Before the war, all of you gentlemen raised cotton and sugar, sending to St. Louis for your bacon and provisions. The result was that St. Louis got rich and you got poor. Since the war I have traveled all over the South, and never found a disposition upon the part of the rebel to revive any hatred or feeling of revenge, and I know that the soldiers of the North are as anxious to see prosperity in Atlanta, Milledgeville and Savannah as in Boston and Chicago. Gentlemen, I thank you.

General Hazen, Senator Thurman and Judge Cooley were called on for speeches. Judge Cooley spoke in strong approval of what General Sherman had said, and further remarked that the old Latin maxim should be altered to read: "In the midst of soldiers, the lawyers should keep silence." It was the privilege of soldiers to plead for the burial of the war issues and the hatreds thereby engendered.

The Society then returned to headquarters.

At two o'clock, carriages were provided, and the members, many accompanied by their ladies, under escort of the committee, took a drive through the western part of the city and its parks, to Mr. Shaw's private gardens.

They were met by Mr. Shaw, who cordially greeted them, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent on his grounds and in the house, where refreshments were provided, followed by short speeches by Mr. Shaw, in welcome, and General Sherman, Judge Treat and others.

DECORATIONS.

The committee having the matter in charge, handled it to the end of a very fine result in decorating the People's Theater, in which was held the business meetings of the Society, and in the evening for the annual oration. The whole auditorium was literally covered with flags, wherever they could be placed, not interfering with seats. As the column marched into the building, the eyes were first attracted, in the vestibule, by a large shield, the word "Welcome," surrounded by flags and evergreens, and immediately under a picture of the President of the Society ; the entire vestibule was arranged with growing plants and flowers. On the left of the stage, bordering the proscenium boxes, was a scroll, naming the dead of our Society, fitly trimmed with evergreen, for their memory is sacred. On the right was a column list of the prominent battles in which the Army of the Tennessee had engaged. Upon the face of the gallery, and pendant from its railing, were displayed the flags of Missouri regiments, now become historical relics. The National colors and guidons filled all other available space, and upon the walls and around columns were affixed shields, giving the names of distinguished commanders. In the evening these decorations presented a very beautiful effect.

The banquet hall at the Lindell hotel, in its decoration, was simply a charm ; description is difficult. A portion of the west end of the hall was set apart for the band, screened from the main hall by living plants and flowers, the beautiful tribute sent from Chicago forming a part. In the remainder of the hall the entire walls were covered with flags and shields, on which were the names of commanders in our army, among them those of McPherson and Blair, all wreathed with flowers and draped with flags. Immediately behind the head of the table was a large shield, within it the portrait of General Sherman, surrounded with flowers and flags and surmounted with a form of flowers containing the word "Welcome." Portraits, also, of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant were on the walls, appropriately arranged with flags and flowers.

The tables, also, had many fine forms of confections in keeping with the occasion, and many beautiful flowers.

COMMITTEES.

The Executive Committee made selection of the following sub-committees, and announced the appointment of same by circular as follows:

HEADQUARTERS OF SECRETARY OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, }
 ROOM 7, TEMPLE BUILDING, }
 ST. LOUIS, MO., *April 10, 1882.* }

DEAR SIR:—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee will hold its fifteenth annual reunion at St. Louis, on *Wednesday and Thursday, May 10th and 11th*, under the charge of the following committees:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General Thos. C. Fletcher, Chairman.

Colonel David Murphy, Secretary.

General Jno. W. Noble,	Colonel D. P. Dyer,
General A. J. Smith,	Colonel James F. How,
Major George W. Gilson,	General O. P. Gooding,
Captain M. A. Doyle,	Captain George W. Bailey,
Colonel J. G. Butler,	Colonel E. M. Joel,
Major Eugene F. Weigel,	General Jno. D. Stevenson,
Colonel Chas. Parsons.	

FINANCE.

General Jno. W. Noble, Chairman.

General Jno. S. Cavender,	Jno. D. Perry,
General D. C. Coleman,	Captain Jno. A. Scudder,
Colonel Geo. E. Leighton,	Adolphus Busch,
Captain Daniel Catlin,	James E. Yeatman,
N. C. Hudson,	C. B. Burnham,
Dr. Enno Sander,	S. H. Laffin.

BANQUET.

Colonel D. P. Dyer, Chairman.

Jno. H. McCluney,	Hon. Chas. S. Hayden,
B. D. Lee,	W. H. Bliss,
Hon. Chas. Speck,	Chas. M. Elleard,
Captain A. P. Brown,	Major Wm. E. Ware

ESCORT AND MARSHALS.

Colonel James G. Butler, Chairman,
General Chas. W. Squires, Captain Shepard Barclay,
Captain Wm. Bull, Colonel George Chapman,
Captain James F. Coyle, Captain Wm. Buchanan,
Major Leland F. Prince, Captain Wm. P. Hazard.

MILLS.

Colonel Chas. Parsons, Chairman.
Major H. D. Wood, A. C. Bird.

HEADQUARTERS.

General Jno. D. Stevenson, Chairman.
Major Wm. R. Hodges, Captain James H. Steigens,
Captain Wm. Bain, Captain Henry S. Switzer.

INVITATION.

Captain M. A. Doyle, Chairman.
Hon. B. Gratz Brown, Colonel James O. Broadhead,
Colonel D. W. Wear, John N. Straat,
John C. Vogel, Colonel Rodney D. Wells.
Hon. Sam. M. Breckenridge, Samuel Hays,
Lieutenant T. D. Witt, P. S. O'Reilly, M. D.

TOASTS.

Colonel David Murphy, Chairman.
Hon. A. M. Thayer, T. Elwood Garrett,
Colonel M. M. Price, J. B. McCullagh,
Colonel J. C. Normile, Colonel W. H. Blodgett.

DECORATIONS.

Colonel E. M. Joel, Chairman.
Colonel Nelson Cole, Captain Theo. Horman,
Lieut. Jno. O'Connell, Colonel W. A. Hequembourg,
Captain S. O. Fish, Lieutenant Wm. Henley,
Colonel Thomas B. Rogers, Captain Otto C. Lademan,
Lieutenant Jno. A. Scholten, Captain F. W. Guerin,
Lieutenant R. Mollenbott, Lieutenant Lewis Moose.

PRINTING.

Captain Geo. W. Bailey, Chairman.

Colonel Ira Boutell,	Captain W. W. Judy,
Captain W. W. Brewer,	Major Emory S. Foster,
Major Julius Pitzman,	Major Geo. S. Grover,
Major W. S. Pope,	Captain C. P. Waldrige.

RECEPTION.

General A. J. Smith, Chairman.

General Amos Beckwith,	Colonel J. L. D. Morrison,
G. S. Tyler,	Colonel E. D. Baker,
Fred. B. Holmes,	Felix Coste,
Chas. E. Slayback,	Colonel J. O. Churchill,
Colonel J. B. Gondolfo,	General D. P. Grier,
Hon. E. O. Stanard,	John Jackson,
Lieutenant Thos. W. Fitch,	J. F. Imbs,
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W. H. Benton,	Major Henry Hitchcock,
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Major J. C. McGinnis.	

TRANSPORTATION.

Colonel James F. How, Chairman.

Colonel J. Hill,	Captain M. T. Spoor,
F. Chandler,	Captain C. W. Rogers,
R. P. Tansey,	H. C. Townsend.

PARAGRAPHING.

Major Geo. W. Gilson, Chairman.

James A. St. John,	R. A. Dyer,
E. D. Kargau,	Colonel Leigh O. Knapp,
Henry A. Moore,	Major G. Harry Stone.

MUSIC.

General O. P. Gooding, Chairman.

General T. H. Neill,	Prof. A. G. Robyn,
Captain Lloyd Harris,	Dr. E. Voerster.

ENTERTAINMENT.

Major Eugene F. Weigel, Chairman.

Lieutenant T. Tatum,

Captain Geo. Bain,

Captain Geo. Schuster

Colonel Jno. Reed,

Major Leo. Rassieur,

Captain Frederick Wolf,

Captain Chas. P. Warner,

Wm. J. Fritsch.

Headquarters of the Society will be at the Lindell Hotel, where ample provision has been made for the accommodation of the various committees and officers of the Society.

The business meeting of the Society will be held at the People's Theatre, on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, commencing promptly at 10 o'clock.

Programme of entertainment for the afternoon of Wednesday, will be arranged and announced in due time at the headquarters and in the meetings.

For Thursday afternoon there will be a grand parade of all the military forces of the city, including the Light Battery, in honor of the Society and as an escort from the headquarters to the new Armory Hall, where a grand fete has been arranged by the ladies of St. Louis.

On Wednesday evening, at the People's Theatre, at 8 o'clock, introductory remarks by General Thos. C. Fletcher, Chairman of Local Executive Committee. Opening prayer by Bishop Fallows. Addresses of welcome by Governor Crittenden and Mayor Ewing, with response by General Sherman and the annual address by General James A. Williamson, and other exercises.

The stage will be reserved for the officers of the Society and the distinguished guests; the parquette for members of the Society; the dress-circle and balcony for gentlemen accompanied by ladies, and the remainder of the space for local military organizations and other invited guests.

The banquet and concluding ceremonies will take place at the Lindell Hotel on Thursday evening, commencing promptly at 8 o'clock.

The committee on transportation has made arrangements with several trunk lines for reduced rates, but to obtain advantage of such rates, it is in many cases, necessary that a certificate be issued in time for presentation at the place of purchasing tickets. In order that these certificates may be promptly issued, and other suitable arrangements be made for the entertainment of members and invited guests, you are earnestly requested to notify the Secretary of the Local Executive Committee, David Murphy, room 7, Temple Building, of your intention to be present, and give the names of the roads over which you expect to come.

If you cannot be present, a letter of declination should, as soon as possible be sent to the secretary of this committee.

Arrangements have been made by the committee with the leading hotels for the boarding and lodging of a large number of guests at reasonable prices.

THOMAS C. FLETCHER,
Chairman Executive Committee.

DAVID MURPHY,
Secretary.

SONGS.

No small part of the interest and enjoyment of our reunions is that of music and songs as they are sung by many in our rooms at hotels and at the exercises. Below are, therefore, printed what are termed army songs, that all may know them, believing the Society will accord full approval.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the bright and happy days now gone before,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
'Tho I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we will breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved homes.

In the battle front we stood, when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before they reached our lines, they were driven back dismayed,
Then we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As I think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed, his eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called his weeping son to him—
Weep not, my boy, the veteran said, I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill.
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The Sword was brought, the soldier's eye lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade, he murmured Warren's name,
Then said, my boy, I leave you gold, but what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me well,

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

It was on that dread, immortal day, we dared the Briton band,
A captain raised that blade on me, I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged, it lightened freedom's will,
For boy, the God of Freedom blessed

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

Oh keep that sword, his accents broke, a smile and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade upon that dying bed
The son remains, the Sword remains, its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the Sire

CHORUS.—And Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

OLD SHADY.

Yah! Yah! Yah! Come laugh wid me,
De white folks say old Shady am free,
I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee
Am a coming, am a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home.

REPEAT.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
Den away, den away, for I am going home

Oh! massa got scared, and so did his lady,
Dis chile break for old Uncle Aby,
Open the door, for here's old Shady,
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good bye Mass. Jeff. good bye, Mass. Stephens.
'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins,
I 'spec by and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good by hard work without any pay,
I'se going up North where de white folks say,
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Am a coming, am a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Get up old Sambo and blow de horn,
Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn,
Dat's Sherman's Bummers sure's I'm born
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! I'se got a wife and a nice little baby,
Way up North in the Lower Canady,
Won't they shout, when they see old Shady
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! here's to General Grant, de brave and true,
He captured Vicksburg and Richmond too,
He made de rebels think the very devel in blue
Was a coming, was a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shown bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea."

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea;
And the stars of our banners shown brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men,
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessing from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resacca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls.
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Oh proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shown brighter
When Sherman camped down by the sea!

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle boys! we'll sing another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—“Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!”
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

“Sherman's dashing Yankee Boys will never reach the coast!
So the saucy rebels said, and t'was a handsome boast
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- HALL, MRS. ADA, Paducah, Ky.,
Widow of Colonel John P. Hall.
- PORTER, D. D., ADMIRAL U. S. NAVY, Washington, D. C.
- WALKER, R. T., Cincinnati, O.
Eldest Son of Captain J. B. Walker, deceased.
- YORKE, MRS. MARY, Cincinnati, O.,
Widow of General L. E. Yorke.
- MILLS, MRS. JANE S., Cincinnati, O.,
Widow of Captain L. E. Mills.
- RUTGER, MRS. MARY L.,
Widow of Lieutenant Francis Rutger.
- SMITH, MAY, Bloomington, Ill.
Daughter of General Giles A. Smith, deceased.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Captain J. Barber,
Major S. E. Barrett,
Major J. B. Bell,
Lieutenant John Crane,
Major E. C. Dawes,
Colonel L. M. Dayton,
Captain C. F. Emery,
Major J. A. Fitch,
Major-General M. F. Force,
Lieutenant R. H. Fouts,
Major P. M. Hitchcock,
Captain E. O. Hurd,
Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Krughoff,
Captain A. C. Kemper,
Major-General M. D. Leggett,
Brigadier-General C. E. Lippincott,
Colonel Frank Lynch,
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Major Henry M. Neil,
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Surgeon S. C. Plummer,
Surgeon J. B. Potter,
Brigadier-General L. F. Ross,
Brigadier-General J. B. Sanborn,
Major-General Jno. E. Smith,
Colonel J. Condit Smith,
Captain C. W. M. Stark,
Colonel W. T. Shaw.
Colonel D. N. Welch.

MEMBERS

OF THE

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Alexander, W. L., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
Andreas, A. T., Captain, 99 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Andrus, W. D. E., Lieutenant, Rockford, Ill.
Ankeny, R. V., General, Des Moines, Iowa.
Atkins, S. D., General, Freeport, Ill.
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Baker, E. L., Captain, Red Wing, Minn.
Baker, A. J., Lieutenant, Centreville, Iowa
Bain, Wm. B., Lieutenant, St. Louis, Mo.
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Banks, J. C., Lieutenant, Cincinnati, O.
Banks, Lyman, Captain, Muscatine, Iowa.
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Brush, Sam'l T., Lieutenant, Carbondale, Ill.
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Clark, W. C., Lieutenant, Lithopolis, Fairfield Co., O.
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- Hill, W. H., Lieutenant-Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
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Hitt, J. E., Mt. Morris, Ill.
Hitt, J. W., Lieutenant, Mt. Morris, Ill.
Hipp, Charles, Major, St. Marys, O.
Hoge, Holmes, Captain, Chicago, Ill.
Hogin, Geo. B., Major, Newton, Iowa.
Hovey, Chas. E., General, Washington, D. C.
Howard, O. O., General, U. S. A., Omaha, Neb.
How, Jas. F., Lieutenant-Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Hull, J. A. T., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
Hodges, W. R., Captain, 2115 Walnut St., St. Louis.
Hubbard, L. F., General, Red Wing, Minn.
Hunt, George, Captain, Paris, Ill.
Hunting, C. H., Lieutenant, 817 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Hurd, E. O., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
Hutchinson, F. S., General, Ionia, Mich.
Ihrig, George P., General, Room 20, No. 57 Broadway, N. Y.
Irwin, B. J. D., Surgeon, U. S. A.
Jackson, Oscar L., Brevet Colonel, New Castle, Pa.
Jacobson, Augustus, Lieutenant Colonel, 38 Clark St., Chicago.
Janes, H. W., Captain, U. S. A., 88 Wooster St., N. Y.
Joel, E. M., Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Johnson, E. S., Major, Springfield, Ill.
Jonas, E., Colonel, 194 Gravier St., New Orleans.
Jones, J. E., Captain, Carroll, Iowa.
Jones, Theo., General, Columbus, O.
Jones, W. S., General, Waverly, O.
Judkins, W. H., Lieutenant, Mishawauka, Ind.
Keeler, Wm. B., 1322 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Keller, L., Captain, Ogemaw Springs, Mich.
Keller, Jacob, Surgeon, Chester, Ill.
Kellogg, C. C., Colonel, Leadville, Col.
Kennard, G. W., Champaign, Ill.
Kennedy, J. C., Lieutenant-Colonel, Moberly, Mo.
Kenyon, N. C., Colonel, Chatsworth, Ill.
Kilbourne, James, Colonel, Columbus, O.
King, S. Noble, Lieutenant, Bloomington, Ill.
Kinney, T. J., General, Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill.
Kinsman, O. D., Colonel, Lebanon, O.
Knox, Kilburn, Colonel, A. & N. Club, N. Y. City.
Krughoff, Louis, Major, Nashville, Ill.
Kemper, A. C., Captain, Cincinnati, O.

Kueffner, W. C., Brigadier-General.
Lakin, J. H., Lieutenant, West Union, Iowa.
LaMotte, R. S., Major, U. S. A., Prescott, Arizona.
Landrum, W. J., Colonel, Lancaster, Ky.
Lanstrum, C., Captain, Galesburg, Ill.
Lademan, O. C., Captain, St. Louis, Mo.
Leach, W. B., Captain, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Leake, J. B., Lieutenant Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Leggett, M. D., General, Cleveland, O.
Letton, T. W., Lieutenant, 114 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Lewis, J. V., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
Lippincott, C. E., General, Springfield, Ill.
L'Hommedieu, S., Surgeon, Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y. City.
Logan, John A., General, Chicago, Ill.
Loomis, John Mason, Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Loop, C. B., Major, Belvidere, Ill.
Lutz, Nelson L., Captain, 4219 Bellevue Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lynch, Frank, Colonel, Cleveland, O.
Loudon, D. W. C., Colonel, Georgetown, O.
Lyman, J., Major, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

McArthur, John, General, 504 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
McArthur, H. C., Major, Memphis, Mo.
McAuley, J. T., Captain, Chicago, Ill.
McCauley, P. H., Major, Milwaukee, Wis.
McClary, J. S., Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
McClaughry, R. W., Major, Joliet, Ill.
McCormick, A. W., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
McCrory, W., Captain, Minneapolis, Minn.
McDonald, John, General, St. Louis, Mo.
McElravy, J. W., Lieutenant, West Liberty, Iowa.
McFall, John, General, St. Louis, Mo.
McFarland, John D., Captain, Pittsburg, Pa.
McFarland, J. C., Major, Bloomington, Ill.
McGinnis, J. S., General, Indianapolis, Ind.
McGrath, P., Captain, 431 W. 14th St., Chicago, Ill.
McLean, W. A., Captain, Chicago, Ill.
McMurray, J. W., Major, Schenectady, N. Y.
McNulta, John, Brigadier-General, Bloomington, Ill.
Macauley, Dan'l, General, Indianapolis, Ind.
Mcfeely, Robert, General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Magdeburg, F. H., Captain, Milwaukee, Wis.
Mahon, Samuel, Major, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Manning, M. W., Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Markland, A. H., Colonel, Washington, D. C.
Marshall, Wm. R., General, St. Paul, Minn.
Marshall, Woodsom S., Captain, Warsaw, Ind.

Mason, Wm. B., Colonel, Marietta, Ohio.
Mason, George, Major, 190 N. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.
Matteson, C. T., Lieutenant, Cottage Grove & 35th St., Chicago.
Martin, J. S., General, Salem, Ill.
Morgridge, G. O., Captain, Muscatine, Iowa.
Mattox, A. H., Lieutenant, Cincinnati, O.
Mayers, C. G., Colonel, Madison, Wis.
Mead, W. G., Lieutenant, 109 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.
Merriam, J., Lieutenant-Colonel, Springfield, Ill.
Meumann, Theo., Colonel, East St. Louis, Ill.
Menken, J. Stanwood, Captain, N. Y.
Miller, E. T., Captain, Medina, Delaware Co., Pa.
Miller, Madison, General, Percy, Randolph Co., Ill.
Munroe, J. H., Captain, Muscatine, Iowa.
Monroe, B. F., Captain, 1430 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Moore, Wm. Bowen, Major, Comm. of Customs, Washington.
Moore, F. W., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Morrill, Henry L., Major, Cleveland, O.
Morrison, J. B., Captain, Fort Madison, Iowa.
Morton, Charles A., Colonel, Fargo, Dakota.
Moss, J. Thompson, Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
Moulton, C. W., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Mulrane, D. A., Lieutenant, Topeka, Kansas.
Munson, G. D., Colonel, Zanesville, O.
Murray, E. H., General, Salt Lake, Utah.
Murphy, D. N. G., Major, St. Paul, Minn.
Mussey, W. H., Surgeon, Cincinnati, O.
Mann, R. H., Lieutenant, Chester, Ill.

Neely, J. C., Captain, Merchants National Bank, Chicago, Ill.
Neil, H. M., Captain, Columbus, O.
Nixon, Dr. O. W., Chicago, Ill.
Nichols, George W., Major, Cincinnati, O.
Nichols, F. C., Major, U. S. A., Washington.
Nish, J., Captain, Woodstock, Ill.
Noble, J. W., General, St. Louis, Mo.
Noble, H. T., Colonel, Dixon, Ill.
Noyes, Ed. F., General, Cincinnati, O.
Nuckolls, Ezra, Lieutenant, Eldora, Iowa.
Nutt, E. E., Captain, Sidney, O.
Newsham, T. J., Major, Edwardsville, Ill.

O'Connor, Henry, Major, Muscatine, Iowa.
Okeson, Geo. B., Captain, Lexington, Ill.
Ogg, A. L., Captain, Greenfield, Ind.
Oglesby, R. J., General, Decatur, Ill.
Oliver, W. S., Colonel, Little Rock, Ark.
Oates, James, Lieutenant, Cincinnati, Ark.

Page, Harlan, Captain, Chicago, Ill.
Paddock, G. L. Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
Parker, L. L., Kalida, Putnam Co., O.
Parrot, J. C., Colonel, Keokuk, Iowa.
Pattier, Charles O., Captain, Cairo, Ill.
Partridge, C. A., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
Patterson, R. F., Colonel, Memphis, Tenn.
Pearson, R. N., General, Chicago, Ill.
Pease, Phineas, General, Columbus, O.
Peats, F. F., Major, Rockford, Ill.
Pelton, F. W., Captain, 129 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.
Perkins, A. A., Major, Burlington, Iowa.
Peterson, B. H., Colonel, New Orleans, La.
Pierce, G. A., Captain, Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Ill.
Pike, R. W., Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
Pitman, W. G., Captain, Madison, Wis.
Pitzman, Julius, Captain, 615 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.
Plummer, S. C., Surgeon, Rock Island, Ill.
Plunkett, Wm. H., Major, 1433 Q Street, Washington, D. C.
Poe, O. M., Colonel, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Pope, John, General, U. S. A., Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
Porter, Jas. W., Lieutenant, 19 Bryan Block, Chicago.
Porter, G. W., Captain, Clinton, Ill.
Potts, I. B., Captain, Columbus, O.
Potter, J. B., Surgeon, Canal Winchester, O.
Potter, J. A., General, U. S. A., Painsville, O.
Potts, B. F., General, Helena, Montana.
Powell, E., Major, 45 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Powell, J. W., Major, 910 M St., Washington, D. C.
Pratt, C. L., Lieutenant, Chicago, Ill.
Pride, Geo. G., Colonel, New York.
Prunty, W. T., Captain, Olney, Ill.
Pullen, J. O., Captain, Bloomington, Ill.
Putnam, Chas. E., Captain, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Putney, Frank H., Lieutenant, Waukesha, Wis.
Pope, W. S., Major, 3625 Lindell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Randall, L. G., Lieutenant, Napoleon, O.
Rapp, Isaac, Lieutenant, Carbondale, Ill.
Ravold, M., Captain, Greenville, Ill.
Raymond, J. B., Captain, Fargo, D. T.
Raum, G. B., General, Washington City, D. C.
Reece, Alonzo N., Lieutenant, 220 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Reid, J. M., Colonel, Keokuk, Iowa.
Reid, D. O., Captain, Moline, Ill.
Rinaker, J. I., General, Carlinsville, Ill.
Reynolds, Thomas, General, Madison, Wis.
Reynolds, J. S., General, 152 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Rice, E. W., General, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
Reibsame, Christian, Captain, Bloomington, Ill.
Robinson, A. R., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
Robinson, J. G., Captain, Edwardsville, Ill.
Robinson, Benj. E., Lieutenant, Fairbury, Ill.
Rood, H. H., Lieutenant, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
Root, R., Major, Keokuk, Iowa.
Roots, L. H., Captain, Little Rock, Ark.
Ross, L. F., General, Avon, Ill.
Routt, Jno. L., Captain, Denver, Col.
Roler, E. O. F., Surgeon, 1084 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Rohr, G. W., Surgeon, Rockford, Ill.
Robertson, W. S., Major, Muscatine, Iowa.
Rowett, R., General, Carlinsville, Ill.
Ruggles, J. M., General, Havana, Ill.
Rumsey, J. W., Captain, 170 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Rumsey, I. P., Captain, 106 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Ruff, W. A., Captain, 142 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Rusk, J. N., General, Viroqua, Wis.
Sabine, A., Surgeon, Marysville, O.
Safely, J. J., Major, Washington City, D. C.
Sanborn, J. B., General, St. Paul, Minn.
Sanders, A. J. H., General, Davenport, Iowa.
Sanford, T. W., General, St. Louis, Mo.
Schofield, G. W., Colonel, U. S. A.
Scott, J. K., Colonel, Martinsville, Ind.
Scribner, W. S., Lieutenant, Probate Court, Chicago, Ill.
Sexton, A., Lieutenant, Madison, Wis.
Sexton, Jas. A., Captain, 183 Erie St., Chicago, Ill.
Shaw, W. T., Colonel, Anamora, Iowa.
Sherman, Hoyt, Major, Des Moines, Iowa.
Sherman, B. R., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
Sherman, W. T., General, Washington, D. C.
Sherer, Sam'l B., Major, 21 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sherburne, E. A., 200 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Skilton, A. S., Captain, Monroeville, Huron County, O.
Smith, J. E., Gen., U. S. A., Camp Douglas, via. Salt Lake City.
Smith, W. S., General, 21 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Smith, J. Condit, Colonel, Buffalo, N. Y.
Smith, I. P., Captain, New Albany, Ind.
Smith, James T., Captain, Washington, D. C.
Smith, J. A., Captain, Jacksonville, Ill.
Smith, Chas. W., Captain, P. O. Box 33, Chicago, Ill.
Smith, Robt. W., General, Chicago, Ill.
Smith, M. P., Captain, Marengo, Iowa.
Smith, Milo, Colonel, Clinton, Iowa.
Spear, Ed., Major, Minneapolis, Minn.

Seay, A. J., Colonel, Union, Mo.
Schuster, Geo., Captain, St. Louis, Mo.
Schenk, John, Captain, Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.
Stevenson, Jno. D., Brigadier-General, St. Louis, Mo.
Steismeier, Chas., Captain, St. Louis, Mo.
Stillwell, L., Lieutenant, Osage Mission, Kan.
Sprague, J. W., General, Portland, Or.
Stark, C. W. M., Captain, Tiffany, Rock Co., Wis.
Steele, G. R., Major, Decatur, Ill.
Stewart, A. S., Captain, Indianapolis, Ind.
Stewart, W. H., Captain, Woodstock, Ill.
Stewart, Owen, Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Stone, J. C., Colonel, Burlington, Iowa.
Strong, W. E., General, Peshtigo Company, Chicago, Ill.
Strong, Robt. C., Major, Columbus, O.
Stockton, Joseph, General, Chicago, Ill.
Swain, Jas. A., Colonel, Memphis, Tenn.
Swarthout, W., Colonel, Quincy, Ill.
Taggart, G. I., Colonel, Savannah, Ga.
Taylor, Ezra, General, Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill.
Taylor, F. M., Captain, Belleville, Ill.
Terrell, W. H. H., General, Indianapolis, Ind.
Thayer, J. M., General, Cheyenne, Wyoming Ter.
Thompson, Robt. M., Major, 1341 F St., Washington, D. C.
Thornton, J. H., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Thrall, W. R., Surgeon, Cincinnati, O.
Tilson, John, General, Quincy, Ill.
Tobey, E. P., Lieutenant, 105 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Turtelotte, J. E., Colonel, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.
Towne, O. C., Lieutenant, Pocotonica, Ill.
Tripp, S. S., Peoria, Ill.
Trimble, H. M., Lieutenant, Princeton, Ill.
Tullis, James, Colonel, Lafayette, Ind.
Tucker, A. M., Colonel, Elkhart, Ind.
Tuthill, R. S., Lieutenant, 132 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
Treadway, D., Major, Greely, Burnham Grocery Co., St. Louis.
Underwood, B. W., Lieutenant.
Vandever, Wm., General, Dubuque, Iowa.
Vanseller, H., Colonel, Paris, Ill.
Veatch, J. C., General, Rockport, Ind.
Vilas, Wm. F., Colonel, Madison, Wis.
Vogelson, W. M., Colonel, Pittsburg, Pa.
Von Blessing, L., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Wainwright, W. A., Captain, Noblesville, Ind.
Walcutt, C. C., General, Columbus, O.

Wangelin, H., General, Belleville, Ill.
Ware, W. E., Major, 8th and St. Charles Sts., St. Louis, Mo.
Ware, Ad., Captain, 339 W. 30th St., New York.
Warner, Willard, General, Tecumseh, Ala.
Warner, V., Captain, Clinton, Ill.
Warner, C. G., Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Warner, Wm., Major, Kansas City, Mo.
Warrons, C. H., Captain.
Weber, Dan., Colonel, Cincinnati, O.
Webster, E. H., Captain, Kansas City, Mo.
Welch, D. N., Colonel, New Haven, Conn.
Welch, P. J., Major, Cincinnati, O.
Welker, Fred., Major, Muscatine, Iowa.
Wells, George E., Colonel, Toledo, O.
Wheeler, W. F., Captain, Helena, Mon.
White, J. E., Captain, Chicago, Ill.
Wilcox, J. S., Colonel, Elgin, Ill.
Williams, W. S., Captain, Canton, O.
Williams, Reuben, Colonel, Warsaw, Ind.
Williamson, J. A., General, Washington, D. C.
Wilson, T. P., Major, St. Paul, Minn.
Wilson, H., Colonel, Sidney, O.
Wilson, J. F., Captain, Peoria, Ill.
Wilson, James H., Major-General, St. Louis, Mo.
Wilson, F. C., Lieutenant, 47 and 49 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Winslow, E. F., General, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Wise, J. S., Major, Cincinnati, O.
Willison, A., Lewiston, Ill.
Wickersham, D., Colonel, Springfield, Ill.
Witmer, John H., Major, Ottawa, Ill.
Wood, John, Colonel, Quincy, Ill.
Wood, W. W., Lieutenant, Belvidere, Ill.
Woodhull, Max., General, Washington, D. C.
Worley, I. C., Lieutenant, Lewistown, Ill.
Wolfe, Edward H., Colonel, Indianapolis, Ind.
Webb, Julius Dwight, Captain, Marysville, O.
Woodward, F. J., Captain, St. Louis, Mo.
Wright, Crafts J., General, Wright's Grove P. O., Chicago, Ill.
Wright, B. T., Lieutenant-Colonel, 78 Van Buren St., Chicago.
Wilbur, C. T., Surgeon, Lincoln, Ill.
Watts, J. M., Lieutenant, Delphi, Ind.
Zearing, J. R., Surgeon, Dover, Ill.

IN MEMORIAM.

Audenried, Colonel Jos. C.
Alexander, Colonel J. T.
Bailey, Captain J. E.
Blair, General Frank P.
Brucker, Surgeon M.
Bonner, Surgeon, S. P.
Bigelow, Captain Henry.
Carper, Captain L.
Collins, ———
Dodds, Colonel Ozro J.
Eaton, General C. G.
Eddy, Colonel Norman.
Eggleston, Lieutenant E. L.
Fairchild, General Cassius.
Fitch, Major Henry S.
Fearing, General B. D.
Foote, Major, H. E.
Fry, Colonel John C.
Fyffe, Lieutenant J. R.
Graves, Colonel W. H.
Hanke, Colonel A. J.
Hall, Colonel John P.
Harding, General Chester.
Hart, Lieutenant L. W.
Herbert, Colonel J. T.
Hedges, Lieutenant S. W.
Hicks, Colonel S. J.
Howe, General J. H.
Hughes, Colonel Samuel T.
Harper, Surgeon T. L.
Hurlbut, General S. A.
Hamilton, Major John O.
Jones, Colonel John J.
Jones, Colonel Henry E.
Klinck, Colonel John J.
Lovejoy, Lieutenant F. E.
Leet, Colonel George K.
Mathias, General Charles S.
Martin, Colonel Rodger.
Mills, Captain Lewis E.
Mower, General J. A.

Murphy, Colonel P. H.
McCook, General Ed.
McCoy, Colonel J. C.
Moore, Colonel R. M.
May, General Dwight.
Oliver General John M.
Patterson, Lieutenant W. A.
Peck, Major Wm. E.
Peckham, Colonel James.
Pearce, Lieutenant Edgar P.
Pennington, Captain Thos. W.
Palmer, Colonel J. J.
Rawlins, General John A.
Randall, Lieutenant J. R.
Reid, General Hugh T.
Richardson, Lieutenant G. W.
Rutger, Lieutenant Francis.
Sample, Lieutenant J. B.
Smith, General Morgan L.
Smith, General Giles A.
Stephenson, Lieutenant W. B.
Stockdale, Captain S. W.
Simpson, Major John E.
Spooner, General Benjamin.
Slack, General J. R.
Thurston, Colonel W. H.
Towner, Major, H. N.
Turner, General Charles.
Walker, Major J. Bryant.
Weaver, Colonel C. R.
White, Captain David.
White, Major M. Hazen.
Wood, Colonel E. T.
Woodworth, Surgeon John M.
Yorke, General L. E.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SOCIETY
OF THE
ARMY ^{OF THE} TENNESSEE,
AT THE
SIXTEENTH MEETING.
HELD AT
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
October 17th and 18th, 1883.

PREFACE.

At the meeting of the Society in St. Louis, it was decided the next meeting should be held in Cleveland, on the 4th and 5th of October, 1883.

The usual call was issued as follows:

HEADQUARTERS,
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 20, 1883.*

To the Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

The Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 3rd and 4th, 1883. The anniversary of the battle of Corinth.

The annual address will be delivered by General Samuel Fallows.

All arrangements for the meeting will be under the charge of the following

LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

General Jas. Barnett,	Colonel Frank Lynch,
Major Chas. H. Smith,	Major Peter Hitchcock,
Major Albert L. Howe,	Captain F. W. Pelton,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,	Captain W. C. Bidle,
Doctor J. C. Schenck,	Captain J. Barber, Sec'y.

Who will give due and timely notice of the details of their arrangements.

Officers who have at any time served with credit in the Army or Department of the Tennessee are, by our constitution, entitled to membership.

Members of kindred societies are cordially invited to participate.

W. T. SHERMAN,
President.

L. M. DAYTON, *Recording Secretary.*

A. HICKENLOOPER, *Corresponding Secretary.*
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Executive Officers of the Society and the Local Executive Committee decided to make a change of the time, and the following circular was notice thereof:

OFFICE OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY }
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
CINCINNATI, OHIO, *August 4, 1883.*

To the Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee:

For good and sufficient reasons, the Local Committee have determined upon making a change in the date of holding our next Annual Reunion.

Preface.

The circular of July 20th, announcing that the meeting would be held on the 3rd and 4th days of October, is therefore recalled, and in lieu thereof, the following official announcement is promulgated:

The Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 17th and 18th, 1883.

The annual address will be delivered by General Samuel Fallows.

All arrangements for the meeting will be under the charge of the following

LOCAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

General Jas. Barnett,	Colonel Frank Lynch,
Major Chas. H. Smith,	Major Peter Hitchcock,
Major Albert L. Howe,	Captain F. W. Pelton,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,	Captain W. C. Bidle,
Doctor J. C. Schenck,	Captain J. Barber, Sec'y.

Who will give due and timely notice of the details of their arrangements.

A. HICKENLOOPER, *Cor. Secretary,*
Cincinnati, Ohio.

NOTE.—Please have this circular noticed in your local papers.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.
PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
SIXTEENTH MEETING
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

CLEVELAND, *October 17, 1883.*

Headquarters of the Society were established by the Local Committee at the Kennard House, marching from there to the Tabernacle, where the business meetings were to be held, and being assembled the President called the Society to order and announced it ready for business in the following remarks:

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Allow me to congratulate you on thus assembling in such large numbers, seemingly in such good health and under such favorable auspices. The day is beautiful, and the people appear to be glad to see the war veterans and heroes, and I have no doubt the local committee will have taken every means to provide for your comfort, your safety and your happiness. I am glad, I assure you, to see so many of our old comrades together to-day in this beautiful city of Cleveland.

This is our sixteenth meeting. Though eighteen years have passed since we scattered and mingled in the civil world, this is our sixteenth meeting. Eighteen years have passed since we ceased to use arms and resorted to the pen. The intention was, when we adjourned at St. Louis, to have met here on the fourth of this month.

I had to make a long trip west, and I begged the local committee to postpone the day or excuse me from attending. They postponed

the day, and I thank them for it. I hope none of you have lost anything thereby. I am grateful to be here. The 4th was the anniversary of the gallant and brave defense of the city of Corinth. I do not see why we cannot commemorate on the 17th as well as on the 4th.

The great fighting occurred on the afternoon of the 4th of October, 1862. I saw General Rosecrans in Washington. He was extremely anxious to come. He commanded that part of the Army of the Tennessee that fought in the defense of Corinth. I assure you that he feels the same pride, the same glory in your fame that you yourselves do, and he would have come had it been in any way possible for him to do so.

General Rosecrans sent this message by me personally, "I send my love to them all and my regrets that I will not be able to be with them all on the occasion of their meeting in Cleveland." General Rosecrans ought to have been here, and would have been had not his public business been so large as to render it impossible for him to come.

I have nothing more to say than that I again congratulate you on appearing in such large numbers here, in strength, health and vigor. I will now, from this time forward, endeavor to adhere strictly to the constitution and the programme which your committee has placed in my hands. While we all deplore the absence of General Grant, I will say that I have just been informed by General Leggett that there is still hopes of his coming.

Now, gentlemen of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, we turn to our Constitution, and find the order of proceedings calls first for the reading of the journal of the previous meeting, in May of last year.

The Secretary began reading the record of the meeting held in St. Louis, when, on motion of General Fuller:

Resolved, That the record of the last meeting having been printed, and in that way distributed to each member, we dispense with reading them at this time.

The next order of business being the appointment of regular committees, on motion of Captain Sexton:

Resolved, That General Belknap, Captain Burns, Lieutenant Dunlap, Captain Higley and General Chetlain be appointed a committee to nominate officers of the Society.

On motion of Major Bell:

Resolved, That General Strong, Colonel Cadle, Captain Mattox, Surgeon Highway and Colonel Lynch be appointed to select and nominate an orator for the next meeting.

On motion of Lieutenant Towne:

Resolved, That General Noyes, Colonel Everest, Colonel Fletcher, Colonel Brush, and Major Vogleson be appointed to recommend the time and place where the next meeting shall be held.

The President read the committees as above named.

The next in order of business being the reading of reports, the President called upon the Treasurer, and General Force read and presented for the consideration of the Society, the following:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
TREASURER'S OFFICE, }
CINCINNATI, O., October 16, 1883. }

GENERAL SHERMAN,
President:

I have the honor to report that, at the last report there was in the Permanent Fund \$9,000 of four per cent. registered government bonds, payable to the order of Treasurer Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and \$671 in cash.

Since then, this fund has received from Col. L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, \$236.; from interest on bonds \$540; a donation from the local committee of the reunion held in Cincinnati in April, 1881, from balance left after paying expenses of the reunion, \$67.17, and from Gen. A. Hickenlooper, of Committee on Publication, proceeds of the sale of one copy of the consolidated reports, \$3.75. Owing to the continued high price of bonds, together with the expectation that this fund would be called on to pay part of the expense of printing additional volumes of consolidated reports, I have made no purchase of bonds in the past year.

The fund now consists of \$9,000 of bonds, and \$1,518.89 cash.

The General Fund at last report held \$1,419.86,

It has received since from Col. L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, \$676, making a total of \$2,095.86.

The expenditures have been: printing six hundred copies of the report of the last reunion, \$325.75; electrotyping two hundred and sixteen pages, \$108; lithographing the society badge, \$15; wrapping, \$1.75; printing 700 copies of three maps, \$75; expenses of the office of the Recording Secretary for stationery, ribbon for membership certificates, express and postage, \$57.23. Total, \$582.73.

There remains now in this fund, \$1,513.13.

No taxes have yet been charged upon the monument marking the spot where McPherson fell, the charge of which has been transferred to and accepted by the Society. But I am informed that it has suffered greatly from the depredations of relic seekers, or from wanton injury.

I submit herewith my book of accounts and bank book, as Treasurer, and vouchers.

M. F. FORCE,
Treasurer.

On motion of General Chetlain:

Resolved, That the report of the Treasurer, as read by him, be accepted and spread upon the records.

The President then called upon the Recording Secretary for his report, who read and presented for the consideration of the Society the following:

REPORT OF RECORDING SECRETARY.

OFFICE OF RECORDING SECRETARY, }
CINCINNATI, O., October 15, 1883. }

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President Society Army Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—As Secretary of the Society, it is my duty to report that the proceedings of the meeting held in St. Louis were printed in the usual pamphlet form and copies sent to each member.

Since the filing of my last report, I have received from the members as follows:

On account Permanent Fund,	\$236.00
" " General Fund, ...	676.00
Total, ...	\$912.00

which, in due course, has been passed over to the Treasurer, and his receipts therefor have been filed with the records of my office.

My books are ready for examination at any time that the Society will select an auditing committee, which I request it to do.

Respectfully submitting above for the consideration of the Society,

I am, etc.,

L. M. DAYTON,
Recording Secretary.

On motion of Major Crowell:

Resolved, That the report of the Secretary be accepted and spread upon the records of the Society.

NOTE. Herewith the Secretary gives the record from his books of all money paid him by members as dues and fees from date of publishing last report to Dec. 1st, 1883.

1882.			1883.		
June 27,	Col. C. A. Morton,	\$ 5.00	Oct. 17,	Maj. F. Welker,	1.00
	" Gen. Willard Warner,	1.00		" Lieut. E. F. Matteson,	1.00
	" Col. Max Woodhull,	1.00		" Col. C. Cadle, Jr.,	1.00
July 31,	Gen. P. Pease,	1.00		" Gen. Willard Warner,	1.00
	" Major A. W. Edwards,	10.00		" Col. O. L. Jackson,	2.00
Sept. 21,	Gen. Geo. P. Ihrie,	1.00		" Col. Ezra Taylor,	1.00
	29, Gen. W. B. Hazen,	7.00		" Maj. E. Powell,	1.00
Oct. 8,	Col. C. A. Morton,	5.00		" Gen. P. Pease,	1.00
	10, Capt. A. S. Bixby,	1.00		" Col. H. T. Noble,	1.00
Nov. 10,	Col. Jas. Tullis,	3.00		" Col. A. Jacobson,	1.00
	24, Col. Jeff. K. Scott,	3.00		" Capt. L. E. Lambert,	35.00
Dec. 25,	Col. A. M. Tucker,	3.00		" Capt. J. W. Evenden,	1.00
	27, Maj. A. V. Bohn,	14.00		" Lieut. M. Beem,	1.00
	" Gen. G. S. Fort,	10.00		" Surg. W. M. Thrall,	2.00
1883.				" Capt. I. P. Rumsey,	1.00
Jan. 1,	Lieut. L. Stillwell,	1.00		" Surg. A. Sabine,	1.00
	11, Col. C. W. Moulton,	11.00		" Capt. J. D. Webb,	2.00
July 7,	Maj. L. Rassieur,	8.00		" Gen. S. Fallows,	1.00
	24, Capt. Geo. Schuster,	2.00		" Col. Wm. Avery,	3.00
	28, Col. F. L. Hutchinson,	5.00		" Capt. W. H. Stewart,	3.00
Aug. 2,	Capt. V. Warner,	1.00		" Capt. M. A. Higley,	1.00
	6, Lieut. J. T. Moss,	3.00		" Capt. W. B. Leach,	1.00
	" Lieut. C. L. Pratt,	2.00		" Gen. Jno. McFall,	1.00
Sept. 5,	Surg. J. M. Cook,	3.00		" Lieut. A. J. Harding,	1.00
	27, Capt. W. A. Ruff,	2.00		" Col. R. N. Pearson,	1.00
Oct. 9,	Gen. J. D. Bingham,	2.00		" Capt. T. W. Letton,	2.00
	" Col. C. C. Kellogg,	2.00		" Capt. J. Nist,	4.00
	12, Capt. Chas. W. Smith,	4.00		" Capt. A. S. Stewart,	1.00
	" Gen. J. W. Sprague,	6.00		" Capt. G. A. Busse,	1.00
Oct. 12,	Gen. Geo. P. Ihrie,	1.00		" Gen. J. W. Fuller,	2.00
	13, Surg. W. F. Cady,	1.00		" Maj. W. McK. Dunn,	1.00
	17, Maj. T. J. Newsham,	1.00		" Gen. Jno. Pope,	1.00
	" Lieut. A. G. Gault,	1.00		" Capt. A. L. Ogg,	1.00
	" Capt. A. S. Skilton,	2.00		" Capt. D. H. Gile,	2.00
	" Surg. Goodbrake,	1.00		" Capt. Geo. Scheuster,	1.00
	" Gen. D. H. Brush,	1.00		" Capt. O. C. Lademan,	1.00
	" Gen. C. C. Walcutt,	1.00		" Col. Geo. E. Welles,	2.00
	" Lieut. S. T. Brush,	2.00		" Capt. Chas. Steismuir,	1.00
	" Capt. J. D. McFarland,	2.00		" Col. Von Blessing,	3.00
	" Col. W. B. Keeler,	1.00		" Col. Theo. Meuman,	1.00
	" Capt. Jno. Mitchell,	35.00		" Maj. Chas. Hipp,	1.00
	" Maj. R. C. Crowell,	1.00		" Capt. G. A. Pearce,	2.00
	" Gen. Hickenlooper,	14.00		" Gen. Jos. Stockton,	1.00
	" Capt. F. Y. Hedley,	1.00		" Maj. Chas. H. Smith,	35.00
	" Gen. W. W. Belknap,	1.00		" Capt. Wm. S. Burns,	1.00
	" Capt. E. T. Miller,	1.00		" Capt. R. S. Tutthill,	3.00

1883.

Oct. 17, Maj. O. C. Towne,	4.00
" Col. Nelson Cole,	1.00
" Col. H. Wilson,	1.00
" Capt. E. C. Nutt,	1.00
" Capt. Geo. Mason,	1.00
" Gen. R. P. Buckland,	1.00
" Surg. W. M. Beach,	2.00
" Capt. Jas. A. Sexton,	1.00
" Gen. W. H. Baldwin,	1.00
" Lieut. J. D. Dunlap,	1.00
" Capt. S. S. Tripp,	1.00
" Lieut. A. T. Andreas,	1.00
" Capt. A. C. Fenner,	2.00
" Surg. A. E. Heighway,	1.00
" Lieut. J. Q. A. Campbell,	23.00
" Capt. J. A. Smith,	1.00
" Lieut. W. C. Clark,	1.00
" Gen. W. T. Clark,	1.00
" Col. Jas. N. McArthur,	23.00
" Maj. W. M. Vogleson,	1.00
" Lieut. M. F. Madigan,	35.00
" Col. J. G. Everest,	1.00
" Capt. W. S. Williams,	1.00
" Gen. O. M. Poe,	1.00
" Col. A. Ware,	1.00
" Col. J. S. Wilcox,	4.00
" Capt. H. S. Prophet,	23.00
" Gen. E. F. Noyes,	1.00
" Lieut. Henry Sherman,	35.00
Oct. 18, Maj. E. S. Johnston,	1.00
" Col. Chas. Kilbourne,	1.00
" Capt. C. Riebsame,	13.00
" Maj. Geo. B. Hogin,	1.00

1883.

Oct. 18, Lieut. Wells W. Leggett,	35.00
" Col. G. S. Spalding,	35.00
" Gen. W. E. Strong,	1.00
" Col. M. Churchill,	35.00
" Capt. G. W. Sylvis,	23.00
" Capt. J. T. McAuley,	2.00
" Gen. Jno. R. Logan,	6.00
" Gen. A. L. Chetlain,	1.00
" Maj. J. M. Dresser,	4.00
" Surg. W. C. Jacobs,	7.00
" Lieut. Jas. W. Porter,	1.00
" Gen. J. A. Williamson,	1.00
" Capt. J. B. Raymond,	1.00
" Lieut. Geo. H. Hildt,	2.00
" Lieut. Isaac N. Walter,	10.00
" Col. B. T. Wright,	1.00
" Lieut. D. A. Mulvane,	1.00
" Capt. W. C. Clayton,	35.00
" Maj. Wm. B. Moore,	4.00
" Capt. R. M. Campbell,	1.00
" Capt. J. C. DeGress,	17.00
" Lieut. H. S. Carroll,	1.00
" Maj. W. H. Plunkett,	2.00
" Surg. Jno. F. Ely,	23.00
" Maj. A. A. Perkins,	1.00
27, Capt. J. D. Fegan,	2.00
29, Lieut. Chas. Oates,	1.00
Nov. 3, Maj. R. W. McClaughry,	2.00
" Col. A. M. Tucker,	3.00
4, Capt. V. Warner,	2.00
9, Maj. W. S. Robertson,	1.00
" Gen. A. H. Sanders,	2.00

NOTE.—The Secretary desires to call the attention of the members to the following extract from the By-Laws and record of the Society:

BY-LAWS. "ARTICLE I. All persons applying previous to, on, or after the annual meeting in eighteen hundred and seventy (1870), for enrollment, shall pay a membership fee of ten dollars (\$10); that the annual dues shall continue to be one dollar (\$1); and persons applying for membership shall pay back dues; that all fees and dues are payable to the *Recording Secretary*, and all money received by him on account of the Society shall be transferred to the Treasurer, and that all money received as fees shall by the Treasurer be added to the Permanent Fund."

And also to a resolution passed by the Society at the annual meeting at Springfield, Illinois, in October, 1874, viz:

"RESOLVED, That any member who shall be in default of payment of any part of his membership fee at our next annual meeting, or any member who shall be in arrears of dues at any time after our next annual meeting, to the amount of five dollars, shall have his name dropped from the published list of members; any member being so dropped, shall have his name restored at any time, when full payment of arrears for fees and dues have been made."

The Corresponding Secretary read and presented for his report, the following:

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

CLEVELAND, O., October 17, 1883.

Mr. President and Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,

GENTLEMEN:—As Corresponding Secretary, I have the honor to report the transmittal of the usual notices pertaining to this meeting, in connection with which attention is called to the fact that notices addressed to the following named members have been returned undelivered, indicating a change of location or P. O. address. Any members having knowledge of their present places of residence will confer a favor by making it known.

General R. V. Ankenny,
Captain R. B. Frary,
Colonel F. D. Grant,
Captain J. E. Jones,
Colonel O. D. Kinsman,
Lieutenant J. S. McClary,
Major H. L. Morrell,
Colonel Geo. G. Pride,
Colonel H. B. Patterson,
Major J. I. Safely,
Captain F. M. Taylor,
General Joe. W. Wilson.

General J. M. Corse,
Lieutenant H. L. Gray,
Lieutenant C. H. Hunting,
Captain H. W. Jones,
Major P. H. McCauley,
Captain S. J. Menken,
Lieutenant C. L. Pratt,
General J. A. Potter,
Colonel J. K. Scott,
General T. W. Sanford,
General J. M. Thayer,

I have also the honor to herewith submit the letters received from absent members and invited guests.

Biographical sketches of the following named, recently deceased, members of our Society, are herewith submitted:

Captain J. E. Hitt, July 28, 1878.
Colonel John Wood, June 4, 1880.
General F. D. Callender, December 13, 1882.
Major Frank DeGress, January 4, 1883.
General G. L. Fort, January 13, 1883.

General Hugo Wangelin, February 26, 1883.

General Crafts J. Wright, July 22, 1883.

Captain Wm. H. Barlow, September 1, 1883.

General H. N. Eldridge, Nov. 27, 1882.

I have also the honor to present, for the consideration of the Society, the petition of Mrs. Sarah A. Hitt, widow of Captain J. E. Hitt, asking that their eldest son be elected a member of the Society.

Respectfully,

A. HICKENLOOPER,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Corresponding Secretary proceeding to read the obituary records of deceased members, to be followed by reading the correspondence in his hands.

On motion of Major Crowell:

Resolved, That the reading of obituaries of deceased members and correspondence in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary be omitted at this meeting; that the report of the Corresponding Secretary be accepted, and that it and the obituary notices and correspondence be published in the annual report as customary.

NOTE.—Below is given the biographical records and the correspondence as submitted by the Corresponding Secretary.

Captain J. E. Hitt died at Mt. Morris, Ill., July 28th, 1878.

Captain Hitt was born near the Antietam battle-field, Md., Jan. 15, 1836, and was the fifth son of Samuel M., and Barbara Hitt. He moved to Mt. Morris when a lad, and there received his education. Soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, he enlisted as a private in the 4th Ill. cavalry, in which command he passed through several grades of promotion until mustered out as Captain in November, 1864. On the 3d. of December, 1863, he married Miss J. A. Petrie, daughter of Judge F. G. Petrie, of Oregon, Ill., by whom he had five children, four of whom survive their gallant father.

He was a man of sterling worth in all his walks and ways. His modest, quiet manners need no candle to light his talents for the public eyes, but those who knew how to prize the violet above the dahlia, could readily discern the deep and reliable worth lying in the shadow of his reserve.

Colonel John Wood, of the 137th Ill. volunteer infantry, died at Quincy, Ill., June 4, 1880.

Colonel, or Governor Wood, (as he was generally called) was a state pioneer. He was born in Cayuga county, N. Y., December 20, 1798. He came to Illinois in 1819. In 1822 he built the first cabin at what is now the city of Quincy, and lived there alone during the following winter. In 1825 he applied for and secured the laying out of Adams county, of which Quincy

is the county seat, and during the nearly sixty years of after life was the foremost figure in all things relating to the history of the city which he founded and made his home, with a name and reputation steadily spreading throughout the state. He was Trustee of the town and President of the Board; many times City Councilman and Mayor; member of the State Senate; Lieutenant-Governor, succeeding to the Governorship; Quartermaster-General of the state during the rebellion, and occupied various other minor places of public trust. He enlisted in 1832 in the Black Hawk war. At the outset of the civil war, Governor Wood was appointed Quartermaster-General of Illinois, in which position he exhibited most zealous and valuable qualities, which told effectively upon the fortunes of the war. He was one of the few public men who, from the first, comprehended the enormous scope of the coming struggle. This was illustrated by Governor Oglesby in his address on the unveiling of the John Wood statue, July 4, 1883:

"I," said Oglesby, "in May 1861, questioned whether 75,000 men, for three months, would be sufficient. 'My dear Colonel,' said Governor Wood, 'I know these people, their attachment to slavery, and the deep feeling that actuates them; I have known them all my life. I live just across the river from some of them, and some of the most reasonable of them, and I tell you they are in great earnest, and though misled and deceived as I believe them to be, in great earnest, and mistaken as I know they are about their ability to whip us. They will fight long and desperately. What we want, and want right now, and, must have, for it will take it all—I know it will—is 500,000 men and \$500,000,000. I was amazed, for I was talking to a man of known good sense and great courage in all affairs of life; I had heard no such number of men and no such amount of money stated by any one before, certainly no thoughtful and prudent one. It made an impression on me which I often stated to others and which I shall never forget.'"

His discharge of the duties of this responsible office was from his entrance thereon guided by this conviction, and the vast value of his services are of grateful appreciation by every officer of Illinois. He went to the field as Colonel of the 137th Illinois infantry, and was placed in command of a brigade at Memphis, where he was stationed at the time of Forest's raid into the city. As Quartermaster-General he often visited the army both in Virginia and the South, giving personal attention and aid to its wants and movements.

Governor Wood was in many respects a most remarkable man; commanding attention and attracting attachment in every association of his life, and equally notable in his personal appearance and his character.

He was strongly anti-slavery in sentiment—though politically a Whig and Republican—and he, more than any one man in Northwestern Illinois, contributed to the casting of the vote in that section against the slave state scheme of the "Convention" in 1824. His liberalities were limitless, and the attachment and pride of his own townsmen was universal. They have erected a monument surmounted by a bronze life-size statue in Washington Park at Quincy, which was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 4th of July, 1883.

General F. D. Callender died at Daysville, Ogle county, Ill., December 13th, 1882.

General Callender was born at Eagle Village, in the town of Manlius, Onondaga county, N. Y., on the 27th day of February, 1817. He was educated at the Manlius academy, and when, at the age of eighteen, through the instrumentality of the late Dr. William Taylor, then member of Congress for that Congressional district, was appointed cadet to the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., and after passing a very creditable examination was admitted thereto in the year 1835. He graduated with honor, near the head of his class, as is apparent from the record, as he was appointed from the Military Academy Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, July 1st, 1839, and promoted to Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, the 16th November following, and First Lieutenant, the 3rd of March, 1847, and Captain, the 1st of July, 1853; Major, the 3rd of March, 1863; Lieutenant-Colonel, the 6th of April, 1866, and Colonel, the 23d of June, 1874. He continued in the service of the United States for more than forty years, until under a provision of Section 1,244 of the Revised Statutes, being over 62 years of age, he was placed upon the retired list of the army officers on the 20th of May, 1879. Although not required as an officer of the Ordnance Department to enter the field of active operations, he asked permission to do so, and took active part in the Seminole War during the Florida campaign, also in the Mexican War during General Scott's famous campaign, which has already become a matter of history. At the battle of Contreras, in which he had command of a battery, and ordered to take an advanced position in order to draw the fire of the enemy, he succeeded so effectually as to disable in a brief period his battery, leaving but few officers or men who were not either killed or seriously wounded. In this battle, Lieutenant Callender was twice seriously wounded within five minutes time, and reported killed. Being unable to further cope with the enemy, he accompanied the army into the city of Mexico, received the best medical attendance available, and when able to be transported, sailed for New Orleans in the early part of the following year (1848), arriving at Cincinnati, Ohio, where the fractured bones were removed. Soon after he reported himself for duty, and was assigned to the arsenal at Dearborn, Mich.

He took charge of the St. Louis Arsenal in the eventful month of April, 1861, as ordnance officer, when General Lyon had just been assigned to command.

We all remember the condition of St. Louis at that time, and the threats that were uttered by the disloyal in all parts of the state, and especially by the then rampant and disloyal population of that city against the St. Louis Arsenal.

Camp Jackson, that incipient nest for hatching traitors in Missouri, had been broken up. Surrounded as General Callender was, by difficulties of all kinds, subjected to every embarrassment at the outset, liable to suffer personally for irregularities in the issue of arms and ordnance stores, he never once faltered in his position, but was always equal to the emergency and equal to the confidence reposed in him by the lamented Lyon and the loyal citizens of St. Louis, by whom they were both upheld.

The Arsenal was saved by the prompt issue of arms and ammunition to loyal men, and not only St. Louis, but Missouri also, was saved by the act.

We all remember how the rebels writhed under it—that the St. Louis Arsenal has been one of the very few United States Arsenals on slave soil which had not fallen into their hands,

It is a meed of praise which we can confidently give to this officer, that of all the faithful officers to whom the Government is indebted for the preservation of the St. Louis Arsenal, in the eventful period of 1861, he stands second to none but Lyon.

On the 9th of April, 1865, Major Callender was promoted to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General in the United States Army.

General Callender having reached the highest grade attainable in the Ordnance Department, except that of chief, had little reason to anticipate further honors, and this promotion was doubtless as unexpected to himself as it was gratifying to his numerous friends.

Upon his retirement from the service, he purchased a farm in Illinois and settled upon the same, constantly adding thereto, until his landed possessions aggregated to something near 1,350 acres. This farm is situated upon the beautiful Rock river. Extensive improvements having been made thereon in the way of buildings and fences; the same well supplied with stock of all kinds, and during the few years of the General's retirement he lived contented and happy, surrounded by friends. He was ever hospitable in entertaining his guests, and took great delight in discussing matters relating to agricultural pursuits; also in building up and promoting, as a private citizen, the best interests of the county where he lived.

The funeral services took place on the 19th inst., at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Beach C. Beard, Esq., the Rev. C. H. Tindall officiating. The services were of a most impressive character. The remains were deposited in their last resting place by the side of his father and mother in a plot of the General's own selection in the village cemetery, at Fayetteville, Onondago county, N. Y., in the presence of his immediate family survivors: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Buell, of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Beach C. Beard, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Beard, of Fayetteville, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Captain Byron M. Callender, of Chicago, Illinois; the four gentlemen named acting as pallbearers. The other relatives present, consisting principally of nephews and nieces, were quite numerous.

Major Francis DeGress died at Rioconada, state of Vera Cruz Mexico, January 4, 1883.

Major DeGress was born at Cologne, in Germany, on the 4th of February, 1841. When he was eleven years old, his father emigrated to the United States with his family and settled in Cape Girardeau, in the state of Missouri. At the age of thirteen, by the death of his father, he was left in charge of the junior members of the household, and displayed, in the discharge of his early responsibilities, the same self-relying energy and generous devotion which has characterized him through life.

When the great civil war broke out, in 1861, he, at the age of twenty years, volunteered as a private in the first company of artillery that rallied under the national flag in his district. Engaged in most of the arduous campaigns

made by the Western armies, he rose by the regular gradation from the ranks to the command of the battery, which, under his leadership, obtained distinction at the obstinate siege of Vicksburg, and accompanied Sherman on his famous March to the Sea. For distinguished courage and ability, Captain DeGress was made chief of artillery of his Division, with the rank of Major—which rank he held when the army disbanded in 1865.

At the close of the war, he formed a business association with Mr. Wexel, and with their very small joint capital established a house in Brownsville, Texas—soon after extending its operations to Metamoras, Mexico. In 1868, the house was located in the city of Mexico, and soon after sent out branches to Chili and Peru, in South America. The history of the development of the business of the house of Wexel & DeGress is from that time more or less associated with the history of the Mexican Republic. At first their trade was almost exclusively in arms—muskets, pistols, sabers and cannon—the only implements which at that date commanded a ready sale in this land of wars and revolutions. When blessed Peace finally folded her wings and took up her permanent abode in that country, and the Republic commenced to beat her swords into ploughshares and her spears into pruning hooks, the house of Wexel & DeGress was prompt to change its warlike arsenal into magazines of all the implements and engines of peaceful industry required by a progressive and prospering people. In all these changes, and under all circumstances, the chief of this house in Mexico enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the national government, and of all others, public and private, with whom he had relations.

The Major's remains were interred in the "American Cemetery," city of Mexico. The pallbearers, who walked the whole way beside the hearse, were as follows: ON THE RIGHT—Senor Ramon Fernandez, Governor of the Federal District; Senor Fuentes y Muniz, Minister of Finance; General Montesinos, Assistant Secretary of War; Mr. Angel O. Monasterio, Chief of the Naval Bureau in the Mexican Government. ON THE LEFT—Mr. J. Mastella Clarke, Mr. F. Combaluzier, Mr. B. T. Leuzarder, Mr. Charles Sommer. The carriages for the pallbearers, with those containing Mrs. DeGress, her two children and the immediate friends of the family, were followed by a long line of others, in which were nearly all the American residents of this city, many prominent Europeans and numerous distinguished Mexicans.

General G. L. Fort died at Lacon, Ill., January 13th, 1883.

General Fort was the son of Benjamin and Margaret Fort, and was born in French Grant, Scioto county, Ohio, October 11th, 1825, and consequently was in the 58th year of his age. In May, 1834, his parents left Ohio and settled in Marshall county, which was then known as Round Prairie, where his father purchased a tract of land and put it under cultivation, assisted by Greenberry, who was then but nine years of age. He was an apt scholar, and after attending school in the neighborhood of his home for several years, was sent to the Rock River Seminary, where he finished his education. In 1850, he was nominated by the Whigs for Sheriff, and was elected. In January, 1851, he was admitted to the bar, and his first brief was made in the Woodford county Circuit Court, where he appeared for a Doctor Barney, Abraham Lincoln be-

ing the opposing counsel and David Davis the presiding judge. In 1852, he was elected Circuit Clerk, which office he held until 1856. He was elected County Judge in 1857, and continued in that office until the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion. He was married May 25, 1858, to Clara Boal, daughter of Doctor Robert Boal, who was then a resident of Lacon. On the first call for troops upon the opening of the war, he entered as a private April 17th, 1861, was elected First Lieutenant of company B, Eleventh Illinois volunteers, and was mustered in at Springfield; April 22. After serving for three months, he returned and recruited company I for the three years' service, and paid out of his own funds over \$1,200 to get his company in the field. He served in the Army of the Tennessee on both field and staff duty through all its campaigns, and was Chief Quartermaster of the Fifteenth Army Corps on the famous march from "Atlanta to the Sea," and until the final surrender of Johnson's army. He participated in the grand military review at Washington, and was ordered with Sheridan's command to Texas, where he was mustered out as Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General at Galveston. He returned to Lacon, and resumed the practice of law. In 1866, he was elected to the Illinois State Senate, was made Chairman of the Penitentiary Committee, and secured the passage of the law giving convicts credit for good behavior. In 1872, the Republicans of the old Tenth Congressional District nominated him for Congressman, and he was elected over George O. Barnes, who ran as an Independent candidate. He was re-elected in 1874, over James G. Bayne, Independent; in 1876, over George W. Parker, Independent, and in 1878, over C. C. Strawn, Greenback, and T. M. Shaw, Democrat.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Tracy as quietly as possible, as his wife lay prostrated with grief. The pall bearers were Hon. N. Moore, of Wenona; J. M. Hadley, of Peoria; J. H. Jones, of Henry; J. H. Brown, of Minonk.; Major Webber, of Saratoga; Judge Laws, G. F. Blackstone and J. B. Martin, of Lacon.

The General's work is now done on earth. "In the midst of life we are in death," was fully exemplified in his case. His private and public life was a model. He was very conservative in his tastes and feelings, hence not given to extremes in any way. His tastes were simple his manners agreeable and courteous, his feelings the kindest to all the poor as well as rich. His career has been unsullied and honorable, and his record such as any man might well be proud. Thus, in the full manhood of his fame, he lays aside the mantle of a well spent life, with the applaudits of a grateful people,—“Well done, good and faithful servant.” Thus terminates the life of a good man on earth,—thus enters he upon a purer life beyond. *Requiescat in pace.*

General Hugo Wangelin died at Belleville, Ill., February 26, 1883.

General Wangelin was born on the 11th day of July, A. D., 1818, in the Kingdom of Prussia.

He received his education at the military academy of Culm and that of Berlin.

At the age of 16 years he emigrated to the United States into the state of Ohio, leading the life of a farmer in the neighborhood of Cleveland 'till about the year 1840, when he turned his attention to the prairie soil of the state of

Illinois, locating in St. Clair county in that state. In the year 1848 he became merchant, and the outbreak of the rebellion finds him in the flour milling business in the town of Lebanon, Illinois.

As Major of Twelfth Missouri infantry, General Wangelin entered the service of the United States, General Osterhaus being then the Colonel commanding the regiment.

During the three days battle of Pea Ridge, Major Wangelin had command of and lead his regiment to battle, having his horse killed under him. After the promotion of Colonel Osterhaus, Major Wangelin was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment.

The history of his regiment, the Twelfth Missouri, forms an important part of the history of the "War for the Union."

On the 27th day of November, at the battle of Ringgold in the state of Georgia, Colonel Wangelin lost his right arm. He returned to his home at Lebanon, Illinois, remaining there until his wound was healed, when he again returned to the front, buckling his sword to his right instead of to his left side.

After the fall of Atlanta, his term of service having expired, he, in the fall of 1864, whilst waiting in the city of St. Louis to be mustered out, was again called into service, being assigned to the command of a brigade to follow in pursuit of General Price.

Soon after returning to civil life he was appointed, by President Lincoln, to the office of Postmaster at Belleville, Illinois, which office he held for the term of eight years, after which time he led a retired life, devoting himself entirely to the welfare of his family.

The rank of Brigadier-General by brevet was conferred upon Colonel Wangelin soon after his retirement from the army.

Many of his old comrades followed the old hero's remains to their last resting place, and his request to have his old cloak buried with him, and his old flag waved over his grave, was faithfully carried out.

General Crafts J. Wright died at his residence, 2246 Indiana avenue, Chicago, Ill., July 22, 1883.

Crafts J. Wright was a member of a very old English family which traces its lineage in New England back to 1639. His father was Judge John C. Wright, of Litchfield, Connecticut, where Crafts J. was born July 13, 1808. The family moved to Steubenville, O., in 1809. In early years young Wright attended Bishop Chase's boarding-school for boys at Worthington, O. He was afterwards sent to West Point, where he numbered among his classmates Jeff. Davis and Bishop Polk. He graduated there in 1828, and, being appointed in the infantry of the United States army, was ordered to St. Louis. He resigned in 1830, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio, where he was associated with his father in the practice of the law.

In June, 1861, Mr. Wright was solicited to take command of a regiment of infantry ready for the field at St. Louis, and, although not very strong at the time, he accepted the post. He was first assigned as Colonel to the Eighth Missouri volunteer infantry, but finding that the regiment was almost solely

composed of Germans who knew but little of the English language, he asked to be relieved, the request being granted. He immediately obtained authority to organize another regiment, and very soon organized and disciplined the Thirteenth Missouri infantry. This regiment, after performing various duties in Missouri, was ordered in January, 1862, to report to Brigadier-General Grant at Cairo, and was then ordered by him to report to General Lew Wallace at Smith's Landing, where the men went into camp. Shortly afterwards they were ordered on a reconnoissance of Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson, and made a most arduous march. They were then ordered to return and take boat up the Tennessee river for the attack on Fort Henry. After its fall the regiment became attached to the command of General C. F. Smith, and suffered dreadfully in the subsequent attack on the trenches at Fort Donaldson. After the capture of the trenches Colonel Wright was ordered to relieve the regiment which had been placed on guard, it being supposed the battle was about to be renewed. Instead of a renewal, however, a flag of truce was reported at that point, resulting in the surrender, and Colonel Wright's regiment, with others under command of General Smith, marched at the head of the conquering army on the left to receive and occupy the main fort on the Cumberland river. After several movements with his regiment through Tennessee, Colonel Wright was placed in command of the post at Clarksville. He was afterwards ordered to seize steamers and proceed to Savannah, on the Tennessee river, and report to General Grant, and then was ordered into camp near Pittsburg Landing under General Smith. Here he was adjudged senior Colonel, and ordered to the command of a brigade in the Second Division of the Army of the Tennessee.

On the morning of the battle of Shiloh he was detached from his brigade and ordered to guard a bridge and road near Shiloh Church. Before reaching the place he encountered the retreating troops of General Sherman's command, who filled the road. After struggling through the disorganized troops he found he could neither reach his assigned post nor get back to his own brigade so he volunteered to stay with General Sherman, who badly wanted support, if the General would shield him from blame. This being agreed, he attached himself to the column and fought near General Sherman all through the battle until the evening retreat. His command suffered severely, he losing nearly all his field and staff and many company officers, and his total loss being about eighty killed and disabled. For this action he received high complimentary notice, and was nominated as Brigadier-General by the President. Before confirmation, however, his health broke down and he was obliged to resign in order to save his life. He had received a slight wound, and suffered from camp diarrhea also; these, with the severe exposure and hardship he had undergone, had such an effect on his system as to unfit him for business during the remaining years of his life. Though sick, he continued with his regiment during the siege of Corinth, the march into Alabama after Beauregard, and the camp around Corinth, only resigning at last from entire physical disability.

He afterwards lived in Cincinnati for some time, and in June, 1865, he moved to Chicago. His health has never been fully restored since the battle of

Shiloh. His chief occupation during his latter years was in writing for the press, most of his articles being published in the Cincinnati *Commercial*. He was also for a time Steward of the Marine Hospital. He was a member of the G. A. R., and also of our Society. About the 1st of June he was seized with paralysis, and was confined in bed from then until his death. His mind during the last days of his life seemed to run a good deal on his old soldier life, his last words being, "Forward to the front, my men! No surrender!"

The burial services were held at Christ Church. Bishop Fallows, who had command of the Forty-ninth Wisconsin infantry when General Wright commanded the Thirteenth Missouri, and who has been his intimate associate for the last twenty years, delivered a brief address, in which he eulogized the many noble qualities of the deceased as a Christian and a soldier. The Rev. Dr. Meade assisted in the services. A sheaf of wheat and the General's sword and belt lay on the coffin. The pallbearers were John C. Wright, Crafts W. Higgins, William H. Higgins, William S. Wright, Hamilton Morris, and John Buckley. By special request some of General Wright's favorite hymns were sung at the services.

The remains were taken to the depot at a late hour for conveyance to Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the interment was made.

Captain William H. Barlow died at Effingham, Ill., September 1st, 1883.

Captain Barlow was born in Munfordville, Hart county, Kentucky, July 26, 1839. At the age of twelve he moved with his parents to Charleston, Ill., where he lived until 1868. He was educated in the public schools, and spent a term in Kenyon college, before entering the army. In July, 1861, he enlisted as a private, in Company H, Fifty-ninth Illinois infantry. In July, 1862, he was promoted to Assistant Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain of volunteers, and was in the Missouri Department until the latter part of 1862, joining General Sherman at Memphis, Tenn. in December, 1862, and served for some years on General Logan's staff, and on General Sherman's staff during the last six months of the war. After the war closed in July, 1865, he was ordered to the sea coast, where he remained until October following, when he was ordered to Florida as Chief Quartermaster of the state, with headquarters at Tallahassee; and January, 1866, was ordered to Fort Garland, Colorado, and was mustered out of service by special order from the War Department, No. 550, November 13, 1866, being the last of the volunteer officers of the Army of the Tennessee mustered out. On being discharged, Captain Barlow went immediately to the Law Department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, from which he graduated March 25, 1868, and was admitted to the bar at Charleston, Illinois, in April, 1868, and removed to Effingham on the 20th of May following. He was Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee in 1870, and in 1871 was appointed United States Assessor for the Eleventh District of Illinois, and held that office until it was abolished. He was a member of the Republican State Central Committee of Illinois from 1870 to 1878, and was a delegate from the Fifteenth Congressional District of Illinois to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880. He was the late

Republican nominee for Congress in the Seventeenth Congressional District of Illinois. Captain Barlow was attacked with malarial fever the 1st of July, 1882. He was confined but a short time, slight attacks occurred occasionally, yet he continued to give some attention to his business. In January he attended the Senatorial Convention at Springfield; taking cold while there, and a violent hemorrhage ensued. The last of January, his case became violent. In the spring he revived sufficiently to visit the neighboring towns. The 1st of July he started with his wife and physician to the Magnetic Wells, at Cherokee, Iowa, he also visited St. Paul and Lake Minnetonka. After a six weeks tour, he returned home unbenefitted. He continued able to walk around until the 1st of September, when he died very suddenly of paralysis of the heart.

General Hamilton N Eldridge died at Chicago, Ill., November 27th, 1882.

General Eldridge was born at South Williamstown, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, August 23d, 1831. He was the oldest son of Colonel Reuben Eldridge, who was Colonel of a regiment in the Mexican war, and was a patriot and man of beneficent character. Hamilton spent his youth on his father's farm, and attending the schools in his native town until he entered the institution at East Hampton, Massachusetts, where he was fitted for college; entered Williams College at Williamstown, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1852, graduating four years later, taking the first prize of his class for elocution, and otherwise ranked high. He was a classmate and devoted friend of the lamented President Garfield.

Subsequent to leaving college, he read law with his cousin, the late Hamilton Harris, of Albany, New York, and graduated at the Albany Law Institute in 1857, and went to Chicago the same year, and a few months later engaged in the practice of law in partnership with Colonel F. W. Tourtellotte, and so continued (with the exception of the time he was in the military service) until the day of his death.

In July, 1862, in connection with his partner, Colonel Tourtellotte, he raised the 127th regiment of Illinois infantry under the call for 600,000 men, and was made its Lieutenant-Colonel. He was in camp in Chicago until the 6th of September following, when the regiment was mustered into the service, and immediately went to Memphis, Tennessee, and took the field in active service under General Sherman. From Memphis to Grenada, back, and thence to Chickasaw Bayou, and bore a conspicuous part in all the skirmishes and battles incident to those movements. Thence to Arkansas Post, where he distinguished himself by leading his regiment in advance over the fortifications of the enemy, being among the first to occupy the works. About this time he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment which he had commanded from the outset. Thence to Young's Point, Grand Gulf, Black Hills, etc., with Sherman to the rear of Vicksburg, where he took part in that memorable siege, and was there at the surrender. During the siege, he distinguished himself for coolness, bravery in action, and soldierly bearing in all respects. On the 19th of June, 1863, the brigade to which he belonged, composed of the Thirteenth Regulars, Eighty-third Indiana and the 127th Illinois (his regiment) was the first to gain lodgment near the rebel works, for which General Sherman

complimented it in general orders. At this charge, General Eldridge displayed great bravery and valor in seizing the colors, after all the color bearers had been shot down, and gallantly bore them in his own hands, and led his regiment in advance to the fortifications of the enemy.

After the surrender, he became incapacitated from sickness for longer service, and was compelled to resign. He was brought home on a stretcher in an emaciated condition, and was feeble for many years subsequent from the effects of that sickness. He was breveted Brigadier-General on account of general meritorious services and special bravery and valor at Arkansas Post and at Vicksburg. He was a patriotic, magnanimous and public-spirited man—a brave soldier, an esteemed comrade, an able lawyer and a true and faithful friend.

His remains were buried by the side of his kindred, in his native town of South Williamstown, Massachusetts.

General Charles Ewing died at Washington city, June 20, 1883.

General Ewing was born at Lancaster, Ohio, March 6, 1835. His father, the late Thomas Ewing, is well known as a senator and cabinet officer, at different periods, from 1830 to 1851, and better known as a lawyer at the Bar of Ohio and in the Supreme Court of the United States down to the closing year of his life, 1871.

He was the youngest of four brothers, and had his elementary education at the select schools of his native town, and spent one or two years at a college under the care of the Dominican Fathers of St. Joseph's in the adjoining county of Perry, and afterward completed a scientific course at the University of Virginia. He attended the Cincinnati Law School, graduating in 1860. In the fall of that year he entered on the practice of law in St. Louis.

At the outbreak of the war he was appointed Captain in the Thirteenth regiment of infantry, of which Sherman was made Colonel. His regiment led the terrible assault of May 19, 1863, at Vicksburg, and in an hour or two lost one-half the officers and men engaged in the onset. Two color-bearers of his regiment were killed on the glacis. For distinguished gallantry in this action he was breveted Major in the Regular Army, and was made Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee. He was thereafter a field officer in every battle, march and camp of that army down to the end of the war, when he closed his military career in command of a brigade, with the rank of Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Brevet-Colonel of the Regular Army.

His military services are given in the following transcript from the records of the War Department:

“HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, November 1, 1883. }

“Statement of the military services of Charles Ewing, of the United States Army, compiled from the records of this office:

“He was appointed Captain Thirteenth United States infantry, May 14, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Inspector-General of volunteers, (under Act of Congress approved July 17, 1862) June 22, 1863, (serving as such

to April 1, 1865) and Brigadier-General of volunteers to rank from March 8, 1865. He resigned the latter commission December 1, 1865. On the 21st of September, 1866, he was transferred (as Captain) to the Twenty-second infantry, and finally resigned from the army July 31, 1867.

"For gallant and meritorious services at the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, during the Atlanta campaign, and during the war, he received, successively, the Brevets of Major, U. S. A., July 4, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. A., September 1, 1864, and Colonel, U. S. A., March 13, 1865.

"He served at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in command of a detachment of recruits in August and September, 1861, and in command of his company to November 12, 1861; on recruiting service to December 17, 1861; commanding company at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to January 17, 1862; on recruiting service at Lancaster, Ohio, to February 3, 1862; commanding company at Alton, Illinois, to August 14, 1862; on mustering and disbursing duty at Springfield, Illinois, to September, 1862; commanding company in camp near Newport, Kentucky, to October 11, 1862; in the field, district of Memphis, Tennessee, to November 26, 1862; with second brigade, first division, right wing, thirteenth army corps, Army of the Tennessee, to January 5, 1863; first brigade, second division, second corps, Army of the Mississippi, to January 12, 1863; and first brigade, second division, fifteenth corps, Army of the Tennessee, to May 19, 1863; commanding the first battalion of his regiment to June 15, 1863; Inspector-General of the fifteenth army corps to April 30, 1864, and of the military division of the Mississippi to April 1, 1865; commanding first brigade, third division, seventeenth army corps, to July 18, 1865; awaiting orders to July 28, 1865, when assigned to duty in the department of the Mississippi; on leave of absence from October, 1865, to date of resignation as Brigadier-General of volunteers, December 1, 1865, and on recruiting service to July 31, 1867.

"In January, 1865, he was sent from Savannah, Georgia, to City Point, Virginia, and Washington, D. C., as bearer of dispatches from General Sherman to Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant and the President of the United States.

"He bore an honorable part in the following battles, campaigns, etc.:—

"Battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, December 27-29, 1862; Battle of Arkansaw Post, Arkansas, January 11, 1863; skirmish on Deer Creek, Mississippi, March 22, 1863; demonstration against Haines' Bluff, Mississippi, April 30-May 1, 1863; battle of Champion's Hill or Baker's Creek, Mississippi, May 16, 1863; skirmish at Bridgeport, Mississippi, May 17, 1863; assaults on Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 19 and 22, 1863; siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 23-July 4, 1863; siege of Jackson, Mississippi, July 10-17, 1863; action at Collierville, Tennessee, October 11, 1863; the Chattanooga, Tennessee, campaign, October 24-November 27, 1863; battle of Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, November 25, 1863; expedition to Knoxville, Tennessee, November 28-December 1, 1863, the Atlanta, Georgia, campaign, May 5-September 2, 1864, including battles of Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Ruff's Station, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Jonesboro, etc.; pursuit of Hood's army into North Carolina, September 20-November 15, 1864; the Savannah, Georgia, campaign, November 15-December 21,

1864; campaign of the Carolinas, January 15–April 26, 1865, comprising the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville, and surrender of the Confederate army at Durham's Station, North Carolina.

"In his official report of the advance against the Confederate works at Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 18, 1863, General Frank P. Blair says:—'The pickets of the first brigade, under command of Captain Charles Ewing, thirteenth regiment U. S. infantry, pressed forward during the night to within one hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments, driving those of the enemy within the lines of his fortifications.' Concerning the same affair, Colonel Giles A. Smith, his brigade commander, says:—'At twelve midnight, I sent Captain Charles Ewing, first battalion, thirteenth U. S. infantry, forward with skirmishers to reconnoitre the ground in my front. He drove in the enemy's pickets, and reached within one hundred yards of the line of intrenchments, when I ordered them to fall back before daylight some two hundred yards to secure cover from a hill.'

"Regarding Captain Ewing's conduct in the assault of May, 19, 1863, General Smith reports that 'Captain Washington, commanding first battalion, Thirteenth United States infantry, was twice wounded while gallantly leading his men to the assault. The command then devolved upon Captain Charles Ewing, who carried the colors of his battalion close under the parapets of the enemy after three color-bearers had been successively either killed or wounded. He was himself slightly wounded in the hand and received another bullet through his hat. Captain Washington is a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. I earnestly recommend both these officers for promotion for gallantry on the field, as well as their eminent fitness for higher commands.'

C. MCKEEVER,

Assistant Adjutant General."

Upon resigning from the army, General Ewing located at Washington, and entered upon the practice of the law, in which he was successfully engaged for the remainder of his life.

On the 20th of December, 1870, he married Miss Virginia Miller, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, daughter of the late Hon. John K. Miller, formerly a Representative in Congress from Ohio,—the marriage being solemnized by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. The fruits of this union was eight children, seven of whom are living.

Charles Ewing was distinguished for generosity, undaunted courage and intellectual power, but still more for a genial and delightful temper, which made him a favorite throughout his career. He was generous to a fault and a firm, devoted friend. Among his brothers and sisters he was the favorite, and in his own family the virtues of a husband and father shone forth in an eminent degree. He always adhered to the faith of his mother, and when death met him, he did not flinch; his chief regret was that of leaving his wife and children, but he accepted the chalice of affliction and, receiving the sacraments of the church, died resigned to the will of God. •

As a fitting conclusion to this sketch, the following extract from a letter of General Sherman is appended:

"I am dreadfully distressed at the sudden and wholly unexpected danger in which the life of General Charles Ewing is at this moment.

* * * * *

"Death to us is a familiar word. He and I lived in its midst till it was shorn of its terrors. We first saw it at Lindell's grave at St. Louis, before we knew the civil war had begun. At Vicksburg, we saw the ditch literally filled by the dead bodies of our cherished comrades, and the glacies blue with the victims of war. So at Jackson, Colliersville and on Mission Ridge. He was with me in all the Atlanta campaign, the march through Georgia and the Carolinas, and to the end of the war. Then he resigned his commission, and resumed the practice of the law, which he had quitted to serve his country in her hour of need. I merely refer to these incidents familiar to you to show that I bear his military history in memory, and yet I cannot help thinking of him as a bright, cheery youth, who so promptly and so unselfishly cast aside the brilliant prospects of a young lawyer at St. Louis in 1861, to embark in the perilous business of war. He was a Captain in the Thirteenth infantry, of which I was Colonel, and when I commanded the great Western army, he was an Inspector-General of my staff. At the close of the war, he was a Brigadier-General. Though he was my brother-in-law, I do not believe a single person in the army ever thought he owed his deserved advancement to the fact of relationship, but rather the contrary, for in the war, and since, I am accused of leaning against rather than in favor of my relatives. But now that the war is far in the past, I am only too willing to bear testimony to his merits, his courage, his manliness, and to those best of all qualities—good sense and cheerfulness under any and all circumstances."

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, *September 11, 1883.* }

DEAR SIR:—Upon the return of the President to Washington, your letter of the 22d ultimo conveying an invitation to attend the 16th annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, was brought to his attention. He desires me to express his thanks for the invitation and his regret that his engagements will not permit him to accept.

Very respectfully,

FRED. J. PHILLIPS,
Private Secretary.

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,
Cleveland, Ohio.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 17, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,
Cleveland:

Am kept here by important official duties; have tried hard to get away, and regret I cannot. Heartly greeting to old comrades and friends.

W. Q. GRESHAM.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, August 28, 1883.

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,
Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in October next, let me say that I am now taking a rest which I found was indispensable, and I fear that my official duties will, by reason of my being now absent, forbid my being away in October.

It would afford me much pleasure to pay my respects to your honorable Society, and also to meet its individual members, but I must forego the pleasure it would give me to accept your kind invitation.

Yours, with regard,

FRED'K. T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

HOWLAND HOTEL,
LONG BRANCH, N. J. August 25, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I am directed by the Attorney-General to thank you for your polite invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and to say that he regrets he cannot accept it, as his presence will be required elsewhere.

Very respectfully,

WALTER M. WILSON,
Private Secretary.

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,
*Chairman Committee of Invitations,
Kennard House, Cleveland Ohio.*

WAR DEPARTMENT,
SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, August 27, 1883.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,
*Secretary Local Committee Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
Cleveland, Ohio:*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the very courteous invitation you have sent me to be present at the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in the city of Cleveland, October 17th and 18th, 1883, and beg you will accept my thanks. I regret that it will not be in my power to avail myself of this kind invitation to meet your Society on this interesting occasion, on account of other engagements at the time specified.

With great respect, very truly yours,

C. H. CRANE,
Surgeon-General U. S. Army.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, August 29, 1883.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,
Chairman, etc., Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the reunion

of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at Cleveland, in October next, for which please accept my thanks.

I regret very much that my duties here will not permit of my absence at that time.

With reference to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that Major G. A. Williams resides at Newburgh, New York, and that Captain Henry C. Robinnett died April 22d, 1868.

Very truly yours,

R. C. DRUM,
Adjutant-General.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *August 29, 1883.*

JOSIAH BARBER, ESQ.,
Chairman, etc., Cleveland, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 26th inst., inviting me on behalf of your committee to be present at the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Cleveland, October 17th and 18th, has been received. I am very much obliged to you for the kindness implied in your invitation. If I should find myself sufficiently free from engagements at home to be able to be absent for a day or two at the time named, it will give me pleasure to accept your invitation. I very much fear, however, from the present look of our court calendar, that I shall not be able to be present as I would like. Hoping that your reunion may be in every respect worthy of the great army of which you were members,

I am, very truly yours,

BENJ. HARRISON.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI, }
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *September 22, 1883.* }

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,
*Chairman Committee on Invitations Society Army of the Tennessee,
Cleveland, Ohio:*

DEAR SIR:—General Sheridan desires me to inform your committee that it is yet too early for him to decide whether or not he will be able to attend the reunion of the Society, and, that though he greatly desires to be present on that occasion, he fears that he will not be able.

Yours very truly,

JAMES F. GREGORY,
Lieutenant-Colonel and A. D. C.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y., *August 22, 1883.*

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of the invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Cleveland,

Ohio, on the 17th and 18th of October next, and regret that my engagements will not permit me to be present.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am, very truly yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

TO CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Headquarters Society Army of the Tennessee, Kennard House, Cleveland, Ohio.

FT. LEAVENWORTH, KAN., *September 17, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of Tennessee, Cleveland, O.:

Orders to Pacific prevent me being with you to my great regret. Give my love to the Society.

JOHN POPE.

376 WARREN AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL., *October 15, 1883.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I had intended to be with you at the reunion on the 17th and 18th inst. Circumstances have arisen which will deprive me of that pleasure and the opportunity to meet comrades with whom I would be happy to renew the association of events which the reunions afford.

Trusting you will have a large attendance and good time, accept my kindest regards for every member of the Army of the Tennessee.

Very truly yours,

JNO. E. SMITH,
U. S. A.

TO GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary S. A. T., Cleveland, O.

FORT RILEY, KAN., *October 15, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Army Tennessee:

DEAR GENERAL:—Regret exceedingly not being able to be with you at your reunion on the 17th; nothing could have given me so much pleasure. Wishing you a pleasant time, remain,

Very cordially,

EDWARD HATCH,
Brevet Major-General, U. S. Army.

LINCOLN, ILL., *October 16, 1883.*

GENERAL M. D. LEGGETT:

DEAR GENERAL:—I deferred a reply to your kind letter of September 15th, inviting me to the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, October 17th and 18th, Cleveland, Ohio, until the last moment, in the hope that possibly at the last hour I might be able to be with you, and partake in the exercises and pleasures of the occasion. I regret to say I find I cannot possi-

My go. I am under bonds to attend tomorrow the annual reunion of Prisoners of War at Decatur, Illinois; other matters also interfere to keep me away, otherwise I should have gladly met with you on the anniversary occasion of the battle of Corinth, October, 1862. I shall not forget that battle, nor its material influence upon the public mind, North and South, in promoting the cause of the Union and disheartening the hopes of all who then sought its dissolution. I will thank you to state to Capt. Josiah Barber, Chairman of Committee on Invitations, I received his kind letter of August 31st, and deferred any further reply to him for the reason stated above. Wishing you and all the old soldiers who may come together upon this occasion, a happy reunion and a joyful renewal of old-time memories and long and happy lives,

I am, truly yours,

R. J. OGLESBY.

DAYTON, OHIO, *September 5, 1883.*

COMRADE:—Please accept my thanks for the invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in Cleveland, October 17th and 18th proximo.

All I can say now is, it will afford me great pleasure to attend, and I will do so if I can; but at this distance in advance, I can not say positively whether it will be possible for me to be with you.

Your friend and comrade,

THOS. J. WOOD.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Secretary, etc.

MADISON, WIS., *October 16, 1883.*

TO GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,

President Army of the Tennessee, Cleveland, Ohio:

Until to-day noon I expected to meet with you but official duties prevented, yet my heart is with you. I send cordial greeting to all comrades.

J. M. RUSK.

ORANGE, N. J., *October 9, 1883.*

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Chairman:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret sincerely that it will not be in my power to accept the very kind invitation to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. With my sincere thanks for the courtesy, and my cordial good wishes for my gallant comrades of the war,

I am, sincerely yours,

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

U. S. REVENUE MARINE, }
STR. PERRY, ERIE, *September 19, 1883.* }

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Chairman of Committee Army of the Tennessee, Kennard House, Cleveland, Ohio:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—Upon our return yesterday from a cruise, I found

awaiting me the kind invitation of your committee for myself and the officers of the "Perry," to attend the reunion of your well-known society.

I regret to say that, in consequence of this vessel's going out of commission October 1st, we will be unable to attend; but as we have all served during the last war, we have a strong fellow-feeling for your Society and the "cause."

Please accept our thanks for your kind invitation, and our best wishes for your success.

Very respectfully yours,

D. C. CONSTABLE,
Captain.

CINCINNATI, *October 3, 1883.*

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Secretary Executive Committee, etc., Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR CAPTAIN:—I am much obliged to you for the invitation to attend the sixteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, in your city. It would give me much pleasure to be present on that occasion, but pressing duties, connected with the fifteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, in this city, on the 24th and 25th inst., will prevent my being absent from here at the time of your meeting. I wish you great success. Of course you will have a grand time. Thanks for the invitation.

I am, Captain,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT HUNTER.

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY, *September 17, 1883.*

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for the invitation you sent me to attend the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in your city one month from to-day. I regret my inability to accept it this year, but hope I may be more fortunate some day.

Hoping sincerely that this will be the most enjoyable of all the pleasant reunions the Society has had since the first, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. S. A. HALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 18, 1883.*

TO GENERAL BARNETT,

Army of Tennessee meeting, Cleveland:

My official duties here prevent my coming to Cleveland, which I exceedingly regret.

W. B. HAZEN.

NEW TACOMA, WASHINGTON TER., *August 10, 1883.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I am just in receipt of invitation to attend the reunion at Cleveland, the 3d and 4th of October next. The anniversary of the battle

of Corinth is a particularly interesting date to me, and I should be glad to be with you, but doubt my being able to do so.

If you will have me informed as to the amount of dues and assessments due from me, I will gladly remit.

With kind regards and best wishes, I am,

Yours truly,

J. W. SPRAGUE.

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary, etc., Cincinnati, O.

My address has been at this place for last three years, not Portland, Oregon.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA, }
WHIPPLE BARRACKS, PRESCOTT, *September 14, 1888.* }

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Chairman Committee on Invitation, Kennard House, Cleveland, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your courteous invitation to attend the sixteenth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, on the 17th and 18th of October. While it would afford me much gratification to be present on this occasion, I regret that my duties in this department preclude the possibility of such enjoyment.

With heartiest wishes for fullest measures of success in the above and all subsequent reunions,

I remain, very truly yours,

GEORGE CROOK,

Brigadier-General U. S. A.

HELENA, MONTANA, *August 18, 1888.*

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

*Secretary Executive Committee Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
Cleveland, Ohio:*

DEAR SIR:—I have your kind invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Cleveland, on the 17th and 18th of October next.

I had hoped to meet with my old comrades this year, to join in celebrating our glorious victories of the past, which have so fully secured to us and our children one united country, but poor health, the great distance to be traveled over, and limited means forbid.

My whole heart will be with you on that occasion, and I send greetings to all who shall be present, and ask for them the best blessings of heaven, which their sacrifices and valor have so richly earned.

Truly now, as in time of war, your faithful comrade,

WILLIAM F. WHEELER,

Late Captain 4th Minn. Vol. Inf.

CHICAGO, October 15, 1883.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Secretary Executive Committee, etc., Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR CAPTAIN:—I most sincerely regret that a press of business matters here renders it impossible for me to be present at the reunion in your fair city and answer the roll call once again in the Army of the Tennessee. No one there will feel a greater thrill of joy in the grasp of a comrade's hand than I would were it my privilege to be with you. I know you all will have a glorious time, and I will say to you, as did a gifted poetess at one of our reunions:

"Then go over the ground to-day, boys,
Tread each remembered spot.
It will be a gleesome journey
On the swift-shod feet of thought.
You can fight a bloodless battle,
You can skirmish along the route,
But it's not worth while to forage,
There are rations enough without."

Remembering with sadness and regret that this will be the last meeting of our Society at which we will have the pleasure of hailing our grand old chief-tain as General of the Army, and praying that Heaven's best blessings may be showered upon him and his during his remaining years, I am,

Fraternally yours,

WILEY S. SCRIBNER.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., September 10, 1883.

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I have received the invitation to attend the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee on October 17th and 18th, "*anniversary of the battle of Corinth*." I respectfully request to be informed whether there is not a mistake about this date. The battle of Corinth was fought October 3rd and 4th, and I should be able to attend on those days, but not on October 17th and 18th.

Very respectfully,

W. C. KUEFFNER.

NEW YORK, October 2, 1883.

GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,

*United States Army,**President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Cleveland, O.:*

GENERAL:—As I find it impossible to be present at the meeting of the Society to-morrow at Cleveland, I beg that you will do me the honor and favor of again bringing to the attention of the Society the views which I expressed to you in the letters which you submitted at the Indianapolis meeting, respecting the importance of organizing a system of discussion upon incidents of the war in which the Army of the Tennessee participated, in order that the personal experiences and recollections of the members of the Society may be

preserved for the elucidation of disputed questions, and in aid of the investigations of future historians of the great epoch during which the Army of the Tennessee was making history under the leadership of its gallant commanders.

The Southern Historical Society, and its various affiliated organizations in the South, have set us in this particular a good example. Their papers are multiplying so rapidly, and are covering so generally the field of the war, that no historian will have the hardihood to ignore them, or to treat them merely as *ex parte* statements.

Indeed, the influence of such work on their part upon the history of the war is illustrated and manifested by the third volume (American edition) of the Count de Paris' History of the Civil War, recently issued. I do not wish to be understood as saying that these Southern publications have warped or given undue color to the views of the Count de Paris, but I think their influence upon his mind in modifying, if not indeed in changing his point of view, may be easily traced by any one who reads the third volume critically.

For one I do not complain of this intellectual activity on the part of our late opponents, but I do not think it wise that we should allow them to occupy the whole field of historical inquiry.

Our army societies afford the organization needed for the conduct of the work which I propose, and I think, if the Army of the Tennessee should enter upon the work under your guidance, that the other army societies would soon appreciate its importance and follow in your footsteps.

A committee was appointed at the Indianapolis meeting to take into consideration my proposition, but I cannot learn that it ever reported, although I understood from one of its members that the committee was heartily in favor of its adoption. I fear that a new committee, if appointed, would not find the opportunity to do more than its predecessor. In order, therefore, that a beginning in the work may be made, I have the honor to propose the following course of action:

First. That the President of the Society (yourself) be requested to select some topic, or some epoch of action, for discussion. Then that he shall call upon some six or eight officers, who may have actively and prominently participated in the occurrences to be considered, to prepare papers upon the question, said papers to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society by the 1st of January, 1884.

Second. That the Secretary cause the papers to be published in pamphlet form, for distribution to the members of the Society.

Third. That the President of the Society (yourself) be requested to select the form in which his paper shall be presented, whether as the opening paper of the collection, or as a summary of the discussion. In either case, the pamphlet to be issued under his supervision.

And as bearing upon this general subject, I also venture to renew a suggestion which I have heretofore made, to the effect that Colonel Dayton, the very efficient Secretary of the Society, and so long the Adjutant-General of the army, be requested to prepare a separate paper, to be published in pamphlet

form for distribution to the members of the Society, giving an account of the organization and administrative history of the Army of the Tennessee.

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

MAXWELL WOODHULL

DECATUR, ILL., *October 17, 1883.*

DEAR GENERAL:—I am prevented from meeting with my old comrades of the Army of the Tennessee at this their sixteenth annual reunion.

I had intended to be with you to-day accompanied by my wife, but death has again entered our home and taken our baby girl, our bright little Katie.

While our hearts are too sad to meet with you, our prayer is, that you may have a pleasant time, and when we shall have had our last reunion on earth, may we join our old comrades who are now waiting on the other shore, and all be present at the final roll-call.

Yours truly,

GEORGE R. STEELE.

TO GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

*Corresponding Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee,
Cleveland, Ohio:*

FORT DODGE, IOWA, *August 24, 1883.*

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Secretary Committee Invitation, Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I have your polite invitation to be present at the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of Tennessee in your city, Oct. 17th and 18th, 1883. It would gratify me to be present, and will be a disappointment to me that I shall be unable to come, but circumstances are such that I will have to forego the pleasure of being with you. I beg you to believe that my absence in no sense indicates a decreasing interest in the Society, its members, its history and its annual reunions; in fact, as I grow older, the memories of the comradeships and friendships of the war are dearer to me than ever, and it would gladden my heart to take each of my friends by the hand on this occasion.

Yours very truly,

C. C. CARPENTER.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *October, 14, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Secretary Army of the Tennessee, Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret to say that I will not be able to put in an appearance at our reunion this year, the distance is too great, and it would require more time than I can spare.

I know you will have a good time. Cleveland always treats her guests royally.

Very truly,

EDWARD SPEAR.

LANCASTER, KY., *October 15, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I find at this late hour that it is not practicable for me to attend the reunion at Cleveland on the 17th and 18th inst. I regret this more than I have language to express. The Army of the Tennessee is endeared to me by a thousand recollections. May God bless you all.

Your comrade,

W. J. LANDRAM,
Bt. Brigadier-General U. S. Vols.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, *October 14, 1883.*

GENERAL HICKENLOOPER,

DEAR GENERAL:—I am too feeble to make the trip to Cleveland and back. My best affections are for the members of the Army of the Tennessee. I met General Ruger, U. S. A., a few weeks since, and he suggested it would be a good thing for you to ask the commanding officer at Atlanta, once a year to look after the enclosure where McPherson was killed. I hope Leggett will fix the line on Bald Hill as it was July 22, 1864.

Yours truly,

GEORGE C. BRYANT,
Colonel Twelfth Wisconsin infantry.

NEW HAVEN, *September 29, 1883.*

CAPTAIN JOSIAH BARBER,

Secretary:

DEAR SIR:—The circular notice and invitation to Army of the Tennessee Society reunion was duly and gladly received.

I have hoped that I might surely be with you, and so it may yet be. I doubt not you always have a goodly number in attendance, for what could be more pleasing, or prompt a readier response than the call of our comrades; and to meet in social council is a pleasure I trust I may, but have never yet enjoyed.

I thank the Society for the invitation. Please to place and keep me upon the rolls subject to order and rules, and believe me ever,

Truly yours,

ELIJAH B. FAIRCHILD,
Late Captain 39th O. V. V. I.

LA MOILLE, ILLINOIS, *August 17, 1883.*

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Chairman Committee on Invitation:

DEAR SIR:—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of the committee's cordial invitation to attend the annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, October 17th and 18th, A. D. 1883. I have come to look forward with increased interest in these meetings.

And as our ranks are yearly broken into, and our comrades called home to a

perpetual union with those who have gone before, I feel the importance of maintaining these yearly gatherings, and exceedingly regret my inability to meet with you on the occasion of this sixteenth annual reunion.

Believing in the efficiency of the army to perpetuate the peace of our beloved country,

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

R. B. FRARY.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA, *October 11, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society Army of the Tennessee:

I am the melancholy subject of a relentless paradox. inasmuch as I am so strongly disposed, (while utterly *indisposed*) to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. *Sic sum.* Yea, sick I am, and must needs be, on the 17th and 18th inst.

May death never destroy or diminish my respect and honor for General Sherman and the members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Sincerely your friend and

LATE SURGEON W. F. CADY,
12th Reg't Ill. Vol.

ST. LOUIS, *August 17, 1883.*

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Chairman, Cleveland:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in your city October 17th and 18th, and hope that I shall be able to be present. At this early day it is impossible for me to give any positive answer to the invitation, but I assure you that if I can arrange my business so as to be there, I shall certainly do so.

Yours very truly,

JAMES F. HOW.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, *August 25, 1883.*

CAPTAIN J. BARBER,

Secretary, etc., Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the sixteenth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in your city October 17th and 18th next, and write to say that I shall not be able to attend this year.

Wishing you all the *usual* good time, I remain,

Yours very truly,

JNO. H. MUNROE,
Late Captain and A. A. G., U. S. Vol.

PEORIA, ILL., *October 16, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Army of the Tennessee, Cleveland, Ohio:

DEAR GENERAL:—I regret exceedingly that I cannot be with you at this sixteenth reunion. I expected to be able to report to you for duty at this time, but business affairs are such that I am compelled to give up the pleasure it would afford me to meet with you once more. I wish you one and all a hearty greeting, and hope you may have a royal good time,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

•

R. M. CAMPBELL.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., *October 15, 1883*

DEAR GENERAL:—For the year last past I have been under consolidated conviction that your subscriber would be with the "boys" at this annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

No doubt you have previously heard "that man proposes and God disposes."

I have just recovered from a very severe attack from that ghost that will not down, "the chronic diarrhea;" that while my heart beats in unison with the sound of the reveille that shall call the turn-out on the morning of the 17th inst., my bowels yearn for the quiet of home, and I am compelled to respond to the surgeon's call in lieu thereof. Hoping this meeting will be as interesting as those of the past, and with kind remembrances to all comrades, I remain,

Your friend,

J. O. PULLEN,

Late Captain C. Company, 20th Illinois Infantry.

TO GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

NEW ORLEANS, *October 9, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary of Army of the Tennessee:

DEAR SIR:—It being impossible for me to absent myself from business engagements at this season of the year, will you express my regrets to old comrades. I trust they may meet in large number, and thoroughly enjoy the reunion from which circumstances debar me. You will confer a favor by giving my address to the Treasurer, and requesting him to notify me of amount of my dues to date.

Very respectfully,

E. JONAS.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, *October 9, 1883.*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

Corresponding Secretary Army of Tennessee, Cincinnati, O.:

DEAR GENERAL:—I have waited till "tattoo," and even till "taps," hoping I might write acceptance, instead of "regrets,"—but it can't be helped. I shall, for strictly business reasons, be unable to attend the sixteenth annual reunion

of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Cleveland. With respect and love for those who can enjoy the happiness,

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

ADD. H. SANDERS,
Formerly Colonel 16th Iowa Infantry,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.

The President requested the committee appointed to consider the matter of holding a meeting at Yellowstone Park to report, if ready to do so, whereon the following was presented on behalf of the committee:

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

President Society of Army of the Tennessee:

GENERAL:—Your committee, to whom was referred the practicability of holding our reunion in 1884 in the Yellowstone National Park, beg leave to make the following report:

The Pullman Palace Car Company will furnish us cars for fifty dollars each per day, when in use, and twenty-five dollars per day, when not in use. As we estimate they will be used eight days and lie idle eight days, a section will cost fifty dollars, or a berth twenty-five dollars for the trip.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company make a rate of fifty dollars from St. Paul to Mammoth Springs Hotel and return to St. Paul. This includes staging from terminus of their road to Mammoth Springs Hotel and return, a distance of four miles.

They have elegant dining cars, on which they serve meals at a loss, consequently no reduction can be made from the regular rate of seventy-five cents per meal.

The railroads from Chicago to St. Paul have pool compacts which prevent their making an unusually low rate before January 1st; but the C. M. & St. P. R. R. Co. assure us that they will get as much below half fare as is possible.

This will make the trip cost, calculating fare, sleeping berth and three meals per day for eight days, one hundred and five dollars. Calculating eight days by rail gives us two days' time to spare on the way. If we desire to send (provisions, tents, etc., ahead, for use in the Park, they will be transported free.

Wives, sons, daughters and invited guests will each be charged ten dollars more than above rates.

All of which we respectfully submit without recommendation.

A. T. ANDREAS,
J. G. EVEREST,
WM. E. STRONG.

And the following preamble and resolution offered;

WHEREAS:—It is found impossible to now make terms with all railroads, or contract for conveyances through the Park, for tents, provisions, cooking uten-

sils, etc.; and, as few of our members can now definitely say, so long a time in advance, whether they can attend; therefore

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed, who shall take this matter in hand; their duties being to ascertain everything pertaining to this subject, and to embody the result of their investigation in a circular, to be sent to each member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee by March 1st, 1884. If by April 1st, one hundred or more members signify their intention to go, then this committee shall have power to make all necessary arrangements, and superintend the expedition.

Resolved, Furthermore, that the usual committee be appointed to select a place for our next reunion, in the event of the Yellowstone Park project proving impracticable.

A. T. ANDREAS,
J. G. EVEREST.

Lieutenant Andreas made some further explanation and there was some discussion, when:

On motion of Captain Sexton:

Resolved, That the report and resolution accompanying, presented by the committee appointed to consider holding a meeting of the Society at Yellowstone Park in 1884, be received and referred to the committee appointed to select the place and time for holding the next meeting.

The President said there is a committee, the Secretary informs me, in reference to the wearing of uniforms at our meetings; if the committee is ready we will be glad to hear its report.

Major Dawes, in behalf of the committee, presented the following:

Your committee, to whom was referred the resolution as to the propriety and practicability of requiring members of this Society to wear uniforms at its annual meetings, report:

That by law of Congress now in force, all honorably discharged officers who served during the rebellion as volunteers in the United States army are entitled upon occasions of ceremony to wear the uniform of the highest grade they have held by brevet or other commission. The annual meetings of this Society are unquestionably occasions of ceremony within the meaning of this act. It is, therefore, entirely proper for the members in attendance to appear in the uniform of their former grades. Your committee do not believe it is practicable to enforce any compulsory order in the matter, and are not prepared to recommend any action.

To give opportunity for discussion, they present the following resolutions:

Resolved, That each member of this Society be requested to appear at its annual meetings in the uniform of his former rank.

Resolved, That the members of this Society be requested to wear its badge on all public occasions.

E. C. DAWES,
W. L. BARNUM,
W. H. BALDWIN,
CHAS. C. WALCUTT.

General Chetlain moved that the report of the committee be received and adopted; the President, on a request being made, put the motion for adoption on the first resolution and declared it lost.

General Buckland, addressing the President and Society, said: My idea about our meetings is that they are social meetings, and should be encumbered just as little as possible. That in short is my idea about it. We want to meet together for social intercourse, and we do not want to come to be crowded with uniforms or trappings, or anything of the kind. Make it so that anybody can come, otherwise we will only have a few. I wish to see every officer of the Army of the Tennessee, no matter what his condition is as to finances, come here free in his ordinary clothes, if he cannot come any other way.

On motion of General Leggett:

Resolved, That the report be laid on the table.

The President requested the Secretary to read the following telegram from the local committee of the Society of the Army of Cumberland:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *October 16, 1883.*

COLONEL L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary Army of the Tennessee:

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee is cordially invited to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, in Cincinnati next week.

For the local executive committee.

ROBERT HUNTER,
Secretary.

The President said this is an invitation for every member of our Society. I am unable to attend. I wish I could. I beg of all that are in reach and can do so, that you will avail yourselves of the invitation so generously extended. The meeting is just one week from to-day, in Cincinnati. I take it for granted that we accept the invitation as a Society.

On motion of General Warner:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Society be instructed to return the thanks of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to the committee of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, for their kind invitation.

NOTE.—In accordance with the above resolution, the following note was addressed, viz:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *October 17, 1888*

MAJOR ROBERT HUNTER,

Secretary, etc.:

DEAR SIR:—The invitation of your committee to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, now enjoying its sixteenth reunion, was thoroughly appreciated, and I am directed by the Society to express to your committee its kindest thanks for your courtesy, and its hope that you will have at your reunion as good a time as you so well deserve.

Very respectfully, etc.,

L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary.

On motion of Surgeon Beach:

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to return our thanks to General Rosecrans, and express our regrets that he was unable to attend this meeting.

NOTE.—A copy of the resolution was sent to General Rosecrans.

General Leggett made the following announcement:

On behalf of our local committee, I will announce the programme outside of our meetings as far as I can do so. I will say that we have been more than seconded by the comrades of other armies. We found, when we came to organize, that the city of Cleveland was very sparsely represented in the Army of the Tennessee. We have but five members in the city, but it seemed to make no difference. Our comrades from the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Potomac, all showed that interest in the Army of the Tennessee as though it was their own army. We regret that the streets of our city are in so bad a condition as they are at the present time. Our best streets are torn up and being repaved, and sewers being put in, and so forth, which makes it impossible to drive as we would like. Our Euclid Avenue is appropriated by repairers, and it is not possible to drive upon it. We know that it would be the wish of many to

visit Lakeview Cemetery, where the remains of our beloved President Garfield, still in a vault awaiting burial, when the monument committee is ready to do so, and it is understood that many would desire to visit that vault. As I said, it is impossible to drive from here there with any kind of comfort whatever, so provision has been made with the Nickel Plate Road, the depot of which is right close to the entrance to the cemetery. There will be six street cars at the Weddell House at two-thirty P. M., and will leave promptly at that time, and will take any out to the depot from which the train will start at that time. Carriages will also be in waiting for those that cannot occupy the street cars. The depot is on Broadway, and the cars will start at three o'clock prompt. The road has kindly volunteered the use of their cars, and will do their best to get us there promptly and comfortably, and without charge. They must start promptly; the running of their other trains necessitates it. They will remain at the depot adjoining the cemetery one hour and fifteen minutes, and will then return. All those that may wish to go will be furnished conveyance in that way.

One thing further; tomorrow afternoon there are two receptions to be given to the members of the Army of the Tennessee and their friends who are with them, and their friends in the city. One is at the home of Colonel Harris on Euclid Avenue, and the other will be at my residence on Prospect street. The reception will be from two in the afternoon until five, and all are invited. So far as dress is concerned it is "go-as-you-please." We understand that many come here without their swallow-tail coats and we do not wish to keep them from the reception. The committee on entertainment will have carriages at the Kennard House to convey members to the receptions tomorrow afternoon, and if any desire to use them, they will leave their names with the number of persons in their company that wish to go, so that they may be provided. If stopping at any of the other hotels, carriages will also be provided.

The President announced that next in order was current business, and read a communication as follows:

OREGON, OGLE COUNTY, ILL., *December 1, 1882*

GENERAL A. HICKENLOOPER,

DEAR SIR:—I have just received the last report of the proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. It was directed to Captain J. E. Hitt,

Mt. Morris, from which I infer that you did not receive the notice sent you at the time of his death. I enclose another.

In the amendments to your constitution I find a provision for the descent of membership to the eldest son. Our boy is now in his sixteenth year, and bids fair to prove worthy of his name, and is trying to fill, as nearly as possible, his father's place in our home. I would like him to feel that he holds the same place in regard to our country; to this end I would like him to be made a member of the Army of the Tennessee.

Will you please send me a statement of my husband's account, and any other matter in which I can aid you, and oblige,

Yours truly,

SARAH A. HITT.

On conclusion of reading the letter, a motion was put by the President, and Captain Hitt's son was declared elected a member of the Society under the rule of the constitution.

General Belknap called the attention of the Corresponding Secretary to his list of members, of whose address he was uninformed, giving several addresses, and also stated that Colonel Henry W. Janes is dead. Other members also gave information regarding the address of several of the members.

General Belknap, General Strong and General Noyes, as chairman of committees, requested their committees to meet, at once following adjournment of the meeting, at the Kennard House reading room.

The President announced the meeting at Euclid Avenue Opera House to-night and the banquet tomorrow night.

At the request of Captain Barber of the local committee, the Secretary stated that there would be a gentleman at the Kennard House, soon as the meeting should adjourn, to furnish the members with the banquet tickets.

The President asked if there was any further business; there being none, he declared an adjournment until ten A. M. tomorrow, to cover the meeting this evening.

OPERA HOUSE, *October 17, 1883.*

Pursuant to arrangement, the members of the Society had assembled at the opera house, and under the direction of the local committee the exercises of the evening were begun by sounding reveille with bugles.

Upon the stage were General Sherman, the officers of the Society, Governor Foster, Major Farley, Generals Leggett, Poe, Noyes, Logan, Fairchild, Strong, Fuller, Fletcher, Sanborn, Fallows, Major Neil and Captain Mitchell.

Miss Dora Henniges sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and receiving a full measure of applause, sang also "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

General Sherman rose to call the meeting to order and was received with rounds of applause. He called upon Rev. Captain John Mitchell who offered prayer:

O Thou truthful God, we come humbly before Thee this night, for Thou art our Father, our Creator, and we acknowledge our dependhce upon Thee for all the blessings of life that we enjoy, and we would not come before Thee to-night without confessing our manifold sins, and we thank Thee that although we have sinned against Thee, that Thou hast provided for us a Redeemer in the precious blood of Thy dear Son that we may have a remission of our sins. We thank Thee for the blessings we enjoy in this great country. We thank Thee in the hours of danger, when our liberties were threatened, that Thou didst put it into the hearts of patriotic men to come to the rescue, and we bless Thee our Father that Thou hast crowned their efforts with success, and we would to-night ask for Thy blessings to rest upon us as we gather together in this annual reunion. We thank Thee for this great privilege of renewing these acquaintances made on the field of battle. We thank Thee that these men who stood in the dreadful carnage of battle for the liberties of this country are permitted to meet again. Many of them carry the marks and scars of battle. We pray that Thou wouldst lengthen out the lives of these men that they may enjoy the blessings for which they suffered; and

we to-night bow before Thee when we remember the long list of comrades who slumber to-night in the soldier's grave. We pray that Thou wouldst manifest Thyself this night that we may feel that we are in Thy presence. May we realize Thy richest blessing resting upon us, and we would ask that Thy blessings would rest upon our great commanders, and would ask that Thou wouldst grant unto them long life, peace and happiness; and grant, O Father, to so fill the remaining years that they live in this world that they be crowned with the gratitude of a Nation, and that they may pass life peaceably until called to their great reward. Bless us all, and to the Father, Son and Spirit be the praise, world without end. Amen.

The Drum Corps then beat the Long Roll and a scene at the rear of the stage was shifted, showing a representation of the Rebel attack on Fort Robinette.

The President then presented Governor Foster, who welcomed the Society in behalf of the state, in remarks as follows:

SPEECH OF GOVERNOR FOSTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I am here to speak in behalf of all the people of the State of Ohio the words of welcome we so warmly feel toward the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The people of Ohio during the great struggle for the life of the Nation did their full duty, in common with her sister states, in furnishing the men and the money to put down the rebellion, and in the bravery of our soldiers in the field, and to-night, while we would warmly welcome any assemblage of soldiers anywhere in our state, we feel an especial interest in the Army of the Tennessee. It was commanded first and last, I believe, by five distinguished Generals: General Grant, General Sherman, General McPherson, who sleeps in a peaceful grave, whose lovely character endeared him to all who met him, and who, as a soldier, ranked first in this or any other age, and last but not least, he who sits behind me, the brave General John A. Logan. Three out of the five were Ohio men. It is said sometimes that we of Ohio hold a little more than our share of the offices, but in answer we have to say that we always furnish good officers. For this reason then, because of these distinguished

names that belong to the State of Ohio who commanded this grand army, we take an especial interest in the Army of the Tennessee.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since the struggle for the salvation of the American Union commenced, eighteen years have elapsed since rebellion was overthrown. In the four years from '61 to '65 it cost both sides, the North and the South, probably eight thousand millions of dollars in money, and it cost five hundred thousand lives to maintain the great conflict. In the eighteen years that have elapsed since the overthrow of the rebellion, this waste of war has been recuperated and a more marvelous growth in wealth, in happiness, in prosperity and power is witnessed in this country than anywhere else in the civilized world. It is because of the overthrow of rebellion and because of this great growth that we to-night honor the brave soldier who overthrew rebellion, and who made this prosperity and this power possible. As we recede from the scenes of the conflict it seems to me that the interest our people feel in the soldier increases year by year, and while this is natural and has been the case in all time, the prediction is here made that the soldiers of the rebellion will, as time elapses and they grow fewer and fewer, be held in a greater and more affectionate remembrance than even our revolutionary fathers were held in their day and generation. For these reasons, then, because of the great good accomplished, and because of another thing which is most remarkable, and that is the time that has elapsed has shown that both sections, the victor and vanquished, are both glad that the Union was saved and rebellion overthrown; both are glad because slavery has been abolished; both follow the one flag, the glorious stripes and stars; both ready at the drop of a hat to fight the world in arms. All honor, then, to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and in the name of the people of the State of Ohio I bid you welcome, thrice welcome to the hospitalities of the state.

MUSIC, Grey's Band.

The President next presented Mayor Farley, who welcomed the Society in behalf of the city of Cleveland, as follows:

SPEECH OF MAYOR FARLEY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY
OF THE TENNESSEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In the name of the city of Cleveland, and in behalf of all our citizens, in my representative capacity I extend to you the most cordial welcome.

I am fully satisfied that the people of our city unite with me in presenting their most sincere hospitalities to the Army of the Tennessee, amply recognizing the distinguished honor of their visit to Cleveland.

I have no doubt that the members of this notable Society will be received by the citizens of Cleveland with that open-hearted kindness and marked attention that they justly deserve, and which we are only too happy to accord them.

The patriotic feelings of all our people are renewed and enlivened by the presence of Grant, Sheridan and Sherman. Those heroes of the Union armies, with their co-patriots, opened the way to the reign of peace which has so long continued, and with which I trust we will be blest for all time to come.

The Army of the Tennessee played a distinguished part in the great war for the Union. Its heroes, from privates in the ranks to Generals in command, fought for our common country the battles of Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Atlanta, Pittsburgh Landing and Corinth. We honor among the Generals of that army the celebrated names of Schofield, Blair and Sheridan, and that lamented gallant officer, one of the most heroic soldiers, General McPherson.

In the great civil strife which disturbed our beloved country from end to end, the happy conclusion of disastrous war was consummated by the union of the Armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee in the performance of that renowned "March to the Sea," under the leadership of the distinguished president of this Society, General William Tecumseh Sherman. And in the recollection of these memorable events I cannot fail to call attention to the heroic part displayed by our fellow-citizen of Ohio, who now lies at the point of death, that noble hero of Chicamauga, General Steedman.

"From Atlanta to the Sea" has become a term of household usage throughout this broad land, the significance of which is the

conclusion of the unfortunate war that for years placed our country in turmoil; and the great captain of that expedition is to-day the guest of the city of Cleveland.

The government of this country was founded upon a union of states, each having supremacy over its own local affairs, and all acknowledging the authority of the central government.

When the disintegration of that union of states was threatened, the body of all classes and all parties in the North was united to maintain this country as a solid union. Men of all political parties, men of all religious creeds, men of all nationalities went forth to fight for one common cause—the preservation of the Union. In the heat of the battle, when the conflict was raging strongly, a man's politics or church was not considered, but simply his patriotism to the government, whether his Americanism was native or adopted.

We owe the union of the states to no particular creed, to no particular nationality, but to the intelligence of a united people.

The skill of a Sherman or the genius of a Grant could not have preserved the Union without the practical influence of an intelligent people.

The foundation of our institutions rests in the hearts and minds of the people, while we respectfully pay that consideration and homage which is properly due to our statesmen and generals, those who are our leaders, foremost in peace and war.

I sincerely congratulate the officers and men of the Army of the Tennessee, as well as those of the other armies of the Union, upon what they have accomplished. I believe the whole country is entirely satisfied with the union of states as now established. We have all reason to be proud of our country. Our resources are such that we invite the envy of all nations of the earth, and our progress during the last one hundred years has been a marvel to the world. With the natural resources of the country and a united government we cannot fail to be one of the strongest powers in existence. By means of the energy and power of the Army of the Tennessee and the other armies of the Union our country has become a union of states, perfectly solid in its conformation, with no North, no South, no East, no West, but one united country, under one flag, the Star Spangled Banner.

The citizens of Cleveland give the members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee a hearty greeting, and while they

remain within our precincts may they have every pleasure and enjoyment our citizens can give them, and in any future reunions I trust they will remember their pilgrimage to Cleveland at this time with favor.

MUSIC, ARION QUARTETTE.

General Sherman responded to the welcome addresses of Governor Foster and Mayor Farley in behalf of the Society in the following remarks:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

It is made my duty to acknowledge the compliments paid us by the Governor of the State of Ohio and the Mayor of the city of Cleveland. I need only say, gentlemen, we thank—we thank thee from our hearts. We profess simply to be men like yourselves, fellow-citizens, workers in the common cause. We have long since laid aside our armor; we are nothing more than artizans, physicians to the body and the soul. No longer do you see uniforms, epaulets, swords or spurs. We are simply citizens, like yourselves, with hearts as responsive to sentiments as you that live in the peaceful valleys of the beautiful State of Ohio. I might pile on words higher than yonder dome; I might go on with similes, yet I could not add any thing. We thank you, Governor Foster; we thank you Mr. Mayor, not only for the words, but for the deeds, for we feel every home is open to a member of our Society. We stand not even upon an invitation, but enter freely, with our hearts in our hands, and thank you for the greeting you have given the members of our old, tried and good Society to your homes and your hearts.

As the General concluded, two soldiers came forward from a wing of the stage and presented him with a very beautiful floral camp kettle, swung on a tripod, as a real kettle would have been in actual service. Turning to the two veterans, one with but a single arm and the other but one leg, he said: "I want to thank ~~these~~ boys for bringing me a pot of flowers instead of a pot of cabbage."

Miss Mitchell sang, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The President then presented General Fallows as the orator for the Society. He received a most hearty greeting of cheers from the large audience and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF BISHOP FALLOWS.

Our meeting at this time commemorates one of the most important battles of the war—the battle of Corinth. It was a battle in which the most splendid heroism was displayed by the soldiers of the North and the soldiers of the South. It was a struggle never exceeded during our civil contest in the concentrated determination and desperate valor of the heroes and partisans of the Confederacy against the heroes and patriots of the Union.

Over 30,000 Confederate troops were hurled against 18,000 men of the Army of the Tennessee. Here we have vividly brought before us (referring to a large picture on the stage, 20x24 feet, representing Fort Robinette and the events of the battle), through the artist's skill, the stirring scene. There is Fort Robinette, "the key to Corinth."

Around it the fiery surges of that sanguinary conflict raged. To hold it meant victory for us, to lose it meant victory for them. One line of the Confederates sweep onward to the village. Stormed at by shot and shell, raked by grape and canister in front and left, rained upon with bullets, still they come, "with their faces averted, like men striving to protect themselves against a driving storm of hail." Nothing can resist the sheer momentum of that mass of men with faces of flint, with nerve of steel, with purpose of adamant. The conflict is now hand to hand. Sword clashes against sword, bayonet locks and tugs with bayonet. Muskets are clubs. The hand of many a one, dropping sword and musket, grasps the throat of the foe. Steadily backward go our forces, overwhelmed by the might of numbers. Fort Richardson is the enemy's. General Rosecrans' headquarters is theirs. Shouts and yells seem to proclaim the victory theirs also.

But the Army of the Tennessee goes backward only to go forward. Animated by the cheering presence and voice of their brave commander, General Rosecrans, who leads them in person, they spring forward at the command, "Charge bayonets," with a resistless energy. Back to the headquarters, back to Fort Richardson, forward toward the enemy's camping-ground they go. High above all the roar of the conflict is heard the Union shout of triumph, as Price's column, shattered and scattered, seek the friendly timber's protection.

But the victory is not won.

The other line advances toward Fort Robinette. That must be taken at all hazards. Yet so fearful is the risk to face those murderous batteries of death, and those unyielding men behind them, who feel the very destinies of the Nation may lie in their ability to hold their position, that General Price would not order the movement, but called for volunteers to make the charge.

Colonel Rogers and Colonel Ross at once step forward and tender their brigades of Texans and Mississippians for the attack. On they come, never flinching. Gaps are plowed in their massive columns; they fill them up. On they come. In flank and front winrows of the dead and dying are piled up. On they come. They are now but 150 feet from the fort, when, full in their faces, the up-springing Ohio brigade pour their deadly musketry fire and sweep them back. But on they come! (Oh, intrepid men, if treason could ever have been redeemed by valor it would have been redeemed in that wild, magnificent charge you made.) On they come, to the base of the fort; on they come. They are on the parapet. They plant their flag on its very summit. They catch it as it is shot down, and wave it with its splintered staff. They are inside the fort. They have won the key! Not yet. The Ohio brigade repels them. "Charge!" is thundered to the Eleventh Missouri and the Twenty-seventh Ohio. Back they go. Back to the base of the fort, back over the parapet, back to the woods; broken like a wave dashed upon the rock, and another star gleams in the crown of the Army of the Tennessee.

We recall these memorable events, and assemble at our annual gatherings as a society of brothers and comrades in arms, not to keep alive or in any way enkindle the feelings of bitterness against those who once opposed us and the union of the states; not to magnify or glorify the deeds themselves written in imperishable letters of light on the scroll of history which the armies of the Republic so gloriously performed; but to renew the personal friendships, formed and fashioned as only such friendships can be, amid the circumstances and dangers of a holy, patriotic war; to magnify and glorify to the utmost, with loyal hearts, with speech and song and martial airs and jubilant strains of peace, that common country for which we gladly periled our lives.

The fires on our hearths and the fires of mutual affection in our own hearts, and the fires of patriotism on the Nation's altar, glow more brightly to-night because we specially learned to love our

homes, one another and the unity of the Republic by "the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps." Every loyal soldier knows that any kind of a Union soldiers' reunion means in no sense disunion, and their love feasts are in no respect hate feasts.

No one will ever hear in any assembly of the Nation's heroes one single note of personal exultation over a fallen foe, in the words of oratory which may instruct, or of the melodies of music which may entrance.

Principles take the lead and strike the key-note at all our gatherings, and "principles have no modesty," we are told. They are bottommost, uppermost, foremost and perpetual by their own inherent and ever-asserting royalty. And principles, speaking with kingly authority through the persons whom they rule with despotic sway in these soldiers' assemblies, say, "We are here to put an everlasting premium upon patriotism, and an everlasting discount upon disloyalty."

The men who are here to-night to take each other by the hand and live over again the eventful past went to the defense of the people's government. They went from the people, and returned, covered with honor and glory, to the people, whose great heart never failed, nor was discouraged—the people who did not so much reflect as create the sentiments of their chosen rulers.

The most daring, chivalrous soldier simply caught a portion of the grander spirit of that heroic people who, in the strength of God, determined that since the issue was forced upon them, there should be "no state out of the Union and no slave in it."

When General Grant's health was proposed on the Fourth of July, at Hamburg, in his tour around the world, as "the man who had saved the country," he said, in his response, "what saved the country was the coming forward of the young men of the Nation."

"They came from their homes and their fields, as they did in the times of the revolution, giving everything to their country. To their devotion we owe the salvation of the Union. The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear of the Union."

It is our pride to reflect that it was our citizen soldiery that challenged to mortal combat any despairing faith in the Nation's

honor or the Nation's existence. Such a soldiery for intelligence and intrepidity never maintained, "without guile and with a pure purpose," such a cause before. It was true to the very letter as President Lincoln said: "There is scarcely a regiment from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself." That, certainly, was true of every Ohio regiment.

The Lost Cause embodied false principles, and, therefore, went where it ought to go, though defended with the desperation of despair, "into the last ditch."

The brave men who misguidedly espoused it fought under an illegal constitution, which began with the words, "We, the deputies of independent and sovereign states." And we fought under a lawful constitution, which starts out with the glorious words, "We, the people of the United States."

They struggled to make many out of one, and we to make an immortal reality the watch-word of the Republic, *E Pluribus Unum*, one out of many. For them the Declaration of Independence was no more than the sounding brass of "a glittering generality;" for us it had the golden gleam of an eternal truth.

We had a "trust for the people tempered with prudence," and they "a distrust of the people, tempered with fear." Their cause embraced professedly the white man's rights, and ours the black man's wrongs. The corner-stone of their cause had a negro under it, and ours a negro on it.

We went into the struggle at first solely for the Union, but we soon learned that we must war for liberty and union; for the Union that liberty might be secured, and for liberty that the Union might be preserved. And "to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity" the living and departed soldiers of the Nation make one grand army still.

But a few weeks ago that brave Russian General, Skobelev, bronzed, gray, erect, the idol of his soldiers, bowed his head in death.

A group had gathered about the street corner deploring the mournful tidings.

A scarred veteran, who had followed his chief through fire and flood and the ever-varying fortunes of war, paused to ask what was the matter. He was told, "General Skobelev is dead."

"Dead!" said the soldier; "old Skobelev is not dead; he cannot die;" and then walked away in the serene faith that his old commander was still living.

These glorified dead are truly the living soldiers of the republic. They went up in the fiery chariots of battle, amid the storm and tempest, the thunder and glare, the groans and shouts of the field of carnage.

They went up from hospitals, where their listless hands hung down limp and languid with disease—hands that willingly would have grasped their country's standard and borne it through the hottest fire.

Those hands are strong now with immortal strength to help us bear the unfolding ensigns of our liberty and union. They went up from loathsome prison pens, starved and shrunken, with their rags of blue about their wasted forms—they have the freedom of the universe now and the resplendent robes of victory. Above every battle-field made sacred by their baptism of blood, these living defenders of the Republic muster together; above every Lookout Mountain they are looking out still for the country they died to save.

But the Celestial Army seen in the prophet's day had to co-operate with the army on the earth. Around the mountain were the chariots of fire and the horses of fire, but at the mountain's base were the visible host, waiting for the prophet, who led his captive train, subdued and blinded by their heavenly combatants. Our times now as then are pre-millennial. The lion and the lamb are not yet lying down together, for if they were when they rose up "the lamb would be found inside the lion."

The necessity has not yet ceased for a strong police force in our large cities, nor for the defenders of property, life and liberty in the Nation at large. We are looking for the day to come when the nations shall learn war no more, when brother shall not rise against brother. But until that everlasting peace shall be declared—God grant it may soon be announced—every true soldier of the right in this militant world must tune his spirit, purpose and deeds to the full concert pitch of that battle hymn of the one universal church on earth—

"O, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er."

I have a pity well nigh bordering upon contempt for the man

who, in the professed interests of peace, with a false sentimentalism begotten by a trembling, superannuated courage, from a perverted view of things earthly and divine, attempts to disparage or degrade the sphere or duty of the American soldier. The humblest private in the ranks is the incarnation of the Nation's dignity, honor and power, and compels due recognition and respect.

I do deeply sympathize with those who wish to glory in the thought and in the fact that the American Nation is "the unarmed Nation of the earth."

Unarmed it surely ought to be, as the opposite of the armed nations of the old world.

We want no such armies as they have, drawing like cancers the very life from the body politic. Our standing army is the great army of the workers and thinkers on the farm, in the work-shop, in the store, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the schools, conquering the secrets of nature, subduing her vast fertile plains, leading captive at the chariot wheels of invention her principalities and powers, all cheered on in the march of progress with the silvery song of children, the enthusiastic shouts of youth, the gladsome smiles of woman, and the benedictions of old age.

In the common schools of our land we must have not only the nurseries but the real West Points and Fort Leavenworths of the Republic. From them is to come the ever-flowing stream of our fresh young soldiery, who shall maintain from generation to generation the integrity and glory of the state.

In more than 200,000 buildings they gather—in the rude hut or primitive "shack" of the frontier, and in the most beautiful and costly structures we can raise in the densely crowded city. Six hundred thousand officers of the field and staff and line daily marshal and guide 12,000,000 of these juvenile warriors, the infantry, cavalry and artillery of our homes.

Twelve millions of children assemble day by day to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the illustrious deeds and sacrifices of the founders of the Republic, of the revolutionary fathers who fought to make us a Nation, and of you, worthy sons of such sires, who, with your brothers of those other magnificent armies of the East and West, bore that assaulted flag through the fire and smoke of battle, whose dim and lurid cloud fell and rose, and rolled

along two thousand miles of conflict, that it might wave forever over one undivided national domain.

But, gentlemen, to make sure that it shall thus wave, we must have a regular army strong enough to be feared and large enough to be respectable.

Our poet Bryant strikes the keynote both of fact and prophecy respecting American liberty:

"O freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap,
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off his gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty, though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling."

You, gentlemen, are not disposed, I know, to quarrel with the author of the sentiment, "The pen is mightier than the sword." The work of the pen goes on when the work of the sword ceases, but the mightiest work of the pen would never have been written in immortal acts and undying institutions had it not been for the work of the sword.

The gospel of liberty could not be proclaimed in our day without "that fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel" proclaimed by the armies of the Union. The pen of Lincoln wrote the emancipation proclamation—the emancipation of serfhood and chattelhood to selfhood and citizenship. But our swords rewrote it, our cannon thundered it, our muskets echoed it, our bayonets punctuated it, and our final shout of victory put the irreversible "amen" to it.

In the common grave where lie the soldiers who fought in blue and who fought in gray, we buried—without the honors of war, but with the rejoicings of peace—the common enemies which had brought them face to face in conflict—the Siamese twins of slavery and state supremacy.

These linked workers of mischief were *unlovely* and *unpleasant* in their lives, "and in their death they were not divided." The ghost of the one flickers like a lambent flame over the place of entombment, and the ghost of the other, by stretching the shadowy band which fastens it to its disuniting companion, is attempting

to steal abroad again. But the power which buried their unhallowed forms in the Nation's consecrated ground shall make them "down at its bidding," and lay them to rest to await no resurrection morning.

A gentleman very prominent in "the late unpleasantness" has been endeavoring to play the part of ghost-raiser—Mr. Jefferson Davis. He has been as unsuccessful in his combat with that illustrious, intellectual gladiator and uncompromising friend of the Union, Judge Jere S. Black, as he was with the armies of the United States.

It is one of the most marvelous exhibitions of the magnanimity and assured strength and position of a mighty Nation, that it permits the leader of the great Confederate movement, which convulsed the continent and shook the earth, to write a book in two volumes on "The History of the Confederacy," and enjoy the profits of the sale—that it allows him to reopen the questions which led to our civil war, and to attempt to prove, in spite of the logic of reason and of the logic of events, that South Carolina in the position that it assumed before the war was all right and the Government all wrong.

When we remember that regiments, brigades, divisions and whole army corps once marched along singing, "We'll Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree," and that the only reason why the sentiment of the song was not put into execution was the sheer inability, as things then were, to make the connection between the tree and its peculiar fruit, the subject of the song, Mr. Davis must certainly share in the feelings of the pious old woman who, whenever she heard of any one who had felt the halter draw, was wont to exclaim most earnestly, "What a mercy *I'm* still alive."

It does seem like a voice from the grave when Mr. Davis claims that it was unconstitutional for the Government to call for volunteers to interfere with the designs and deeds of South Carolina; that it ought simply to have called out the militia of South Carolina, to attend to the matter, on the requisition of the Governor of the state. But if the Government had done that, where would have been the Army of the Tennessee?

On the same principle, the warden of a prison might as well call out the prisoners to suppress an insurrection of their jailers.

He claims that the Government ought to have abandoned peaceably Forts Moultrie and Sumter, in order that the inhabit

tants of South Carolina might feel sure that there was no intention on its part to hurt them, if they should occupy the forts and tear down the Stars and Stripes.

The Government, however, did not act on the principle that a man well armed, when politely or roughly asked by a foot-pad, whose revolver was at home, to surrender his property, should quietly lay down his weapons, in the interests of peace and the tender feelings of the robber's heart, and permit himself to be relieved of his valuables. Still we can afford to be magnanimous so long as it is nothing but the phantom shade of state sovereignty that so feebly and strugglingly comes to view in the post mortem efforts of Mr. Davis.

Year by year the two great portions of our country, once in arms against each other, are coming together. Time is needed to heal the fearful wounds given and received.

We, in the North, are not to expect impossibilities nor strain after what is at the present time impracticable. We cannot ask for hypocritical tears or simulated penitence. We cannot demand that those who met us with such determined bravery should say to us, with regard to the abstract questions which brought us face to face in the deadly struggle, "We were wrong and you were right." All we can ask, and this has been conceded again and again by the bravest of them all, is for them to say: "By the stern, irrevocable decision of war you were right and we were wrong."

The unity of ideas will as surely come as the waters of the Mississippi and the Potomac meet and mingle in one sea.

Arm and arm, side by side, and seeing eye to eye on the practical questions of reconstruction and the elevation of the colored race, I have gone over the battle-fields of South Carolina, through its pine forests and over its rice swamps with a brother Bishop of the South, the officer who, under command of General Beauregard, fired the first shot against the flag of our country.

Times have surely changed for the better since October 4th, 1862, when, last year, in the State of Kentucky, the United States Government furnished tents for a reunion of the Confederate soldiers, and in the State of Missouri, the United States Band, in full uniform, at another such reunion, gave the stirring strains of "Dixie" and the electrifying notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," and when, last month, under the gallant escort of Governor Ben-

jamin F. Butler, in Boston, the widow of General Stonewall Jackson very gratefully acknowledged, taking General Butler as a sample that, there were some Christians at the North.

The sword is rusting in the scabbard; let it rust itself away, and with the increasing dimness of its brightness and the decreasing sharpness of its edge, let the glow of our animosity die out, and the keenness of reciprocal sympathy augment.

Let the memory of the struggle of the past be not a wedge to drive us asunder, but the very keystone to make our National arch the stronger.

Is it too great a strain upon our faith to believe (and we must never forget that by faith we are politically saved) that the "coming time" will arrive? And when it does come, and the hour of high noon is struck in American politics, to chime with its advent, then, as once were brought into unison the gallant followers of the House of York, and the victorious forces of the House of Lancaster, the red rose and the white rose blending forever into one, so, shall be bound together, a solid North and a solid South in a loyal purpose, to make forever inseparable the Union of the red, white and blue.

Gentlemen, before another meeting of this Society, its honored President will have retired from his position as General of the Army of the United States—a General whose very name quickens our pulses, whose personal magnetism has drawn our hearts, whose brilliancy of military genius has never been surpassed, whose short military vocabulary the Army of the Tennessee learned so well that they could never forget it—first *find* the enemy, then *follow* him.

It would have been an unspeakable privilege to us to-night to have had with us, both his distinguished predecessor, our first commander, and his distinguished successor, worthy to be the commander of any army on whose flashing swords and gleaming bayonets the sun has ever shone.

Happy, indeed, is our President, to come to the day of retirement with his natural strength unabated and with his eye undimmed, better prepared, were the necessity to arise, to lead the armies of freedom to glorious victory than when we first took the word of command from his lips.

The present state of the Nation is a fitting conclusion to that unsurpassed military career, which really began with his ringing

words to the Governor of Louisiana when secession was threatened in 1861: "If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives. On no earthly account will I do any earthly act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States,"

Thank God, the only fragment that does not survive is that by which it was sought to deprive four millions of people of a country and a flag. The old Government of the United States still lives, stronger, better, purer, than when the madness of secession brought William T. Sherman to the front to defend it.

I repeat, the present state of the Nation is a fitting conclusion to his active military life. What a joy to him to behold the Nation (not a confederacy) at peace with the world and with itself. A Nation, honored, respected, admired, and feared as no other Nation beneath the skies. A Nation with its indestructible life growing richer, deeper, grander with every beating of its pulse. A Nation wheeled by the strong right hand of omnipotence, as a central burning sun in the world's firmament, whose going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the end of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Long delayed indeed may be that monument of marble or bronze which a grateful nation will raise to his memory. A monument which no sculptor can fashion or genius conceive has been erected in the hearts of the increasing millions of the American people.

But the noblest monument of all is that built up in the deathless affection and heroic devotion of these noble men, and the tens of thousands they represent, who know him best, and who under his splendid leadership, made immortal the name and fame of that army which never met defeat, the Army of the Tennessee.

With an unfaltering trust in the Ruler of Nations must our country go on in its grand career. We must never forget to look to the hills from whence cometh our help.

Washington fought the battles of the Revolution as much on his knees in prayer as with his armies, and disproved effectually the military maxim quoted so often, "God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions." He left it on record as the profoundest conviction of his soul, that in all the seven years' war "the hand of Providence has been so conspicuous that he must be worse than

an infidel that lacks faith, and more wicked that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations." And he further devoutly says: "We have abundant reason to thank Providence for its many favorable interpositions in our behalf. At times it has been my only dependence, for all other resources seemed to have failed us."

And Lincoln, so eloquently described in words we heard at another meeting of this Society, "greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing amid the gathered sheaves," trod firmly and reverently in the footsteps of the Nation's first deliverer. When leaving his home to save that Nation's threatened life, he said to his friends: "A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any man since the days of Washington."

"He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, on which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and upon the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and hope you, my friends, will pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

And Garfield, the pure and incorruptible statesman, the laureled scholar, the knightly soldier, the grandly patient and suffering hero, who followed Lincoln in the honors and responsibilities of the Presidency, then followed him by the martyr's pang to the martyr's palm, cried out in the Nation's deepest sorrow and dread despair, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

In the faith of these noble men and of the mighty people (once mighty in their feebleness and then in their greatness) which they represented, we must carry forward toward its manifest destiny the Nation we have helped to save. Not only faith in our principles, but a living, fruitful faith in God above do we need.

He who removes from my gaze the crown of life prevents the possibilities of the immortal heroisms of life. He who shakes man's trust in God, makes freedom and virtue in this and every other land "as insecure as snow upon volcanos' lips."

The brotherhood of man is a heartless sarcasm without the fatherhood of God. No barriers can ever stop the ravages of red-

handed anarchy when a dethroned Deity has been driven from humanity's throne.

Analyze that patriotism which was the mighty force that moved our armies to the front. It was a patriotism which was not a mere instinct, but an experience; not a mere sentiment, but a conviction; not a mere impulse, but a determination; not a mere passion, but a principle—and yet an experience with the imperious urgency of instinct, a conviction with the ruddy glow of sentiment, a determination with the ardent spontaneity of impulse and a principle with the white heat of passion. A patriotism rooted in right, and grounded in justice, obedient to duty and consecrated to political equality, loyal to liberty and devoted to country, hallowed by religion and blessed of God.

This land of our birth and adoption and love, "to human nature dear," has become doubly dear to us who proudly call it our own, because of the measureless sacrifices that have been made to preserve its unity and enhance its glory. May the spirit of a holy patriotism burn with a brighter flame because of this meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, with its sublime and thrilling associations—honored and inspired by the presence of these illustrious heroes and of others, who are with us here in spirit, one of whom in his own person, and yet not for himself alone, but for those who shared with him the danger, the daring, the victory, and the renown of the struggle for nationality, and for the people whose cause he so gloriously maintained, received the welcome of princes, kings, and emperors, and the glad acclaim of the nations of the earth.

And may the very heavens catch the echoing strains of that grand orchestral song, which must roll onward and upward from source to mouth of our thousand-leagued rivers, from base to top of our sky-kissing mountains, from center to circumference of our ocean-like prairies, as it breaks from the lips of native American, tamed Indian, and African—Saxon and Norman and Dane—of Scandinavian, German, the Celt—the song of sixty million of joyful people, filling with its "sweep continental," the whole world with the harmony of the Union and the melody of freedom,

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

General Fallows was listened to with the most marked attention throughout his entire address, and was frequently interrupted with hearty applause.

MUSIC, "*My Country 'tis of Thee*," Grey's Band.

MUSIC, Arion Quartette.

The regular programme of exercises being finished, the President announced he would follow the custom so far as calling upon any gentleman for remarks whom the audience would indicate. General John A. Logan was loudly called for, and being presented said:

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

When you are invited to a feast and have been feasted and refreshed, it comes in bad grace for some other gentleman to ask you to eat raw pork-steak, when you have been fed on broiled beef-steak. I do not know what I could say that would add to what has been said, for I listened through the length of the oration of our friend and brother, Mr. Fallows, with deep interest. It was beautiful, eloquent, and pointed. There is nothing that could be added to it that would make it better. No one would desire to take anything from it. When we meet together, however, in one organization, to have a social time and transact the business of the Society, we always expect to have, whether or not a feast such as this, a feast of some kind. When we come, however, to examine into the great questions that have been solved by the unfortunate war that occurred in this country, we find ourselves in about the same position. When we examine the organization of all the governments of the earth, the soldiers of this country find themselves to-day not armed and equipped for war, not uniformed to notify those under them of their rank, but we come armed and equipped as citizens of the United States, each and every one a sovereign in himself, each and every one a part and parcel of the grandest government that God ever allowed man to organize, and when citizens of other nations on this earth point to their flag and say that it has been a victorious one, point to the government and speak of its power, point to their government and speak of its protecting hand as extended over its citizens, we can say our government, unlike theirs, is a government of the people which they them-

selves have organized and put in motion; they control it, guide it, and govern it. It is theirs, and they are its citizens with all the right that can be extended to men beneath any flag that floats in the breeze of heaven. It is a government of which each and every man ought to be proud; it is one in which each and every man ought to delight to live, and one to which each and every man can invite all other peoples of the earth to partake of the same freedom and liberty that he has tasted, that they may enjoy the same.

My fellow comrades, you as a part of the army of the United States, as armed citizens doing battle for your country, made this government not what it was before, but what it is now, not a mockery of liberty and freedom, not a government of shams but a government of authority, a government of power, and a government of freedom controlled by free men. Unlike the armies that were led by Alexander of old, who fought for control of worlds as known to history, who fought for conquests and to conquer only; unlike the wars that have been prosecuted by other nations; unlike the wars of Cæsar, who sought for power; unlike the wars of Napoleon, who sought for Europe; unlike the wars fought by Wellington, who carried out the plans of diplomacy; unlike the wars fought by other nations of the earth, this was a war for the liberty of mankind, a war for the unity of this country, a war that the government might be one, whole in all its parts, with the same privileges given to each and every man in any part of the country where the flag was unfurled and floating. It was not a war for conquest, not a war for power, not a war for spoils, not a war for glory and honor, but a war where the people of this country sought for union of the states and the rights and privileges of men, and a union, my countrymen, you made it. A union that passed through the fiery furnace, a union that went through the blaze of the furnace of steel and came out iron-blistered. The Union to-day is pure as the wines from the trodden grape, the Union to-day is like the unalloyed gold, the Union is bright and shining in the constellation of the nations of the earth as the brightest gems taken from the Golcondas; a union of states, a union of sentiment, a union of glory, a union of power, and a union of liberty forever. This is what you accomplished. You accomplished this with your strong right arms; you accomplished this with the burning patriotism that glowed in the bosom of the

American freemen; you accomplished this because your hearts were in the work; you accomplished this because you believed in the principles for which you professed to fight; you have accomplished this, and in doing it you have set an example to the other nations of the earth that they well might follow.

Now, my fellow-countrymen, as I said I did not wish to detain you, I did not wish to take up your time in talking at length, I only say to you that I am glad that I am with you. I am always glad to be with the Army of the Tennessee, or with the soldiers of any other army. I claim nothing for what I did, for I did nothing. I claim for the soldier that carried the bayonet, whose patriotism impelled him onward and forward, having leaders that led him in the path where he could perform his duty and performed it well, to him be the honor of saving and preserving this, the mightiest and greatest nation now on earth.

General W. W. Belknap was next called for, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMRADES OF THE
ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

There is not time enough for me to use the words which would tell my gratitude to you and my thanks for this call, but I will take time enough to say that when I heard that the old commander of the third division of the 17th corps was placed by the local committee at the head of the committee which had charge of the arrangements for this reunion, remembering his energy in the field (I refer to General Leggett) I knew that this reunion would be a success. When I first tried to become a soldier, I remember reading that a soldier to be a good one should be light and thin, as far as avoirdupois was concerned, and wiry, consequently I felt some fear when I went into the field until I saw General Leggett pounding away, succeeding in everything he did, sometimes succeeding in getting the men of the third division on the road before the men of the fourth division. Since then I have been in favor of the heavy weights. I was glad to be in the fourth division, because General Leggett being in the third division, we were next to him; much as the old lady in Iowa was anxious to have her son join the 15th regiment, so that he might be near his older brother who was in the 14th.

Still our honored friend organized victory. He succeeded. We

have had a most jovial time, and assuming to speak for the men from Iowa, who are here to-night, we thank him and the worthy ladies of this lovely lakeside city for their bright smiles, and we thank you, gentlemen of Cleveland, for your most kind, cordial and generous welcome.

General Noyes, on request, next spoke in the following terms:

MR. PRESIDENT, OLD COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I thank you for this friendly recognition, but in the presence of these distinguished soldiers, whose courage and genius have rendered their names immortal, I feel that silence is very much more becoming than speech; yet I want to congratulate you as I felicitate myself that after four years of the hardships and dangers of war, and after eighteen years of the greater perils of peace and politics, that we are all alive, and that we are permitted to come here together at this annual reunion, and take each other by the hand, and look into each other's eyes, and touch each other's hearts, as many weary mile away from this we were accustomed to do upon the harvest fields of death. We naturally, on occasions like this review the past, and recall the incidents of the war, but may we not be permitted to look a little way into the future. In Paris, the old soldiers of Napoleon, who fought only in wars of conquest, are buried beneath the golden dome of the Invalides, and when the old crippled soldiers go abroad upon their canes and crutches, emperors and kings, lords and princes turn aside and let them pass and stand with uncovered heads when they go by. We ask no golden dome for the soldiers of our war, and we ask not that the humblest citizen in all the land should turn aside and let us pass, or stand with uncovered heads, but may we not take to ourselves the consolation now that we, the boys of sixty-one, are growing old and gray as we march down into the valley of the shadow of death, and prepare to pass over to the other side where our comrades, who have gone before, are mustered and waiting, shall leave as an heirloom to our children the proud distinction—the title of nobility that their fathers fought and suffered in the war to save the nation.

General Lucius Fairchild was next called upon, and spoke as follows:

**MR. PRESIDENT, SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF CLEVELAND:**

It gives me very great pleasure to be with you to-night, not only to pay reverence to the brave men of the Army of the Tennessee, but to meet with you here on this pleasant occasion in my old home, the beautiful city of Cleveland. I came to this reunion, my friends, with my heart charged almost with sorrow, for I came, Mr. President,] from your first battlefield last Monday. I traveled over the ground you traveled on that bloody day of the first Bull Run. I saw where the conflict raged; I saw where victory was ours, and I saw where victory was not ours. I saw where the key-note was struck that raised the patriotism of this nation and rendered victory finally possible, and Mr. President, I walked over the ground of the second Bull Run, where victory was not ours. I walked along that railway cut that had been lined by the enemy, and where our men walked in by thousands to a simple slaughter pen. I saw hundreds of little sunken places in the ground, and a Confederate that was with me pointed them out, saying, here is one of the gray and here one of the blue, and here a blue and there a gray. They were there by hundreds. And again, Mr. President, I walked over the battlefield of Gainesville, where these regiments stood against a host of the enemy.

I saw where my Colonel tripped and fell and died; I saw where hundreds of the old brigade laid down their lives; and yet, my friends, although it was a sad sight, although I come from that battlefield with a saddened heart to know that so many brave men were gone, I am happy in the belief, Mr. President, that they did not die in vain. They are not dead—they yet live, and I thank God for it. I am assured of this and it is a source of happiness, my friends, that they did not die in vain—that we shall live to see this government transmitted to our children pure and undefiled, where every citizen of the United States, as a citizen, shall enjoy equal rights before the law.

I thank you, Mr. President, for allowing me to say a word to the men, and I thank you my friends for allowing me to appear before you.

General Leggett was loudly called for, and spoke as follows:

COMRADES, FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I hope to be excused in this presence from making any remarks to-night. I am at home and it is my business to entertain and not

to talk. We have labored hard in the cause of this reunion, and if we have met with any success the thanks are due to our good citizens and comrades here. They have worked with a will. Though but a handful of us here belonging to the Army of the Tennessee, our citizens have taken hold and helped us with a will. When sitting down among you a few moments since I discovered one thing I had not thought of before. I look upon the faces of my old comrades and I find you do not look much older than you did twenty-three years ago, yet, on the other hand, I see a great many bald heads. Our heads are growing white and our beards are growing white. I am glad indeed to have the privilege of meeting so many of our citizens here. They may not know that the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is composed entirely of officers of the Army of the Tennessee, and when they see this body of men that were officers of the Army of the Tennessee twenty years ago, they must recognize the fact that they represent a large number of men. It has been remarked by those that preceded me that we had an inspiration that probably never inspired any other soldier that went forth to fight the battles of any country except that of the United States. Never before were soldiers called forth to fight their own battles. Abroad they are called forth to fight the battles of their governments, of their rulers and of their kings; they settle the quarrels of crowned heads, but here we go forth to fight our own battles. If there was a desperation and a courage shown in the late war that was unusual among soldiers, it was because each man felt he had a fight of his own on hand, and he fought as he would fight for his own household. In a country like this we can afford to live as we are living. We can live with a small standing army. We want a regular army that shall be respectable, and we want but a small army. A vast country, exceeding that of almost any country on the earth, a population and spread of territory hardly equaled by any nation of the earth, yet we may have the smallest army of almost any nation in christendom. Why? Because the people have the government in their own hands. The distance from the plough, the school-room, the lawyer's office or elsewhere to the battlefield is but a few days' march. I did not intend to say half as much, and in conclusion I would say that we have on the stage Governor Fletcher of Missouri, General Force of Cincinnati,

General Hickenlooper of Cincinnati and General Strong of Chicago, all splendid speakers.

Loud calls were made for General Fletcher, who responded as follows:

MR PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I have only a word or two to say. Somebody was saying but a few minutes ago that we were getting to be old. Now don't you know that it goes very hard with a man the first time he is called old Fletcher. A man will get old—he cannot help that—but he does not like to be told so. I remember the first time I was called old. To satisfy my curiosity I accidentally got too near to Vicksburg. I was captured by the Confederates and put in jail. I had an arm and a leg crippled and I had laid in the mud all night. I was dilapidated very much, and had nothing to eat and nothing to drink. I felt bad and looked bad. I have no doubt I looked as old as Methuselah. One man walked along with the mule, and another man with a gun guarded me. As I passed a house there were some ladies on the portico, and one said to me: "You nasty old Abolitionist, what do you want down here?" That was the first time I was ever called old. I have forgiven the Southern Confederacy for all they have done, but that I cannot forgive. We cannot deny the fact that we are getting old. Mr. President, as we grow older we get closer together. The friendship between the men of the Army of the Tennessee is constantly cemented and augmented by these reunions, and I hope they will be so managed in the time to come that this interest will continue to grow and make our reunions more of a social gathering than in time gone by. Comrades, I have no disposition to detain you with a speech to-night, for you have already heard most excellent speeches. It was shadowed forth in an address to-night that though you have laid aside your uniforms and hung up your arms, that you are still in the service, and a prominent part, the very vanguard of the army of human progress, of that great army which is to lead on mankind to the achievement of a higher and better destiny of this country of ours. Although you have ceased to be soldiers in the field, you are yet soldiers in the cause of mankind, and I trust that every member of the Army of the Tennessee will put that thought into his soul to-night.

Ladies and gentlemen of the city of Cleveland, all I can say to you for myself, and I believe I speak for all members of the Army of the Tennessee, is that our reunion in this city of Cleveland and all that has occurred since we have been here, has been so pleasant to us, that the recollection of our reunion in this good city beside the lake will be something that will dwell as a pleasant recollection forever in the inner halls of our memory.

General Force was next called upon and responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

If I understand the warning of our President, it is to come forward and say nothing. I have come forward and will say as nearly nothing as may be consistent with the invitation. I will say but one thing, and that is how pleasant it is to be here, and to thank those to whom we owe it.

If so many of us are growing old, our heads are growing gray and bald, yet when we take each other by the hands we shake off twenty years and are young again. When we meet in this way we are carried back to those four years of army life. We have to thank the resident members for what they have done to make this meeting so pleasant, and we have to thank the people of Cleveland for the reception they have given us.

We have marched through most of the states in the Union, and have met with warm receptions, but we have never found a more beautiful camp than this beautiful city; we have never met a warmer reception than we have met here.

The President then thanked the members and audience generally for their kind attention to the exercises, and declared the meeting adjourned.

TABERNACLE, *October 18, 1883.*

The President called the meeting to order at 10:30 A. M., and requested the committees as appointed yesterday to make report, if ready.

General Belknap presented the following:

"CLEVELAND, *October 18, 1883.*

The committee on nomination of officers present the following names for the consideration of the Society:

FOR PRESIDENT.

General W. T. Sherman.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Colonel Wm. B. Leach,	General Madison Miller,
Colonel W. L. Barnum,	Captain Wm. S. Burns,
General F. S. Hutchinson,	Colonel H. T. Noble,
Major J. H. Plunkett,	Colonel W. H. Gibbon,
Colonel John McFall,	Major John J. Safely,
Captain J. D. McFarland,	Major Wm. Z. Clayton.

FOR RECORDING SECRETARY.

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

FOR CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

General A. Hickenlooper.

FOR TREASURER.

General M. F. Force.

Respectfully, etc.,

W. W. BELKNAP,
Chairman."

On motion of Major Dresser:

Resolved, That the report of the committee be received and the recommendation adopted.

General Noyes presented his report as follows:

CLEVELAND, *October 18, 1883.*

The committee to whom was referred the duty of determining the time and place of the next meeting of the Society, having considered the subject, and also having taken into consideration the report and recommendations of the committee heretofore appointed to report upon the practicability of holding a

meeting at the Yellowstone National Park, beg leave to report that the time for holding the next meeting be the 15th and 16th of August, 1884, and the place be Lake Minnetonka, Minn., with headquarters at Hotel LaFayette; that after the usual business meeting of the Society, the arrangements include an excursion to the National Park of the Yellowstone, and that, for the perfection of all the arrangements for such excursion, the committee heretofore appointed on the subject of holding a meeting at the National Yellowstone Park, be continued with full powers to arrange for such excursion on the general plan proposed by that committee, provided they may find a sufficient number who desire to go.

ED. F. NOYES,
J. G. EVEREST,
T. C. FLETCHER,
D. H. BRUSH,
W. M. VOGELSON.

Surgeon Beach moved that the report of the committee be received and adopted.

General Hickenlooper said, for the purpose of getting at the sense of the Society upon the propriety of the date fixed for next meeting, I move to amend so that 1884 be stricken from the report, and 1885 substituted. My reason for doing this is that it is crowding the limit in bringing the meeting within a year.

The motion of General Hickenlooper was put and declared lost.

The report still being before the Society, discussion ensued, and Lieutenant Tuthill said, "I believe that this meeting, at Yellowstone Park, could be had at a very small expense to the individual members of the Society, if proper effort is made in that direction. It seems to me that a railroad built by the National Government, which National Government owes its existence largely to the Army of the Tennessee, ought to be willing to take a few old soldiers that belong to this Society to the Park without a very great expense, and I believe, sir, that if a proper effort is made in that direction, almost a free trip could be had by the members of this Society and such members of their families as they might desire to go. With that purpose in view, I make a motion that to the committee already appointed, there be added General John A. Logan and General John B. Raymond, both members of this Society, and that they use all proper efforts to secure to the members of the Association free transportation from Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park."

General Sanborn said: "I wish to return thanks to the committee for selecting my state as the place of next meeting.

I desire to say that there is no state in the Union which holds the Army of the Tennessee in higher estimation, and where more cordiality will be extended. I move that the report of the committee be adopted.

Motion not in order.

General W. W. Belknap: As I understand this report, it contemplates a meeting at Lake Minnetonka, and after that meeting is over an excursion to Yellowstone Park. If that is so, I am opposed to it. If we are to meet at Lake Minnetonka, let us meet there and dispose of the whole subject. If we are to meet at Yellowstone Park let us meet there. If this resolution is adopted, two hundred men will meet at Lake Minnetonka and fifteen or twenty will go to Yellowstone Park. I am in favor of meeting at Yellowstone Park, and not stopping at some way place—which, I admit, is a fine locality—and have a few stragglers go on to the Park.

Lieutenant Andreas said: Mr. President, the committee that will be in charge at Lake Minnetonka will know what the expense will be, and can ascertain also how many of the Society will go, and whether a sufficient number will go to be enabled to secure a reduction. The railroad fare to Yellowstone Park, as I happen to know, is one of the smallest expenses to be incurred. Four miles from the railroad is the mammoth springs, which is just the opening of the park, after which there is probably about one hundred and fifty miles by wagon or horseback, and perhaps six or eight days to spend to make the tour, and it is of no use whatever to visit the Park unless you make the tour. Now that expense, imagine even if we get transportation free, cannot be less than \$200, and I think will not be less than \$400. The committee can find that out before the meeting at Lake Minnetonka, and can then be decided.

Surgeon Beach: I do not wish to occupy the time of the Society. You do not seem to understand the people of the north-west as I do. Last year twelve hundred delegates met at St. Paul as delegates to the American Medical Association. Free transportation was allowed to every one of these delegates, their wives and daughters over every road in the north-west.

Lieutenant Tuthill withdrew his motion of amendment.

The question recurring on the original motion of adoption of

the report, the President put the motion and by the vote declared the report adopted.

The President stated that Lieutenant Tuthill renewed his motion to add General Logan and Captain Raymond to the Yellowstone Park Excursion Committee.

General Logan said: Mr. President, I desire to say to the Society that I do not think it would be any advantage to add my name to the committee. I am not acquainted with these railroad men, and probably would not do so well as others. I can suggest a name and would be glad if the mover would accept it. I refer to General Sanborn. He lives in that region.

The suggestion of General Logan for now naming General Sanborn as one of the committee was decided out of order, he being a member of the committee originally. General John W. Sprague and General Joseph Stockton were suggested as additions to the committee, and the President, including their names, put the motion, and it was adopted.

General Strong reported as follows:

"CLEVELAND, *October 18, 1883.*

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Your committee, appointed to select an orator for the next meeting, have agreed upon General Grant.

W. E. STRONG,
Chairman."

At the mention of General Grant's name there was a greeting of a storm of applause and cheers. General Strong stated that General Grant had been informed by telegram of the selection, but no reply had, as yet, been received.

General Sherman said he was quite sure General Grant would accept; that he had intimated to him he had something he wished to say to the Society.

The report of the committee was adopted by acclamation.

On motion of General Chetlain:

Resolved, That Mrs. Eldridge, widow of General H. N. Eldridge, be elected an honorary member of the Society.

General Williamson offered the following resolutions, which were read by the Corresponding Secretary:

Resolved, That hereafter the Society make its annual reunions

more exclusively social for the members, and to that end it will hereafter make its own arrangements for its meetings and reunions, and admit only such visitors and guests as it can conveniently without hindering or impeding free social intercourse between its members and their families.

Resolved, That the Society will hereafter admit the ladies and families of its members to its banquets and other social meetings.

Resolved, That the arrangements and conduct of annual reunions and meetings of the Society shall hereafter be in charge of committees composed only of members of the Society.

General Williamson supported the resolutions by the following remarks:

Mr. President and members: I want to say in advocacy of these resolutions, according to my observation, we have, as a society, been snowed under by the kindness of the people in the cities where we have met. Sometimes all of the arrangements are entrusted to persons who are not members of this Society. It has happened upon occasions that the members of this Society, or a large number of them, were so situated at the banquets that they were in the adjoining rooms, and not brought face to face with our President, whom we come to see, and the social feature is entirely annihilated and destroyed. It seems to me that the time has come when we want to make these social gatherings. I come not to see the good citizens of Cleveland. They have treated us well. We come to shake hands one with the other. I have talked this with many members, and they think with me that the time has come when a change should be made. In regard to the exclusion of ladies from our banquets, I undertake to say that the wife and daughter of our President and the wives and daughters of the youngest of us, would improve our manners at the table. I want to say, as you all know, that during our meetings I have seen the daughter of our President and the daughter of General Grant trying to peek in through the crack of a door while we were enjoying ourselves. I think that is shameful, and that the time has come when we do not want to continue that practice. I feel as though I could do a good deal of talking on this subject. Again, it is utterly impossible for strangers to make arrangements for us all at the table. I hope that the resolutions that I have offered may prevail.

General Taylor moved that the resolutions be adopted by this Society.

General Hickenlooper: Mr. President, I suggest that the resolutions be taken seriatim.

Agreed to division.

The President read first section of resolution.

General Hickenlooper: As far as my personal views are concerned, I agree with the second resolution most heartily, that is the admission of the ladies to our banquets. To the first resolution I am opposed, for the reason that the practical carrying out of that resolution would be difficult. I agree with the sentiment of that resolution to the extent of admitting to our banquets and social reunions, only soldiers of the army; men who have seen service in one or other of the departments, but not to confine exclusively to the Army of the Tennessee. My reason for that is that we were all soldiers in a common cause. We all suffered alike. The soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland served under the same circumstances and on the same fields as the Army of the Tennessee. They were twin brothers in a common cause, and they are prepared to sympathize in every respect with the members of this Society.

General Williamson replied and made further remarks on the resolution. He said that generally the members of the Society were snowed under by the kindness of the citizens at the places of meeting. On this account, the members were often deprived of the Society of each other, the very purpose for which the meetings were held.

On the second resolution, General Williamson said that he only knew of two Societies that exclude ladies at the banquet, the Sioux Indians and the Army of the Tennessee.

"Twenty years ago," said the General, "I attended a dog feast given by the Sioux Indians, and the 'lady Indians' were not admitted." He had also seen the daughters of Generals Sherman and Grant, and the wives and daughters of many members trying ing to peep into the banquet room. They should be admitted, he continued, and improve the social condition of the occasions.

General Logan said:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

I did not intend to enter into any discussion, but I must say that these resolutions strike me with a good deal of force in two directions. The resolution in favor of admitting the families of the members of this Society, I heartily indorse and approve. I think it is very proper and right. The other two resolutions, I am disposed to oppose. I will give you my reason for it. So far as the business organization of the Society is concerned, it has moved in an unobjectionable way. We cannot add anything to it, I think, that could improve it, but there is this principle involved in this resolution that I most seriously object to: that is, the principle of exclusiveness. I do not understand this Society to be merely a club or an organization for simply getting together to be social and exclusive. Sociability and exclusiveness are very foreign elements. The Army of the Tennessee and all the rest of the organizations of the different armies of the United States are organized together. At the same time, we claim the right to take the citizens of the United States, who aided us in the hour of need—we claim the right to recognize a citizen, wherever and whenever he comes to us. To think we should return our thanks for the kind treatment we have received by placing on record that which would show that the people are excluded in any respect from the sociability we enjoy ourselves!

Again I am opposed to any kind of society or organization of a social character taking upon itself a monopoly, or what tends in the least or slightest direction to aristocracy. The great objection that has been made to the societies of the armies that have been organized have been that they were too exclusive. In history, we have before us an army organization which should prompt us in nowise to become an exclusive organization. I will cite the first organization made in this country—an organization of the officers of the revolutionary war. It was an exclusive organization—no person admitted, except they bore a commission in the army of the United States. It became so exclusive that it became an aristocracy, and in the State of Rhode Island a law was passed preventing any man holding office that was a member of the association. So then we have a warning in the history of societies in our country that this ought not to be an exclusive organization, but it ought to be as liberal in its sociability as it was patriotic in the time of war.

I am not in favor of opening the doors to everybody to the detriment of the Society—nothing of the kind—but we can regulate that by our officers and committees under our constitution and by-laws, without placing on record that we belong to ourselves and nobody else. Each and every man in this country is as much interested in this as we are, and they have the right, if they think our Society is worth enjoying, to enjoy it with us. And we have no right to say in such terms that we belong to ourselves, and that our organization shall be exclusive, and that no person shall even look upon us, because our glory shines brighter than the glory of other men. I would like to see the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Potomac here, and I would like to see every soldier here to-day, if possible, and take him by the hand, and I am against putting anything on record that will restrict our association in any sense whatever.

General Warner spoke against the adoption of the resolutions entire, but was in favor of the second resolution.

General Leggett opposed the first and third resolutions, speaking substantially as follows:

At St. Louis the Society was certainly snowed under by the kindness of the people, who tried to outdo the people of any other place where the Society had met. He was most heartily in favor of admitting ladies to the banquet. There was one drawback which we keenly felt when preparations for the meeting were being made, and that is the limited hotel accommodations. We have, he said, the same hotels and the same hotel accommodations that we had when Cleveland was a city of sixty-five thousand, but the doors of the private residences had been thrown open and he had received offers enough to have accommodated the Society had it been twice its size. The General spoke most emphatically in favor of the second resolution in admitting ladies to the banquet and other meetings.

General Sanborn finished the discussion, opposing the first and third resolutions, when

On motion of General Buckland,

Resolved, That the first and third resolutions, as presented by General Williamson, be laid on the table.

On motion of General Leggett,

Resolved, That the second resolution presented by General Williamson be adopted.

The President read a letter from Mr. George H. Hurlbut requesting that he be elected to the membership made vacant by his father's death, and putting a motion to that effect declared it unanimously carried.

On motion of General Elliott,

Resolved, That the Secretary is hereby directed to send the following dispatch:

To the President of the Union Prisoners of War Association in session at Decatur, Illinois:

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee sends your association a most hearty greeting. It remembers your terrible sufferings and exalted patriotism."

On motion of Major Dresser,

Resolved, That the Secretary is hereby instructed to telegraph to General J. B. Steedman the sympathies of the Society and hope for his speedy recovery to health.

NOTE.—The following telegram was sent:

CLEVELAND, *October 18, 1883.*

TO GENERAL JAS. B. STEEDMAN,
Toledo, Ohio:

The Society Army Tennessee thoroughly sympathizes with you in your illness, hopes for your speedy recovery, and desires to hear from you.

L. M. DAYTON,
Secretary.

The following telegram was received after the Society adjourned:

DECATUR, ILL., *October, 18, 1883.*

TO W. T. SHERMAN,
President Society Army Tennessee, Cleveland:

The Union Prisoners of War, assembled in their eleventh annual reunion at Decatur, Illinois, send greetings to their old comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

W. W. LAUDERMILK,
President.

And the following answer was received after our meeting had adjourned:

TOLEDO, O., October 18, 1883.

To L. M. DAYTON,

Secretary Army Tennessee, Cleveland:

General James B. Steedman died at three-fifteen this P. M.

JOHN P. BRONSON,

Police Clerk.

General Leggett announced for the Local Committee, that room at the banquet to-night would be provided for all ladies the members desire to have seats at the tables.

On motion of General Hickenlooper:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be tendered the citizens of Cleveland for their kind and courteous entertainment of our Society, to the soldiers of other armies in Cleveland for their cordial aid and generous hospitality, and to the proprietor and manager of the Opera-house for it's use.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be heartily tendered to General Manager E. B. Thomas, of the C., C., C. & I. Railway Company, for his courteous offer of trains on his road; also to the management of the Nickel Plate Road for their kindness and favor to the Society, and that the Secretary be requested to hand them copies of these resolutions.

Resolved, That thanks be tendered Miss Barber for assistance rendered in distributing badges as Assistant Secretary of the Local Committee.

Captain Barber offered the following:

Resolved, That the names of all officers of our army who died in the field before the organization of the Society, be added to the roll of our distinguished dead.

The President ruled that the resolution was in the nature of an amendment to the constitution, and under the rules, must lay over until our next meeting, to be acted upon then.

On motion of Captain Barber:

Resolved, That thanks be tendered to Miss E. L. Ransom for the loan of the portrait of McPherson at the Opera-house.

Resolved, That the thanks of the Society be tendered Miss Dora Henningses and Miss Mitchell, also the Arion Quartette, for music at the Opera-house.

The President announced that General Leggett had prepared a paper, as requested by the Society at its last meeting, upon the "Battle of Atlanta," and would read it now if such was the pleasure of the Society. The desire that he should do so was universal, and General Leggett stepped to the stage and in a clear voice and forcible manner read his paper:

At our St. Louis meeting last year, I was appointed to prepare for this meeting a paper on the battle of the 22nd of July, 1864, near Atlanta. I have presumed that I was not expected to give a complete description of that engagement, but to confine myself substantially to the battle as seen from the standpoint of my command, the 3d Division of the 17th Army Corps.

To do this understandingly, I must include the movements of the evening of the 20th, and during the day of the 21st of July. During the afternoon of the 20th, the 4th Division of the 17th Corps, under General W. Q. Gresham, was deployed and marched in front, while the 3d Division marched to the left rear in echelon of brigades. Toward night General Gresham's division became quite sharply engaged; and just as the enemy were driven into the outer line of their works, General Gresham was severely wounded and carried from the field. Colonel Wm. Hall, of the 11th Iowa, assumed command of the division, but turned it over to General Giles A. Smith the next morning.

The 4th Division pressed up as closely to the enemy's lines as they could, and availed themselves of the make of the ground for protection. To have placed my Division, the 3d, to the left of the 4th, and in prolongation of its line, would have thrown it into an open field in plain view and easy range of a battery, just in front of the 4th Division, and at the same time would have left a dense strip of woods between my line and the enemy in front.

While General F. P. Blair, who commanded the 17th Corps, and myself were discussing the disposition to be made of my Division, General McPherson rode up, and suggested that we should occupy that strip of woods with a strong skirmish line. From the position where we were standing we could see that the enemy occupied a commanding position on Bald Hill in an open field to our left and front, and a short distance west of the strip of dense woodland before mentioned. General McPherson at once suggested that we should possess ourselves of that hill, and Colonel G. D. Munson, of my staff, was sent to press the skirmish line far

enough, if possible, to discover the extreme right of the enemy. He soon after reported that the Confederate line extended only a short distance south of the hill referred to. General McPherson decided that it was too late to assault the hill that night, but directed that we should do so in the morning, unless we got orders to the contrary.

I then moved my Division to the left, and forward into the woods, and bivouacked in two lines, with the 1st Brigade, General M. F. Force, on the right, the 2nd Brigade, General R. K. Scott, in the center, and the 3rd Brigade, Colonel Maloy of the 17th Wisconsin, on the left, refused so as to face south, while the other two Brigades faced west, or nearly so. The skirmish line was pushed closely to the western edge of the woods. As the 3rd Division was bivouacked, General Force was directly in front of the Bald Hill occupied by the enemy's right. I then notified him of the orders I had received, and that we must make the assault early in the morning.

General Force expressed regret that he had not known of the order sooner, and before putting his Brigade in position—saying that he had the 12th Wisconsin in the front line, which would not have been the case if he had known he was to assault the enemy in works.

The 12th Wisconsin was a large regiment of veterans, who had campaigned in Missouri and Kansas for nearly three years, but had never been under fire at the time it joined the 3rd Division, a few days before. It was a splendid regiment of stalwart men, splendidly officered. When it reported for duty, its Colonel, George E. Bryant, said he had a good regiment of good men—that they had been long in the service, and had done much hard marching, but had never been under fire, and closed with, “Now General, if you have any fighting to do, give us a chance.” I assured him that he would soon enough, probably, get all the chance he wanted, and assigned him to General Force's Brigade. General Force knew that this regiment had never been tried, while each of the others had a hundred times; yet he feared the effect upon the regiment, if he then should change its position.

Colonel Bryant and the other officers expressed the greatest confidence in their men, so they were left in the front line, and in that portion of it where most was to be done, and where the ex-

posure was greatest. General Force and myself felt anxious about this regiment, but its officers were confident.

Our intention was to make the assault about daybreak on the morning of the 21st, but upon conference with General Blair, in the latter part of the night, I learned that the 4th Division had received no orders, and the support of that Division, in making the assault, was deemed important, if not necessary—hence, it was about eight o'clock when the order to advance was given.

It was found in the morning that the enemy had considerably strengthened their works on the hill during the night. General Force's Brigade consisted of the 20th, 30th, 31st, and 45th Illinois, and the 12th and 16th Wisconsin Regiments. General Scott's Brigade consisted on that day, of the 20th, 68th and 78th Ohio Regiments. The 3rd Brigade under Colonel Maloy was held in reserve. When the order to advance was given, the skirmish line, under the immediate command of Colonel Munson, was pushed forward to draw the first fire from the enemy. The front line followed closely after the skirmishers, and the second line only a few paces in the rear. The resistance to the first Brigade was determined and sanguinary. General Force's character for coolness, self-possession and utter indifference to danger was proverbial long before this, but here he even excelled himself. To lessen their exposure, he had directed all the field officers of his Brigade to leave their horses behind, only himself and a portion of his personal staff being mounted. He had directed his command to hold their fire until in the enemy's works, and his personal presence, conspicuously mounted, enabled him to enforce this order, and prevent a single moment's halt. His men fell thick and fast around him, but it was the work of only a short time, when his Brigade was in possession of the Bald Hill, and a considerable number of prisoners. The Confederate troops occupying this hill were a portion of General Cleburne's Division. Some of the prisoners said to General Force, with both pride and chagrin, that it was the first time that Pat. Cleburne's Division was ever routed.

General Force was now in possession of the Bald Hill. He made the charge through an open field, up the side of the hill, against a confident enemy, strongly entrenched upon its summit. The 4th Division on our immediate right, advanced at the same time, but finding the enemy too strongly entrenched, and too well

supplied with artillery, were compelled to fall back into the temporary works they had erected the night before. This left General Force greatly exposed, for he was occupying the right of the enemy's line, while the enemy was still in possession of the same line to our right. We immediately began with a fatigue party to turn the works we had captured, but the enemy rallied in the woods at our right front in large force, and made several persistent and desperate efforts to dislodge General Force, but without avail. He was there to stay; and had the enemy known him as we did, they would have spared their ammunition, and saved their men. I have not been able to find General Cleburne's report of this affair of the 21st; but General Hardee, in his report of the military operations around Atlanta, says that General Cleburne described this fight for the hill on the 21st of July as "the bitterest of his life."

As soon as we could turn the enemy's works on the hill, we placed in position DeGolier's Michigan battery of Rodman guns, and shelled the enemy out of the woods in our immediate vicinity, and threw shot into Atlanta. As before stated, our line was a prolongation of the enemy's line. This brought the right of my Division facing toward Atlanta, in uncomfortably close proximity to the enemy's right, facing from Atlanta; and a continued galling fire was kept up until late in the afternoon. This hill was in an open field with nothing to protect against the direct rays of the sun. The day was extremely warm, and many of the officers and men suffered from sunstroke in the after part of the day. Among these were some of General Force's staff, whose constant activity and exposure had greatly exhausted them; and General Force himself suffered greatly from the same cause. This hill has since been known as "Leggett's Hill," but it ought to have been christened "Force's Hill," because General Force captured it and held it on the 21st by a display of most excellent generalship and unexcelled fighting qualities, and because in defending it the next day, he there fell so terribly wounded. Although the hill was captured in less time than it takes to write it, yet it cost us dearly. Our loss was 38 killed, and 294 wounded. Of these numbers, 29 were killed and 108 wounded from the 12th Wisconsin. The steadiness and gallantry of this regiment could not have been excelled. Colonel Bryant said to me that evening, "Your prophecy was too true, and fulfilled much sooner than any of us expected."

Among the wounded was our gallant and witty Colonel Tom. Reynolds, of the 16th Wisconsin. He fell with his thigh terribly crushed. The surgeons pronounced his wound fatal. While they were examining it to determine whether or not his limb should be amputated, the Colonel replied and said, "Please spare that leg, gentleman. I think a great deal of it, for it is an imported article." It will be remembered the Colonel brought this leg over from Ireland with him. The surgeons determined that he would in all probability die anyhow, and concluded to let him keep his leg; and thank God, and the Colonel's indomitable pluck, he still has both his life and his leg. After the March to the Sea, and up through the Carolinas, much to our surprise, Colonel Reynolds met us at Raleigh, North Carolina. After congratulating him upon his resurrection, I said to him that his wound had considerably shortened his leg. He answered, "Well, I don't know, General; lying so long in bed my leg got crooked at the knee joint, and the doctors put me under the influence of chloroform to straighten it, and I believe the d——d fools stretched the wrong leg."

I will be pardoned for digressing so far as to correct a few errors of history. General Sherman, in his memoirs, has both General Gresham and Colonel Reynolds wounded in the assault upon this hill, and General Wm. T. Clark, McPherson's chief of staff, makes the same mistake in several published papers. General Gresham was wounded the day before, while capturing another hill, a half mile or more to the right and rear of the one captured by General Force. General Blair, in his official report, says, that in taking this hill on the 21st, General Force was severely wounded, while the fact is, General Force was not wounded at all when capturing the hill on the 21st, but was wounded while holding it on the 22nd.

Late in the afternoon of the 21st, General Force called my attention to a column of Confederate troops moving out of Atlanta toward our left, and we both felt a little apprehensive as to their destination. This movement was witnessed also by all the officers and men in position on the hill, and on the skirmish line to the left, and the front of the hill. Notice of this movement was frequently sent back to General Blair, our corps commander, by Captain G. W. Porter, Captain A. W. Stewart, and others of my

staff, with an urgent request that my left should be strengthened by additional troops.

What the destination of these troops was, is a mystery in the light of Hood's, Hardee's, and other Confederate reports, as they all agree in saying that the movement to our left commenced after dark, and a little after eight o'clock. Whatever they were, they caused our left to be strengthened by the 4th Division of the 17th Corps under General Giles A. Smith, and General John W. Fuller's Division of the 16th Corps. General Smith's Division occupied a refused line on the left of my Division, while Fuller's Brigade bivouacked directly in my rear. As soon as the Confederate movement referred to in the afternoon of the 21st was discovered, I gave orders to strengthen our works as much as possible, and throw out traverses to the rear facing South, on the left of each company. There was just enough apprehension of danger among the men, to cause them to work with a will. Just after dark, orders came, also from General McPherson, to strengthen our lines against an assault from the front, and to be on a sharp lookout for such an assault at daybreak next morning. The work of entrenching was carried on briskly all night. The works on the hill were considerably enlarged, and much strengthened. The DeGolier Battery of Rodman Guns were removed, and the McAllister Battery of 24 lb. Howitzers placed in position on the hill. At nightfall of the 21st, my Division was in bad shape. The first and second brigades occupied a prolongation of the enemy's line on what was then known as the McDonough road.

As before stated, in the assault of the morning of the 21st, General Giles A. Smith's Division, then on our right, found it impossible to dislodge the enemy in its front, and fell back into its works, some five or six hundred yards in the rear, leaving about five hundred yards between the right of Force's Brigade, and the left of Smith's Division. When General Smith's Division moved to my left, the 15th Corps extended to the left, occupying the position vacated by Smith's Division. Smith's Division relieved my third Brigade which I used to form a refused line on my right, extending from the right of Force's Brigade, to the left of Walcutt's Brigade of the 15th Corps. General Fuller furnished me two regiments from the 16th Corps to complete this line. There were three batteries attached to my Division—the 3rd Ohio, 20th

Parrots; DeGolier's, Michigan, Rodman Guns; and the McAllister, Illinois, 24 lb. Howitzers. The McAllister was placed with General Force on the hill, while the DeGolier was adjusted to support the refused line on our right. My artillery was under charge of Captain W. S. Williams, acting as my Chief of Artillery.

The night was one of very little rest. Just after midnight, I called on Colonel George E. Wells, of the 68th Ohio, for two shrewd, reliable men, and sent them to the front with orders to go as far as they could safely. After an absence of an hour or more, they returned with a report that a column of troops was moving to our left from Atlanta.

I sent this report to General Blair, as my memoranda says, at half past one o'clock the morning of the 22nd.

At break of day, the troops were on the alert, but no attack was made, and there was an ominous silence all along the line. It was soon discovered that the enemy had drawn out of the line at the right of General Force. I at once swung my third Brigade, Colonel Maloy, forward into the vacated works to the right of General Force, and the 15th corps did the same to the right of my Division, and all commenced changing the works to face toward Atlanta. The 3rd and 4th Divisions had an admirable line of works, with numerous traverses facing to the left, and as well arranged as they could have been *on that line* to resist the sanguinary assault so near at hand.

Soon after sunrise, Generals McPherson and Blair visited our lines. Both seemed impressed with the belief that the enemy had evacuated Atlanta, and both Smith's and my skirmish lines were advanced until we drew the fire of the enemy, and found Atlanta still guarded, but as was then thought, with a small force; and we were directed to locate a line of works as far to the front as we could, and when properly constructed to move forward into them. General Smith and myself, with the brigade commanders, went to the front, and located a new line, and fatigue parties were sent forward with their entrenching tools.

For two days and nights the officers and men had obtained no rest. The weather was extremely warm, and General Force's command, both officers and men, had been constantly exposed both to the direct rays of the sun, and the galling fire of Cleburne's troops. General Force himself was so exhausted as to

fall asleep on his horse, while locating the new line for works in the front. General Smith's Division had also been hard at work all night, and had been on the alert for two days before, with little or no rest.

About ten o'clock in the morning of the 22nd, I received word that our corps hospital, about two miles at the rear, was being menaced by Confederate cavalry, and I directed General Scott to send Colonel Wells with the 68th Ohio to protect it. About the same time Captain Peter Hitchcock, Quarter Master of my Second Brigade, sent word that the enemy had just captured a man standing picket only a short distance in rear of General Smith's left. I started to confer with General Smith on these matters, but before reaching him, skirmish firing was heard in the rear, and I returned to the hill from which I could see the 68th Ohio deployed, and firing at an enemy, not visible at my standpoint. General Fuller quickly took in the position, faced his Division to the rear, and double-quickened back on to the ridge behind where he had been lying. The 68th Ohio was moving slowly towards us but kept up a constant fire toward their left.

The other Division of the 16th Corps was moving by the right flank toward Fuller's Division, but had not closed up to it. Colonel Alexander, of General Blair's Staff, at this point, joined Colonel Wells, and urged that he press the enemy hard to hold them back until the 16th Corps was closed up. Just as the two Divisions of the 16th Corps had come together, the enemy in double line came out of the dense forest in their front. General Fuller by good luck had parked his artillery in exactly the right place, and it was very efficient. Both Divisions of the 16th Corps immediately became hotly engaged. The enemy were evidently greatly surprised at finding such a force in that position, and were easily repulsed, and fell back into the woods in a southeasterly direction.

Just at this time, I espied General McPherson upon the high ground in the immediate rear of General Fuller's command, and sent Captain John B. Raymond, of my staff, to enquire of General McPherson the expediency of having General Giles A. Smith and myself change our line so as to face south, and at the same time I sent Captain George W. Porter to ascertain whether or not the left of General Smith, and the right of General Fuller were

sufficiently near together to antagonize any force seeking entrance there.

The enemy in front of the 16th Corps rallied in the woods, and then knowing what they had to meet, renewed their attack with increased vigor and bitterness; but the 16th Corps had also had time to dress its lines, and prepare for this second assault, and met it splendidly. The conflict continued for some time, with no appearance on either side of any disposition to yield the ground, when the enemy gave way, and fell back in confusion, followed by the 16th Corps. The attack was not again renewed from that direction. This flanking force of the enemy was Hardee's Corps, consisting of four Divisions, commanded by Generals Bate, Walker, Cleburne, and Maney respectively. Bate and Walker were on the right of Hardee's infantry, and Cleburne and Maney on his left, while Wheeler's cavalry was on his extreme right. The first attack upon the 16th was by Bate's, and part of Walker's Divisions, while the second was by the whole of these two divisions.

These conflicts between Fuller's and Sweeny's Divisions of General Dodge's 16th Corps, and Bate's and Walker's Divisions of Hardee's Corps, were among the few engagements of the War of the Rebellion, where the opposing forces met in the open field, with no works to protect or shield either side.

In Hardee's movements upon our left, it was his design to have his right reach to the right of our 15th Corps and assault it, while his left should reach to the left of our 17th Corps, hence, he swung his right more rapidly forward than he did his left, and Bate and Walker struck the 16th Corps before his left reached the left of the 17th. The second assault, however, was simultaneous with the attack upon General Giles A. Smith's Division, which was the left of the 17th Corps.

To understand the disadvantageous position of Smith's line at this time, it must be remembered that my line was on the McDonough road running nearly north and south, and facing almost due west; while Smith's line was refused so as to guard against an assault upon our left flank, and consequently his line ran in a southeasterly direction. Hardee was seeking to strike us directly in the rear, and not in the flank, hence, as before stated, was more rapidly advancing his right, so he was marching in a northwesterly direction, the general direction of his line being northeast and

southwest. Smith's line therefore was almost exactly perpendicular to Hardee's line of battle, so that the enemy struck it squarely on the flank, enveloped Smith's left regiment, and captured it before Smith could so change the front of the balance of his division as to resist and check Hardee's advance. In change of front, General Smith was obliged to uncover two pieces of artillery belonging to an Illinois battery, and these were also captured. He succeeded, however, in repulsing the enemy's attack after a most desperate encounter of considerable duration.

In repulsing the Divisions of Bate and Walker, the 16th Corps had so advanced in following up the enemy as to materially widen the gap between Fuller's right and Smith's left, so that much of General Cleburne's command passed unmolested between the Divisions, and quickly appeared directly in the rear of the third Division. My Division, the third, was occupying the works it took from General Cleburne the morning of the day before, and Cleburne was now assaulting us from the same direction, and over the same ground we assaulted him. From the assertion made by the prisoners we captured from him, that it was "the first time Pat. Cleburne's Division was ever routed;" and Cleburne's report to Hardee that his fight with us on the 21st was "the bitterest of his life," we may easily imagine the spirit that inspired him and his men, when they came upon us with their demoniac yells, so characteristic of Pat. Cleburne's Texans. Our men immediately leaped their works, putting their backs towards Atlanta, and for vindictive desperation, this encounter was probably never exceeded. When this assault was commenced, I was at the left of my line with General Smith, but immediately rode to the hill occupied by General Force.

The attack was finally repulsed, leaving many prisoners in our hands. Cleburne's troops were but just driven back to the strip of woods at the foot of the hill, when General Cheatham's Corps advanced upon us from toward Atlanta. This assault covered both my front and General Smith's, and other Confederate troops at the same time struck the 15th Corps to our right.

As soon as the first attack was made on the 16th Corps, we anticipated a co-operating attack from Atlanta, and I sent Colonel Munson, of my staff, to take charge of the skirmish line, and retard as much as possible any assault from that direction. Colonel Munson, probably, had no superior in ability to handle a

skirmish line. A skirmish line under his control was equal to a line of battle in the hands of some others. He had a quick eye, excellent judgment, and that kind of fearless courage that gave him staying qualities, and a personal magnetism that inspired his men to stay with him. On this occasion he made his skirmishers fight so desperately as to retard Cheatham's advance, and thereby prevent his effective co-operation with Cleburne. Cheatham finally struck savagely, and found our men again upon the right side of their works facing Atlanta, where a sanguinary struggle ensued. The enemy began to waver when our men leaped the works, and forced them rapidly back at the point of the bayonet. Near the right of my Division, my Chief of Artillery, Captain Williams, had placed two pieces of the McAllister battery of 24 lb. Howitzers. The battery did magnificent service during the whole day.

Cheatham's Corps was but fairly repulsed, when Cleburne, who had fallen back into the woods in the immediate rear of my Division to readjust his line, again renewed his assault upon our rear with more anger, if possible, than before, but they were more easily repulsed, for General C. C. Walcutt, then Colonel Commanding the left Brigade of the 15th Corps, was on my immediate right, and so changed front as to obtain an enfilading fire on Cleburne's attacking troops, which quickly caused them to seek shelter in the strip of woods, followed a short distance by our men. There were indications that Cheatham's forces were again preparing for another assault from toward Atlanta, and our men were again called back to their works. At this time General Cleburne was unable to re-adjust his lines, and repeat his assault upon the same ground, for General Walcutt continued to pour in a galling fire upon his right flank, and General Fuller, becoming satisfied that the attack was not to be renewed, upon his front, had faced to the rear, and come to our assistance, by attacking Cleburne in the rear, compelling him to withdraw by the left flank. Immediately Cheatham was upon us again from toward Atlanta, supported by the Confederate troops upon his left. This assault was pressed with great vigor, causing the whole of the 15 Corps, except General Walcutt's Brigade, to give way, and fall back to the ridge in the rear, from which they had advanced early in the morning. Discovering this, I immediately went to the right of my Division and found General Walcutt still holding his position;

but while with him, an order came from his Division Commander, directing him to fall back in line with the balance of the 15th Corps.

I said to him that the order was certainly a mistake; that my orders from General Blair, General Logan and directly from General Sherman were to hold the hill at any hazard and at whatever cost; but to do so would be impossible if the enemy were to have, undisputed, our front, and both our flanks. General Walcutt responded promptly that he could stay there as long as I could, and that he would take the responsibility of disobeying orders in doing so.

The position he held at the time was one of extreme exposure. The enemy, flushed with a temporary victory on his right, was pushing him with renewed vigor and determination. To determine to stay there and hold his position, even in violation of the orders of his superior officer, was a test of personal courage and good judgment to which very few officers were subjected. Yet to this action of this gallant officer, we were undoubtedly very largely indebted for our final victory on the 22nd of July. The right of his Brigade was partially protected by a small swamp covered with a dense undergrowth of brush, while his left occupied a high point of land overlooking my 3rd Brigade, the highest point then held by our army north of the Hill captured by General Force the morning of the day before. If the enemy had got possession of this elevation, held by General Walcutt, the position of my 3d Brigade would have been utterly untenable. If I had been compelled to withdraw my 3rd Brigade, I should also have been compelled to have abandoned the hill; and to have abandoned the Hill at that time would probably have resulted in a catastrophe not now pleasant to contemplate.

Up to this point in the battle, we had been extremely fortunate in being able to prevent the assaults in our front and rear, from being simultaneous. We had been able to repel the enemy from one side and then leaping the works repel it from the other.

Just about this time the 15th Corps was driven back from its position, Hardee having massed his divisions, or more strictly speaking, having shortened his line by closing more compactly, and having moved his whole line more to his left. with his artillery at short range, so posted as to enfilade the whole line of our works, made an irresistible charge directly upon Smith's left flank, and doubled back his Division upon mine. For a time the

two Divisions were thoroughly intermingled, and fought as if they belonged to the same regiments and brigades. The traverses thrown out the night before were a great protection to our troops, and enabled them to greatly retard the enemy's progress.

It at once became apparent that we must make a change of our front. At this moment Colonel George E. Wells with the 68th Ohio, whose instincts always seemed to guide him exactly to the place where most needed, having made a detour to the right, made his appearance upon the hill at this critical moment. Colonel Munson immediately aided Colonel Wells in placing the 68th Ohio in a new line nearly at right angles with the former line, and its right resting against the works on the hill and facing south.

While my staff were busily engaged moving my second Brigade back to this new line, to aid them and to further retard the enemy, I swung my Third Brigade forward, wheeling to the left on the Atlanta side of our works, so as to face southerly, and by aid of our 24lb. Howitzer guns, the enemy's advance was so held in check as to enable our troops to form on the new line, with Smith's Division to the left of mine. The 16th Corps also changed front and closed on General Smith's left. As soon as the new line was partially established the Third Brigade of my Division was again swung back into the works. Probably no occasion during the war, displayed so strikingly the discipline and soldierly qualities of the Army of the Tennessee, as did this change of front under the circumstances. Hardee's Corps, compactly formed, was charging and rapidly doubling our left flank, while his artillery was enfilading our whole line, and a galling cross-fire was being poured upon us from Shoupe's battery in Atlanta. The new line was but partially formed, however, when it was struck with great vigor, by Hardee's advancing columns, and a hand to hand conflict ensued not exceeded in fierceness by any assault during the day, but our men held their position, and repulsed the enemy.

No time was lost by our troops, and defensive works sprang up as if by magic all along the line. The day was now nearly spent. My first Brigade still held the hill. The 15th Corps had recovered its line and was again in the same position as when the battle opened. My Third Brigade held its position throughout the struggle, and so did so much of the first Brigade as was on the

north of the Hill, but immediately south of the Hill, our line broke abruptly to the rear, facing south.

Our line therefore was so formed as to present a right angle at the Hill—the apex of the Hill being within the angle. We felt that this was an awkward position, but one forced upon us against our will. This angle was a tempting exposure to the enemy, consequently they reformed, and just at twilight they made a bitter and persistent assault directly upon this angle, and came up against our works, leaving only the embankment between the two maddened lines. This last and bloodiest assault lasted until long after dark, when the enemy receded a few yards to works abandoned by us in our change of front, where they remained until toward the next morning and then withdrew. This ended the battle of the 22nd of July, 1864, or the battle of Atlanta, as it has generally been called.

The struggle to recover from us the Hill was fierce and desperate beyond description. The carnage at this point was terrible and sickening. The ground from close to our works to one hundred yards or more away, was littered with the dead.

During the whole of the battle, General Hood, the commander in chief, of the Confederate forces in and about Atlanta, occupied a position where the Hill and most of the 17th Corps' line were plainly within his view, and he witnessed all the movements and personally directed the assaults from toward Atlanta. Shoupe's Battery was close by his position, and he kept it playing upon us all the afternoon and much of the night.

The fortunate position of Colonel Wells, with the 68th Ohio Infantry, at the first appearance of the enemy in force, giving us full warning of their design before reaching our lines; the more than magnificent fighting of the 16th Corps, utterly defeating the enemy in the plan of striking the whole Army of the Tennessee in the rear; and the patriotic personal courage of General C. C. Walcutt, in assuming the responsibility of disobeying the orders of his immediate superior and protecting the right of flank of the 17th Corps in its most exposed and trying moment, were winning features of this bloody battle; yet the heaviest struggle and hardest fighting undoubtedly fell upon the 17th Corps. From the opening to the close of the engagement, from 11:30 A. M. to 8 P. M., the 3rd and 4th Divisions of this Corps were continually and most of the time fiercely engaged.

Often the conflict was a hand to hand encounter, with instances of brilliant personal valor all along the line, too numerous to mention in this paper. Almost at the very opening of the battle the gallant McPherson, who as our former 17th Corps Commander, and now as the Commander of our Army of the Tennessee, had led us so successfully through so many tiresome marches and hard fought engagements, was shot by the enemy and fell dead from his horse.

As a commander he was most thoroughly respected, and as a man loved by every officer and man in the old 17th Corps, and probably in the whole Army of the Tennessee. Captain Raymond, as before stated, was sent to him for orders. He rode up to him, obtained orders, and started to return to me by a road entering the woods by my headquarters. He had but just entered the woods, when General McPherson rapidly followed him. Captain Raymond had ridden but a short distance into the woods, before he found himself closely in front of Cleburne's line of battle, parallel with the road, moving from the south toward it. They cried out "halt" to him and commenced firing; but his horse being in full run across the front of Cleburne's line, he had passed about the distance of a regimental front when his horse was shot, and he fell into the enemy's hands. He says he had scarcely extricated himself from his horse, when again he heard the word, "halt," followed by some rapid firing, and General McPherson fell.

McPherson knew that Captain Raymond had come to him on this road, and was returning on it, and consequently had no reason to apprehend danger from following him.

The death of General McPherson was quickly known to all our troops, and also the fact that General Logan had succeeded to the command. In General Logan, all had confidence. He was personally well known to every man in the Army of the Tennessee, and his presence in battle was always a power. He always seemed to have a kind of magnetic influence, exciting to deeds of valor, every officer and man.

General R. K. Scott, commanding my 2d Brigade, rode out to the 68th Ohio as soon as he discovered it was engaged, but hearing firing on the front, he started to return, and followed General McPherson into the woods. He had gone but a few yards when his horse was shot, himself slightly wounded, and he captured.

The same force that had killed General McPherson and captured General Scott, a few moments later presented itself at the foot of the hill held by General Force, and commenced the assault, in which General Force, and his Adjutant-General, Captain Walker, both fell severely wounded, Captain Walker in his thigh, from which he subsequently died and General Force by a minnie ball through his head, entering just below the outer corner of the left eye, and coming out close by the right ear. That General Force recovered, and was able four months later, to go with us on the march to the sea seemed almost miraculous.

Thus the Army was deprived of its loved commander, and my Division of its 1st and 2d Brigade Commanders, by General Cleburne's advanced line in his first assault. General R. K. Scott was a discreet, but a brave, daring, officer, and his services in such an engagement would have been invaluable. General Force was the idol, not only of his Brigade, but of the whole Division. His loss was severely felt, and at first threatened to be disastrous. The next officer in rank, in his command, was Colonel Bryant, of the 12th Wisconsin Infantry, who as a commanding officer had never been under fire until the day previous.

When directed to assume command of the Brigade, and to hold the hill, Colonel Bryant modestly preferred to be left with his regiment, but reluctantly obeyed the order to take command. He very soon won the confidence of the officers and men, by his cool, self-possessed manner, and his careful handling of his troops. Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Wiles, of the 78th Ohio, assumed command of the 2d Brigade. Colonel Wiles was well known to the Brigade, and had the confidence of the men from the beginning.

General Smith had been in command of the 4th Division only 24 hours when the battle opened, and could hardly have had his command well in hand, when called upon to resist a most vigorous assault directly upon his left flank. The assaults upon the flank of the 4th Division so mixed its companies and men of different companies together, as would have made troops of less patriotism and nerve, utterly worthless, and an easy prey for the enemy. The same was true later in the day, of the 3rd Division, and in fact the men of the two divisions became thoroughly intermixed about the time of our change of front, yet all this did not seem to materially affect the fighting or staying qualities of these commands. Wherever the men were, their faces were to

the enemy, and every man doing soldierly work. The use of the clubbed musket, and hand to hand conflicts were frequent all along the line. General W. W. Belknap personally seized the Colonel of the 45th Alabama by the coat collar, and dragged him over the works, and made him prisoner. Some privates in the 17th Wisconsin, of the 3rd Division, seized the horse of a Lieutenant of a Confederate battery by the bridle, and pulled him over our works with its rider; and many prisoners all along our lines were captured in the same way. Captain John Orr, of the 78th Ohio, discovered a Confederate soldier just in the act of bayoneting the color-bearer of his regiment, and springing upon him with the sword, cut his head almost clean from his body, for which act he was awarded a gold medal. Very many instances of individual prowess might be sighted, for probably very few battles of our late war were equally characterized by so much man to man fighting.

The number of men engaged in this battle must have been over sixty thousand.

On the 20th of July there was present for duty in the 15th, 16th and 17th Corps, of our army, including the artillery 27,593.

While on the 10th of July, there was present for duty in Hardee's and Cheatham's Corps and Wheeler's Cavalry, including artillery, 37,455.

On the 20th, at Peach-tree Creek, the enemy's loss had been more than ours, and on the 21st about the same.

The assistance afforded from men and artillery in Atlanta on the 22nd, not belonging to Cheatham's Corps, probably fully compensated for their losses referred to, so they must have brought into the battle of the 22nd fully 37,000 men, against 27,000 in our Army of the Tennessee, making in all about 64,000 men engaged.

Respectfully submitted,

M. D. LEGGETT.

When he had finished he received a very special expression of applause from the members as also a unanimous vote of thanks, and a vote that the paper be spread upon the records.

The President stated that Captain Barber had prepared a paper on the Battle of Nashville, which he desired to lay before the Society. The paper was received, and at the request of Captain Barber was read by General Hickenlooper:

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

In compliance with a resolution of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and the repeated requests that members should write short histories of the battles engaged in by them, from their own stand-point, and never having seen any account of the part taken by the Army of the Tennessee in the battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, 1864, I have concluded to write in my imperfect way a short history of the part taken in that battle by what was then known as a detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, afterwards the 16th Army Corps, under the immediate command of that gallant old fighting General, A. J. Smith, better known among the boys as the Old Guerilla Chief.

A portion of this command, to which the writer belonged, left Memphis late in October, 1864, under command of General J. A. Mower, and proceeded up White river to Duval's Bluff, then marched across Arkansas nearly to Little Rock, in an effort to intercept the rebel General Price, found he had passed North into Missouri, whereupon we followed him into that state. At Jefferson City we joined with the balance of our command under General Smith, and there our *grand* old Division Commander, J. A. Mower, left us (and we never saw him again) to join with General Sherman in his "March to the Sea." Our command then marched entirely across the state of Missouri from East to West, still following Price, but could never get near enough to give him battle. After arriving in Kansas we were ordered back to St. Louis, and two days after starting were joined by that grand old Scotchman, General John McArthur, who came to take command of our division, and with whom it was our good fortune to serve to the close of the war. The morning he joined us it commenced snowing, and we marched two days in snow nearly to our knees. We arrived at St. Louis and commenced to re-clothe the men of the command, which was not completed before we were ordered to Nashville by transports, arriving and landing there on the day on which was fought the ever memorable battle of Franklin, Tennessee, under the immediate command of General Schofield, who fell back during the night and formed the line surrounding Nashville, his command being on the immediate left of the detachment of the Army of the Tennessee. A portion of the Cavalry Corps under command of that dashing and gallant soldier, General Hatch, were on our right, reaching to the river. General

J. D. Cox's command being on the left of General Schofield, reaching to the command of General Steedman, whose line reached to the river on the extreme left of the whole army, under the command of that grand and glorious old soldier, familiarly called by all the boys, old Pap Thomas, to whom all honor is justly due for the complete and decisive victory achieved in those two day's hard fighting, over the rebel General Hood's army, that all know was so thoroughly routed and scattered as to be of no farther use in the war.

Since the death of General Thomas, I have been pained to see an effort made by a Corps Commander of that army to appropriate for himself the honor and glory so justly due General Thomas for that battle. I will now give the incidents of the battle as they fell under my own observation.

After waiting a number of days for the ice to be off the ground, so that men could stand up and be able to march, on the morning of Dec. 15th, the cavalry on the right and the detachment of our army marched out at daylight and commenced the fighting, beating back the enemy and swinging half round to the left doubled down the rebel's line, entirely across the front of General Schofield's Corps, capturing three forts and many prisoners during the day, it being a foot-race all day between our command and the cavalry who should get there first. The only part taken in that day's fight by General Schofield and his command, was their immediate presence and readiness to pitch in, if they were needed, and his personally taking possession of one of the forts taken by General Smith's command. After we had taken the fort, I was with my commanding officer in that fort, when General Schofield with his entire staff and body guard marched in and planted his Corps flags on the embankments, while the brass band played, "Lo, the conquering hero comes."

In the bivouac that night we had changed places with General Schofield's command, he being on our right, and General J. D. Cox on our left. I do not know the position of the other parts of the army on the morning of the 16th. The 1st Brigade of the 1st Division of the detachment to which I belonged, and was serving as A. A. D. C. was on the right, and immediately joined General Schofield's troops.

We were in line protected somewhat by a small breastwork composed of rails and earth, very close up to the rebel line. Our

Division and Brigade Headquarters were together that day, therefore, I had good opportunity to know whereof I write.

The salient point of the enemy's line was in the immediate front of the Division on our right. I heard General McArthur say to the commanding officer of that Division if he would charge the hill in his front, he, (General McArthur) would charge with his Division through the cornfield. We should thus have been in open ground, while the other Division would have been somewhat protected by the hill in front. The reply was that he would not charge without orders from Corps Headquarters, consequently there was no decisive fighting done until afternoon, only a constant firing of artillery and infantry. Shortly after noon a staff officer of General Smith's came to General McArthur with General Smith's compliments and wanted to know why he did not take that hill. Word was immediately sent back that the hill did not lay in our front, or he should have charged for it long ago. Time enough elapsed for that officer to return and another one to come, who delivered an order couched in the following characteristic words, "General Smith's compliments and he directs that you *take* that hill by G—, sir." Thus the word had gone forth from the man, that, all of his command were very much in the habit of heeding.

An order was immediately issued for the 1st Brigade to withdraw our men from the line, form in front of the adjoining Division, and take that hill. The writer personally carried the order to the regimental commanders. In forming our line, we walked through and over their men as they lay on the ground, formed our line and made the charge that called forth the dispatch sent by General Thomas that night to the President of the United States, in these words, "General Smith, with McMillen's Brigade of McArthur's Division charged and captured the salient point of the enemy's line, with over a thousand prisoners to-day." The capture of that point opened the way for the troops on our left and right, so that inside of thirty minutes the whole rebel army was running, throwing away their arms and accoutrements as they ran; our army all following as fast as they could, capturing many prisoners and a large portion of their artillery.

Darkness soon after set in and we were compelled to stop, renewing the pursuit the next morning and continuing it until we reached the river near Iuka, at which point our portion of the

army encamped for a time, the other troops being sent to other points. In the charge our Brigade captured one battery of six guns, which were hauled out by the men of the 72nd O. V. I., and a guard of a corporal and one man placed over them until horses could be procured to haul them back to Nashville, before the arrival of which, the same commanding General before referred to as appropriating our fort the day before, and since been trying to appropriate General Thomas' well earned honors, came in person, drove off our guard and appropriated the battery as trophies of his own Corps. For the truth of the latter statement, I need only refer any one who doubts it to Major Snyder, Captain McClary or Captain Bidle, all of the 72nd O. V. I., and to be found at Fremont, Ohio.

I might write many little incidents, some humorous and some solemn, but will not, having shown the general part taken by a portion of our glorions old Army of the Tennessee in that battle, and having a strong desire that all the acts of that Army should become a matter of record and not entirely lost sight of.

I respectfully submit the same to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

JOSIAH BARBER,
*Late Adjutant 95th Regiment O. V. I.,
Cleveland, Ohio.*

General Warner requested that Captain Barber would eliminate from his paper such parts as seemed to reflect on officers of other armies, though their names had not been given. General Warner said he thought the paper unnecessarily reflected on General Schofield and his command.

Although Captain Barber agreed to the suggestion, there were objections to it being done, on the ground of the conclusion that Captain Barber was to be the judge of his belief, though he was writing facts—that the paper must submit to investigation as so much history.

On motion of Colonel Fletcher,

Resolved, That Captain Barber's paper on the Battle of Nashville be accepted as presented to the Society, and spread upon its records.

Colonel Dayton called the attention of the Society to the present condition of the monument and fencing that marks the spot where

General McPherson was killed, stating that the iron fencing had been broken and nearly destroyed and the monument damaged.

He expressed the opinion that the Society being responsible for its care, should immediately take steps and put the fencing, etc., in good repair. To that end he offered the following:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to ascertain the condition of the monument and the fencing surrounding it, that marks the spot where General McPherson was killed, make such renewal or repair as may be deemed necessary, and they are authorized to draw on the Treasurer to cover the expenses incurred therefor and the Treasurer is hereby directed to pay the same on presentation.

The resolution was unanimously adopted and the President appointed General Force to carry it into execution.

The President enquired of the members, if they had any further business for the consideration of the Society. There being none brought up, he said: "There is nothing further for us to do, but to attend the banquet this evening. The eating will begin at 9 o'clock, and an hour and a half ought to be enough to eat and drink. The toasts will take up the time until 2 o'clock. That's all I can stand, and probably as much as any of you want. I hope this, because nearly all the bummers have gone to the happy hunting grounds, but if there are any of 'em left, they can reorganize after 2 o'clock, and keep up the fun as long as they please. I now declare the business meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee adjourned, until we meet again next August at Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis."

BANQUET.

Every possible arrangement was made for the annual banquet at Roller Rink, and as the members of the Society arrived there, their own observation assured them of the good time in store. All being present and assigned their seats—a table on the west side of the hall was assigned the President, and on his right were Generals Logan, Noyes, Fallows, Belknap, Hickenlooper, and Colonel Smith, and on his left sat General Fairchild, Governor Foster, Generals Force, Fuller, Fletcher, Sanborn, Chetlain and Strong. The President called to order at 9:15 o'clock, and requested Bishop Fallows to invoke the blessing. When he had finished, seats were resumed and the dinner was served, a couple of hours being consumed in this pleasureable enjoyment, during which the band favored us with many choice and familiar pieces of music. The President again called attention, and saying that the programme of toasts and responses would then be begun and carried through, announced,

FIRST TOAST:—“*The Beginning and the End.*”

Response by COLONEL H. WILSON.

At the beginning, the voice of Lincoln was heard saying to the men of the South: “You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy this government, while I shall have a most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.”

Yet all unheeding they went into the war with their heads in the clouds and their feet in the mud.

They had energy, courage and devotion never surpassed. But they lacked that inventive genius which could supply a want and meet an emergency. And lacking this, war was to them from the beginning to the end, gradual but certain exhaustion.

Not so with the men of the North. They were not eager for the fight, but when the first lightning of the storm flashed from the guns at Sumter, they sallied into camp, and laying the hand upon the heart, said to the President “let our oaths be registered with yours in Heaven.” Then, bending their heads to the storm, they caught the cadenced step, and swung out on that awful

march to death, with courage, with energy, with devotion equal to the South, and with that genius, born of free labor, which grew with the hour to meet every emergency and supply every want.

At first we saw our regiments cross the Ohio and the Potomac a thousand strong. Then through the rifted clouds of war we saw their blue lines marching on the plains of the South, only five hundred; then coming out of the wilderness and down to the sea, only three hundred; but always a thousand strong, for when our comrades lay down by the wayside to die, as Elisha took Elijah's mantel, we took up their prowess and added their strength to ours, and at the last roll-call we could say to the God of battles, in the sweet spirit of the maiden in that poem of childhood's memory, "Nay Master, we are a thousand, the living and the dead. Call the roll of their victories to-night."

Some Jomini will be compelled to open again the annals of military science to record their achievements. The armies of the old world knew how to battle and besiege and subdue fortresses, but the new has shown them how to annihilate space and subdue a continent. Their generals knew how to supply an army, but Grant has taught them how to fight without a base. Their rank and file knew how to deal out death to the enemy, but ours have shown them how to save the lives of their own men. Napoleon, at the first flush of genius, striking for empire, marches his army over the impassable Alps. But Sherman, guided by the torchlight of liberty, marched his veterans through impenetrable swamps. Their armies are perfect machines. Ours were intelligence in arms, that formed into line without orders and fought without command.

Now, the world knows that the school-house belongs to the enginery of war; that a free people who have beaten their swords into ploughshares and pruning hooks, can convert these again into the sword to defend their liberties; that the best soldier is the good citizen; that henceforth the throne of empire is in the hearts of the people.

Four years of bloody war; but the future is peace; three hundred thousand victims on the altar; but our Nation, the Isaac of the generations of freemen yet unborn, still lives. Armless and legless heroes all over the land, but the limbs of the slave are free. Sorrow in every household, but the people of the nations of the

earth rejoice. Vacant chairs at every fireside, but Liberty sits enthroned in the chair of state.

Yet, all of these are but the beginning of the end. The empire sprung up in the West is the creation of the unexpended energies of the war—the rebound of the force that crushed the Rebellion; and that Empire now is to the desert that was, only what the new South will be to the old. With free labor, has come to her diversified industry, competition, division of lands, the building of shops, the opening of mines, the construction of railways and prosperity.

Now her bridle paths will broaden into highways; her slave hut will give way to the school-house; her Shilohs will no longer be log cabins in the woods. Commerce following the example of our army will blaze its way on new roads to the sea, and cotton, that spoiled child of slavery, will roll her snowy fleece into the lap of the world ten-fold greater than slavery ever produced. Even now the day is dawning when the children of the South will kiss the rod that smote their fathers.

But while these achievements are marching in upon the world, the old army is marching out. Lincoln, who called them to arms here, is calling them now from the other shore. And as one by one they fall into their graves, angels catch the requiem echoed up from the war and sing, "They are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." And when they are all dead the oppressed of every clime will still look to their graves and say, "the end is not yet, for their works live after them. Their bodies are the seed that has fallen into the ground, and we shall reap the harvest."

MUSIC, "*Old Lang Syne*." Band.

SECOND TOAST. "*What we fought for*."

Response by COLONEL T. C. FLETCHER.

MR CHAIRMAN:

To determine the question as to whether all the powers of government, not specifically conferred on the national government or on the states by the constitution, were reserved to the national or the state governments was what the war of the rebellion was about. We asserted that ours was a government by the people and of the people and for the people, and that all reserved powers—all powers not expressly conferred on the states

could only be exercised by the people through the machinery of their national government. We claimed that the national authority was supreme, and so when the flag of the stars and stripes which symbolized the national authority was fired upon, we took arms to uphold that authority and did vindicate it by arms, and finally waved the emblem of that authority in victory over every political subdivision of the Republic, and made it the emblem of national supremacy forever.

But it was not merely to settle an abstract principle in government that called more than 1,000,000 men to arms—that 400,000 lives of loyal men was sacrificed and 300,000 patriotic soldiers and sailors were maimed and crippled for life, and 1,000,000 widows, mothers and orphans were left to mourn the loved ones who never returned, and more than 4,000,000,000 dollars was expended. It was for the preservation and perfecting of the form, and establishment of the necessary powers of government over a territory wherein Providence had combined all the requisite conditions for the achievement of a grander and surer civilization; a higher and better destiny than man had elsewhere attained in all the ages. It was to spread all over every one of the 4,000,000 square miles, over which the flag of the Republic waves, perfect security to every human being of life, liberty and prosperity; that broadest and highest liberty of the individual consistent with the safety and well being of the community. It was to found securely forever, here upon this continent, a government, by the people, of supreme authority over an area of extent of territory and with capabilities for sustaining and profitably maintaining a population sufficient to make it the most powerful nation on earth. It was to dedicate to Liberty and self-government a home extending from the Bay of Fundy to San Diego; from the reefs of Florida to Cape Flattery. It was for this we fought.

Behold now this land of beauty and grandeur! Its ocean girt shores; its mountains and plains; its valleys and forests; its flocks and herds; its cities and villages reaching away from ocean to ocean; its grain fields of the North and cotton fields of the South; its varied, valuable and extensive resources; its 4,008,000 farms producing 2,300,000,000 bushels of grain; exporting annually 200,000,000 dollars worth of bread stuff; \$100,000,000 worth of provisions; \$225,000,000 worth of cotton, and over \$700,000,000 of other exports; who can estimate its capacity for sustaining popu-

lation? We fought to give this country to the untold millions of soldiers who shall come after us, as a bounty for their services in the cause of mankind. We fought to give them a country in which the yield of precious metals and the value of the products of manufactures exceeds that of any country in the world, and we made for them a nation of peace, and yet of power the per cent. of whose income applied to the support of an army is less than that of any nation on earth.

We point to the Republic to-night as our trophy—its 110,000 miles of rail road, 22,000 miles of interior navigable rivers and canals, its water ways of great lakes, gulfs and sounds; its manufactures, which light up the shores of the great rivers, the smoke and fire of which ascend, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to lead on the 800,000 liberty-loving, enterprising people, who in a single year came to us from foreign lands to find homes for themselves and their posterity. The victory of the national forces made us a nation, able to pay its debts and to pension its soldiers.

The victory was for all time and for all people; beneath the fostering care of the Republic, as made by our victory, the arts and sciences will know unprecedented progress. Here, in these great altitudes, and along the mighty rivers, surrounded by majestic scenery—the wide-spread book of nature—there will be developed, by the mingling of the races which cluster beneath our flag, the highest type of the physical man that the world ever saw, and from the school house on every hill top will go forth into the field of practical life these strong men, crowned with the power of education, to enlist for life in the great advancing army of human progress, until the nation shall become the advance guard of that grand army to lead on mankind in the march to that higher and better civilization of which the philosopher dreamed, and for which the soul of man has yearned since the dawn of civilization.

It ought to make and did make this Republic to be the triumphal arch of Liberty, set up and keyed to span one-third of the land surface of the circumference of the globe, and to stand forever, like the rainbow of God's promise to the peoples of the whole world, that self government shall never be destroyed from the earth.

That is what we fought for, and that is what we won in the fight.

MUSIC—SONG, Arion Quartette.

THIRD TOAST:—"The Western Soldier."

Response by GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ARMY OF THE TEN-
• NESSEE:

The war, once a reality, is now but a remembrance, but one which seems to tell of acts of valor and deeds of daring, and laborious marches which occurred but a few days since, instead of reminding us of the martial scenes of a score of years ago. Tempered by the lapse of time, with its harsher features lost in the recollection of its pleasanter surroundings, the memory of the past comes to us as a grateful memory of the men who with us braved the perils of the fight, and by the fires in bivouac and camp talked of home and friends and quiet scenes of peace. The bond that fastens soldiers together is peculiar in its strength and in its steadfast firmness. In civil life the relations existing between business men often make of them fast friends. Those in the learned professions, or those absorbed in the cares and labors of commercial work have their bonds of union and their circles of friendship. And in all those callings, whether of farm or office, which throw men together, there are personal associations which last forever. But the men who, under the flag, have marched in the same ranks; who behind the works which their own hands have built, have withstood the crash of the enemy's onset; who in the line of battle have moved side by side to victory, or overcome by numbers, and retiring in retreat, have gathered under the flag and moved forward again to a new charge; who have with their comrades, done their part in the weary watches of the picket; who with them have waded through swamps whose labyrinth of thorns and briars impeded their painful march; who have gone down with the detail to the skirmish line when they knew that in the oracle of military fate, some of that detail was marked for death on that day; and who have felt together that indescribable shudder which follows the "zip" of the minnie ball. These men are bound together by a hardy friendship which makes them give to comrades the warmest welcome, and by a tender love which is ever fond and faithful.

"Give me that flag," said a color corporal of my regiment, in the battle of Corinth, as its gallant bearer was falling with a mor-

tal wound. Seizing the standard he waved it above him, and held it there, while the faltering line, gathering new courage from this man's devotion, rallied to their work and stood in an unbroken line again. And now these men, recalling that scene when they meet, are bound by a tie of soldierly affection that neither tongue nor time can break. This marked trait of military life is almost universal with the Western soldiers.

Coming from the limitless prairies of the West, with hands made rough and hearts made stout by toil, leaving the plow in the furrow to be driven, and the crops in the field to be harvested by older hands, they gave up all when life had hope and early promise. They signed a covenant which proved their patriotic faith, and they made for themselves a record which will give to the humblest of them an enduring name. The little crosses which they bore, and the imagined burdens of their soldier life lose all weight with time, and are brought back to them in memory in scenes which tell only of happiness, and nothing of hardship. Every rail which they packed for a road through the quicksand, makes the march seem to them now a tour of pleasure, and the sound of artillery coming back from the past are to them as souvenirs of other days.

And now the flag waves over a people living in peaceful communion, and men bound by the ties of patriotic love. A short time since I attended the reunion of Crocker's Iowa Brigade, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The men of the gallant regiments of the Brigade, the 11th, 13th, 15th and 16th Iowa, which for the time I had the honor to command, were there in force. They met to revive, as we do here, the cherished memory of martial days, and to do honor to the name of that manly man and dauntless soldier, their first commander, Marcellus M. Crocker—too early dead, but immortalized forever. It happened that in that battle of giants at Atlanta on July 22, 1864, the day on which our heroic leader, McPherson, fell—the 16th Iowa, while fighting with great valor, was overborne by the superior numbers of Govan's Texas and Arkansas Brigade, of Cleburne's Division—their colors taken, and eight companies of the regiment, which were engaged, captured. With a chivalry which did him honor, General Govan, on the night of the reunion, returned to Colonel (now General) Saunders, of the 16th Iowa, the captured flag, the sacred treasure of the regiment. And in words which told the whole story, he said: "The

long list of the killed and wounded of my command bear mute, but irresistible testimony to your courage and valor, and I assure you that should it ever again be assailed, the men who opposed you that day, will stand by you in the future, and vie with you in its defence. I hope," he said, "that flag may float as long as the everlasting hills endure, over a free, prosperous, happy and united people; as long as the waters flow to the great ocean."

These were the words of a brave man, who expressed his feelings and those of the men of his command.

And the soldiers of the 16th Iowa, and of Crocker's Iowa Brigade, cheered him until the roof of the house returned the loud echo, for they had their triumph then in the words and in the presence of one of the bravest of their former foes, uniting with them under the old flag, and mingling his voice with theirs in cheering the musical strains of the Star Spangled Banner, as the Band of the Brigade saluted with that air the bullet-torn flag of the 16th Iowa.

The advance of the nation since the war is a marvel to ourselves and a wonder to the world. Shrewd men whose sagacious judgments commanded the attention of the people, had predicted prosperity, but there were not many who grasped, in their minds, the result as it has been proven by reality. A national debt of magnitude so large as to appal the best financial minds, had gradually grown until an approach to its payment seemed beyond the bounds of prophecy.

A line of iron road across the continent was driven through by sheer force and will of men who, with real wisdom, thought that they could see something in the future of the land's great growth; and then another and another line was formed to rise in prosperity and fall in disaster and revive again, until now the hemisphere is ribbed with roads. Science, with its persistent reaching toward discovery, has opened to us new avenues, sending miles away not only written messages but spoken words; new lands teeming with metallic treasures surprise us by their great production; new fields in regions unknown twenty years ago, where all then seemed a desert, now bloom in all the fullness of their fertile wealth; and, with the years, that great dead weight of debt falls month by month until what has been left of it makes no mark with those who now forecast the future. Science might have won its victories; inventions might have moved the world, and

the future might have been as prosperous; but the hands on the dial would have gone back in our own land, and the present would have been the far-off future, had not the soldiers of the army done what they did. The bonds which tied humanity and made it work without reward, they broke. The last gun which they fired, as chains parted and shackles fell, was a salute to freedom, and their advancing columns, as their shouts of victory filled the air, made the hope of the far future the fruition of to-day.

The march of the Army of the Tennessee was traced through the South by the thin boards that marked the resting places of our dead men, as we buried them here and there, from Corinth and Vicksburg to Atlanta and the sea.

On the trees was cut the blaze which told to us the course of this army's advance; but our graves gave to those who followed, the line of march of our battalions. And since the war the pages of our record tell of those who have dropped from our ranks and joined the great armies on the other side. Rawlins and Blair and Reid are there, and McCook and Smith and Yorke, and Spooner and Slack and Eldredge, and Barlow and DeGress,

It is a philosophy that gladdens even the hearts that deny its truth, that those who have gone before look down upon us now with blessings and with love, and are with us in these happy hours. Let us not mourn our honored dead. Tears for them when they die, but not to-night when we recall their manly forms, their smiling faces, and their faithful hearts. Although beyond our reach, they are still with us here, and with us hereafter they will be, when we join them in their celestial camp, in the bright light of our last victory,

"When Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning."

MUSIC by the band—"In the Morning by the Bright Light."

FOURTH TOAST:—"The Battle of Corinth."

GENERAL ROSECRANS was to have responded to this toast, but he could not be present to do so.

FIFTH TOAST:—"The Memories of the War."

Response by GENERAL JNO. W. FULLER.

When General Cox was preparing his admirable book, "Atlanta," he wrote for the names of the brigade and regimental com-

manders of the Division I once had the honor to command. I was astonished to find myself unable to give them all; astonished to find when accurate information was called for touching names, dates and numbers engaged, that I could remember so little.

Twenty years have so blended events together, that the details in many instances have faded from our memories, and only the general features are retained.

We look back upon the years which now seem like a dream, and instead of a clear view of events in their proper order, there comes before us a series of pictures, each distinct of itself, each as bright as though painted out yesterday, yet each one, like a dissolving view, soon fading away, and quickly replaced by another.

They come to us unbidden, they come without order, without connection, yet each seems as real as though we had gone back through the intervening years and again were actors in the scene. Some of them of course are personal in their character, yet many are so common to us all, that whenever recalled, they seem "familiar as household words" to every old soldier.

The hour we said "good-bye" to the loved ones at home, we shall never forget, nor the day soon after when our regiment marched for the field, for it seemed then like an army of itself. Our first battle—the time the enemy's guns first sounded on our ears, steadily growing nearer, we shall not soon forget; nor our visit to the hospital after the fight. It was the first time an intimate comrade's life was ebbing away, and we shall never forget the faint smile which greeted us, as we silently grasped his hand.

But these memories so crowd upon us, as we look back, they are so innumerable, so multifarious, that they could not be even *mentioned* in the time I have to-night. I can only ask you to go back with me in fancy to *one* of those days, which seem to me among the most charming of our soldier life.

We are on the march from Atlanta to the sea. The morning's *reveille* finds us all refreshed, and, thanks to the energy and pluck of our foragers, the hummers, we sit down to a breakfast good enough for a king. We break camp just as the sun's first rays are touching all nature with beauty, and when the head of the column has marched an hour, we halt and "stack arms," to go into the railroad business. Our men tear up the track, make huge bonfires of the ties, heat the rails to a bright red, and twist them into symmetrical corkscrews, or wind them around trees, till they

resemble huge fiery serpents. They have become proficient in this, and do it with a zest, inspired with the idea that every time they twist a rail they make the President of the Confederacy squirm in his seat at Richmond. When that portion of the railroad allotted to our Division has been thoroughly destroyed, we "take arms," and, joining our batteries near by, all move with a swinging gait along the common road.

From massa's house, which stands some distance from the highway, down come the wondering darkies to see us pass. Down they come—little and big, old and young, male and female—all shouting at once, and as they climb the high fence and all perch themselves on the topmost rails, like a row of blackbirds, they present as comical, as grotesque a picture as one could wish to see. As the various regiments and batteries march by, a running fire of fun opens between our men in the road and the darkies on the fence. One of our men says: "Hello, boys, this is a review," and pointing to one old darkie who sits perched on a projecting corner of the fence, at about the middle of the long, black line, he says, "there is the reviewing officer," and immediately dubs him "General." A comrade following, adds, "Well, he must rank all our Generals, for even Uncle Billy never had such a gay and festive staff as that." Whenever a good joke is discharged from the ranks, the darkies all laugh like the end men in a minstrel show, and whenever a witty retort comes back from the fence, a loud guffaw goes up from the road. When the fun has gone on for half an hour or more, and the rear of our Division is coming up, our friend, the "reviewing officer," discovers that another Division is following in our wake, and he seems overcome with astonishment. Just then, too, a little darkey comes galloping on a bare-backed mule, down the lane which leads from the west road, (where we all know the 15th Corps is marching), and he tells his colored friends that another big army is marching on the west road, and the "road is full of 'em fur miles!" This seems more than the "General" is prepared for. He is utterly astounded. He takes one more look at the Division in our rear. (which now begins to loom up grandly) then rising in his stirrups, so to speak, he swings his arms wildly, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Why, dars millions of 'em—jes millions!" and then dismounting from his — fence, he inquires in a more subdued tone, "Is dar enybody left up norf, whar you cum from?"

Hours thereafter, and miles further on, we notice, trudging along at the rear of one of our regiments, an old colored man whose appearance attracts our attention. He limps, but never straggles. His wool is as white as his skin is black, and he carries across his shoulder an old coffee-sack, which seems to contain about a peck of old clothes or provisions; we can't tell whether it is a knapsack or a haversack. He wears no hat, no coat, no shoes, and the pantaloons which partially disguise his nether limbs, look as though they were on their last legs, verily.

Touched by the old man's appearance, as he shuffled along, and resolved to send back an orderly to find some place where he may ride if he is going far, one of the staff rides a few paces ahead, where he can hail him, and sings out, "Uncle, Uncle, how far are you going?" The old man turns his venerable face, and lo! the "reviewing officer," he whom the boys had dubbed "the General." He seems surprised that he should be asked such a question, but straightening himself up as well as he can, he promptly responds, "*Why, I'se jined. Count me in, massa, for I'se jined.*"

We make camp in good season, for the roads have been excellent to-day, and the trains are all up. We bivouac in a lovely grove. The moon is sailing through a cloudless sky, and the evening is most glorious. The camp-fires, stretching for a mile on either hand, are blazing; the camps are all aglow; and the over-reaching pines form a beautiful canopy over a scene which is both charming and picturesque. The band at headquarters plays finely while we are at supper, soon after which we light our pipes and saunter forth to enjoy the enchanting hour. In one regiment, voices, clear and rich, make splendid harmony, and the chorus following each stanza, taken up and carried by the swell of hundreds of other deep voices, is grand. In another regiment, an improvised band of flutes and guitars, violins and a French horn—yes, and a *violincello*—is playing delightfully. As we have but one wagon to a regiment now, we wonder how these instruments have been smuggled along, and are told that the violincello came swung up, like a hammock, in the top of an ambulance. Here they are, at all events, and in skilled hands withal, for their music, fills us with delight.

Nor are we the only ones made happy, for our colored servants at the kitchen fires, reinforced by numerous recruits, keep time to their own wild music, in a grand, walk 'round dance. As we

draw near, we feel loth to intrude upon them, for we discover that the occasion, if partly festive, is also religious in its character. We approach near enough, however, to see something of what is transpiring, and to hear distinctly. that

"De day ob Jubilee
Am a-comin', am a-comin'."

And then the clear notes of the bugle ring out, echoing, echoing, in every regiment, and as the sound of tattoo is floating on the night air, and the festivities are everywhere hushed, we reflect, how true these black men have ever been to us, and to our cause; and we stop a moment, and silently thank God, for their sakes, as well as ours, that it surely and quickly is, "a-comin', a-comin'."

As no artist can paint the grand and ever changing panorama of a great battle, so there are memories within the soldier's breast which no man can describe.

When comes a day which calls forth every resource he possesses, when anxiety grows most intense, when success and disaster seem intermingled, when regiments are wasting rapidly away, when the dead are lying where they fell and the wounded cannot be removed, when at last some mighty struggle wrests victory from defeat, and the soldier sees the enemy is flying, and hears the hoarse glad shout of comrades rising up to Heaven, *then* come welling up within his heart and thrilling every fibre of his being, emotions which, though they live forever in his memory, can find no utterance in words.

MUSIC by the band.

SIXTH TOAST:—"The State of Ohio."

Response by GOVERNOR CHAS. FOSTER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It seems almost an intrusion to talk of civil affairs to-night. The State of Ohio! I think it is new to me; yet I've heard of it before. The State of Ohio has honored me, but recent occurrences seem to say I've had all the honor I'm to get. Yet Ohio is a great State. I know it well; have seen it many times all over. She is great territorially, physically, numerically, commercially and agriculturally. Two years ago she grew more wheat than any other State. She is second in minerals and iron manufactures, and she is great in charity. She rose aloft when the call to war was sounded, and was great then, but she is greater than all in

her people, and especially in the beauty of her women. Ohio has figured largely in the councils of the Nation, in the army and in the world. Ohio is peculiar. Her industries are in equal proportions, and it seems to produce in Ohio men a similar rate of proportionate knowledge or level-headedness. In this way I account for Ohio's prominence. Other States call us pig-headed and greedy, especially in the matter of public office. This is not true, but I can say that when an Ohio man gets a place, he fills it so prominently that no one else is seen. It may be an accident that Generals Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Presidents Hayes and Garfield, Chief Justice Waite and others were born in Ohio. But I say it is the level-headedness of which I spoke.

MUSIC by the band.

SEVENTH TOAST:—"*The Surgeons of the Army.*"

Response by DR. J. H. HERRICK.

COMRADES, FELLOW-SOLDIERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

As you are aware, it is not the province of surgeons and medical men to talk. They, as the soldier, are distinguished, not by their much speaking, but by action. Hence, you will pardon me for certain formality in what I have to say.

To recall the vivid scenes of surgical experience, is like reviewing the shadows of a faded dream. I had almost forgotten them in the active duties of peaceful life. Twenty years of private practice in peaceful and luxurious homes, does not make one long for the destructive carnage of a battlefield in which to apply his surgical skill, especially if he has had experience in a few campaigns.

Twenty years!! As we look back over the intervening time, we almost draw back at the thought that we are the veterans of those terrible scenes that recur to us as but yesterday. We had forgotten the reveille, surgeon's call, taps, the booming cannon, shrieking shell and the whizzing minnie. Faint glimpses of ghastly wounds, cries for help and groans of the dying steal over us in these recollections like a nightmare.

The meeting of old comrades enkindles again the emotion of twenty years ago. We enjoy them not because we wish them back, but because of a common sympathy which exists between those who stood shoulder to shoulder in the fiery furnace of battle.

You ask my special response to the special line of duty to which I was called, the surgeons of the army.

To this sentiment it is impossible at such a time and in this distinguished presence, to express the full sentiment of my heart.

The surgeon's mission is to heal, to cure, to establish conditions for recovery.

The soldier's mission is near death, ruin and destruction.

What business has the surgeon with you; what alliance can there be between the beneficent sanitary purpose of the surgeon and sanguinary destructive purpose of an army for war?

These vivid reflections came over me with stunning force on the afternoon of Sunday, the 20th of September, 1863, when the hosts at Chickamauga were in deadly combat; my hospital was within sight and hearing of the contending forces, the ambulances loaded with mangled, bleeding victims were coming with their loads which were deposited for the tender, skillful hand of the surgeon, and then returned for fresh victims; my soul cried out over the apparent conflict in duties imposed upon you and me.

I was reared under the principles of the gospel of peace.

To be a surgeon of an army for war, I must reconcile the incompatibilities. The surgeon amputates an offending member, removes a malignant growth, extracts an offending substance.

The operation is terrible; the results salutary.

We may reflect that the body politic may become affected with a loathsome, malignant disease which requires the ordeal of a severe operation. Who is able for the task?

Surely only a trained, disciplined army, with its regiments, brigades, divisions and army corps, acting jointly for a common purpose, all under the guidance of an intelligent leader. Such an army is able to seize the desperate opportunity, and make the operation that shall give hope to the struggling victim.

For the body politic, you were the surgeons.

For the mangled bodies of our comrades as individuals, the army surgeon was in demand.

His services were essential to your success. You could not have put down the Rebellion, without the army surgeon. There have been sometimes expressed the feeling that the medical department was ignored. This may have been true when your service ranks were equipped for a grand review, when the soldier was emboldened by his perfect health he could ridicule the

surgeon as old quinine, but when grim disease came, or the shock of battle was felt, you begun to make peace with the surgeon.

We found in the army, as often in civil practice, the same old ditty was true: The devil was sick, the devil a saint was he. The devil got well, devil of a saint was he.

You often uttered severe strictures, criticisms against the surgeons. Limbs, you say, were sacrificed which should have been saved.

You often, from your standpoint, passed severe judgment upon the medical department.

With the same propriety we could retaliate upon you, and often with better knowledge of the conditions involved.

I believe that no arm of the service was more skillfully and successfully managed.

The surgeon had nothing of the inspiration of contending forces to nerve his arm for duty. His work was done in a quiet, unostentatious way. He was ever to be the patient, ever watching handmaid of the army. His work was never done. His care never ceased. After the march he must see that the sick and the wounded were provided for. On the march he must ever watch for the faltering fainting one. Even his hours of sleep were interrupted by the wants of suffering comrades. After the battle he must "gather up the fragments" of the shattered host and offer, under often the most unfavorable circumstance, the best means for restoration. In the hospital his care was unceasing.

The diseases he had to treat were often under the most uncontrollable circumstances.

The wounds you made were not such as to distinguish you skilled artisans viewed from our standpoint. You disregarded all the established principles of surgery; surgical anatomy received no respect from you; the great cavities of the body, the popliteal space, scarpers triangle, the triangles of the neck were all alike to you. We have what we call beautiful cases, splendid operations, but in your work I am unable to compliment you on the character of the wounds you made. You amputated limbs to be sure, but you showed no care for the beauty or utility of the stump. You tore open arteries, leaving nature to check the life current as best she could. You made plastic operations upon the face, but the physiognomy in good society would not have been regarded as an improvement.

I saw one man, a tall, lank fellow, after the battle of Chickamauga, with a ball hole directly through the larynx, through which he breathed; his power of speech having been lost he prowled about like a spectre, in silence, helping himself to any thing he wanted without asking any questions.

Our enemy were just as careless as you as to how they slung their balls. My old friend here, Colonel Lynch, got a ball through the cavity of the chest, breaking ribs and tearing through the delicate tissue of the lungs. In this condition you left him to breath out his last. General order was issued announcing his death, with a lament at the loss of so gallant and valuable an officer.

Such relics of the war all over the land stand as living witnesses of the skill and efficiency of the army surgeon.

The immediate results of battle were impressed upon no one as upon the surgeon. He gathered the mangled living victims from among the ghastly forms of the dead.

Often he witnessed a heroism far greater than that displayed in the fatal charge—amputation of an arm.

Who can so well realize the situation at Chickamauga as the surgeon. Both armies were defeated, and like jaded beasts, were bearing their shattered remnants away. A pale, silent, solemn full moon shrouded in mist came upon the horizon after the successive bayonet charges that ended the last day's battle. It was my duty to remain with the wounded, having charge of the Division Hospital, which was located at a spring to the left of the field, where thousands had been gathered for surgical care.

I took my horse and rode back on the ridge to the rear, where our combined forces, under our late gallant and beloved commander, General Geo. H. Thomas, had met and repulsed the repeated charges of the enemy.

My horse stumbled in the furrows ploughed by ball and shell; the groans of the wounded and dying came up from the deathlike stillness, while back in a deep gorge there came, in the awful stillness, the plaintive song of the whippoorwill, which you so vividly remember during the summer bivouac.

The scene in its awful stillness after the tempest that had just passed, is indelibly stamped upon my mind.

I rode back to my hospital resolved to stay with the wounded.

There for twelve days after the battle, we remained caring for the wounded, as we could, burying part of the dead, as far as pos-

sible. The wounded were paroled and sent to Chattanooga, except one too far exhausted to endure the removal.

That lone night I placed him on as good a bed as I could improvise; under the flickering light of a candle stuck in a bayonet which was stuck in the ground, there he verbally made his last will and testament of all his little personal effects, to be given to the loved ones at home; then repeated the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd"—and that was the last of Geo. W. Wing, of Strongville, this county—amputation of an arm.

These incidents, my comrades, give but a glance of the varied awful yet faithful duties of the surgeon.

The surgical history of our late war will stand for all time as a testimony for the system, fidelity and skill of the surgeons of the army. No surgical history of any war of ancient or modern times can give such a showing.

The same surgical history reveals the fact that the army surgeon was not only exposed to the dangers arising from excessive fatigue and constant contact with disease, but also directly to the fatalities incident to war. As many medical officers lost their lives and were wounded in time of battle as any other officers of any other staff corps of corresponding rank, disproving the popular fallacy that in time of battle the post of medical officer is one of comparative safety.

MUSIC—"Surgeon's Call," Bugle.

EIGHTH TOAST:—"The Army of the Tennessee."

Drank to standing.

MUSIC,—"*Marching through Georgia*," Arion Club.

NINTH TOAST,—"*Grand Army of the Republic*."

Response by GENERAL FAIRCHILD.

In the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, I thank you, Mr. President, for honoring that organization by this complimentary toast. And to you, gentlemen, I give a hearty response from the Grand Army of the Republic, with best wishes for the long continued prosperity and happiness of the members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which represents one of the most gallant armies which ever marched under any flag.

I know that I am standing in the presence of many of the vet-

erans whose names adorn and honor the roll of the Grand Army of the Republic; men who are received everywhere, and by all classes, with enthusiastic applause; men who have a home in the warmest corner of the hearts of all who served with them during those terrible days when you were battling to save the very life of our dear country. Therefore, I feel much embarrassed, seeing, as I do, so many here who could discharge the duty you have assigned to me to the greater satisfaction of this gallant company. But there is not an ex-soldier in the land who could not, from out of the depth of his heart, say a word on this, or any other, occasion, in honor and praise of that most excellent Society, springing into life as it did in 1866, just at the moment when it was naturally wanted, based upon loyalty, fraternity and charity, three of the highest virtues which can adorn the character of an American citizen, it could not but grow in numbers and increase in usefulness.

Based upon loyalty, yet there is not now, and never has been, in that Society any apparent hatred of the people of the once rebellious states. There is now, and has been always, only the kindest feeling manifested toward them. No word of abuse of them is ever heard in a post. Nor is any taint of political partizanship ever found in a post. But there always has been, and is now, manifested an intense love of our country, and deep, unyielding hatred of rebellion and treason. Willing and anxious to speedily heal all wounds caused by our unhappy war, the veterans are not in the least inclined to lower the standard of loyalty to the Union flag, which should protect each citizen in his God-given right to stand the equal of every other citizen before the law. Based upon fraternity, they have with fraternal feeling banded together, a body of friends knitted each one to the other by bonds stronger than any other, except the family tie. It has been well said that it is the prerogative of friendships to grow old with one's friends. In youth, we provide a store of friendships for our old age, and we, in our army life, gained a rich additional store of sweet friendships for our solace in these years, when evident signs of age are everywhere in our midst so apparent. Well, my friends we'll go down the hill together, hand in hand, as we climbed the hill together, shoulder to shoulder with elbow touching elbow, and, as one by one our ranks thin out, we will with loving hearts and tearful eyes bear the dead to the grave, and ever after, so long as a

single comrade lives, shall the sweet flowers of the springtime be with friendly hands placed upon their last resting place, and sons and daughters and their children and children's children will observe that beautiful custom for generations to come.

To bury the dead comrades with proper ceremony, is one of the duties of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Based upon charity, we know too well that it is the sad fate of many of our comrades to fall into distress. Poverty pinches and the world seems cold and forbidding. To such an one the doors of the hearts of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic are always wide open and to him assistance is given. Not charity doled out with unwilling hands, but charity so readily and heartily extended, as, ceasing to be like charity, it rather seems like, and is, a brother helping brother.

But in other directions this Society is productive of great good. In its social aspects it is a most attractive organization. Scattered throughout the country over four thousand Posts are established. Proper rooms are occupied for the ordinary business meeting, and for not infrequent social gatherings; camp fires are held, when the wives and children and friends are invited in, and pleasant, healthful amusements enjoyed; an occasional dance and supper, or the reading of a paper by a brother upon some subject interesting to the members, or some comrade gifted in that way, speaks at length of matters pertaining to the war, or the issues growing out of the struggle. In very many places nearly all of the social life and amusements are under the leadership of the local post. To the honor and praise of the members of the Grand Army it can be truthfully said that wherever they so lead, temperance and good order are sure to prevail, so that everywhere the members of the order enjoy the esteem and confidence of the best of their fellow-citizens.

The Grand Army of the Republic receives within its fold all worthy Union veterans. It is confined to no one army corps or command. It has a membership of over two hundred thousand, and is the natural home of every honorably discharged soldier and sailor. I hope that the day is not far distant when the name of every such sailor and soldier will be found upon its roll.

Again, comrades, I thank you for remembering the Grand Army of the Republic on this pleasant festive occasion, and I heartily thank you for permitting me to be here with you.

MUSIC by the Band.

TENTH TOAST:—" *The Old Flag.*"

Response by GENERAL W. E. STRONG.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

Those who have bled for it, those whose comrades have died for it, those who face to the foe have followed it, those who have carried it into the enemy's works, planted it there, made a living wall around it, their breasts in the leaden hail, speak lovingly of it as the "old flag." Why does the American soldier guard it so tenderly? Why so freely shed his blood to render it stainless? Why do poet and author and musician vie in telling the marvels of its history? It is because around it cluster such stirring memories of march and battle; such sacred recollections of heroic deeds, that the sight of it makes the blood of the American leap through his veins and his heart glow with honest pride that the flag is his, and that it is the emblem of his native land. Of all that I have looked upon in life, the handiwork of the sculptor and the painter; of all that I have looked upon of mountain, canon, lake, valley and stream, nothing has stirred my heart like the "old flag," the symbol of the majesty and glory of fifty millions of people.

On the loftiest peak of Popocatepetl, on the highest summit of Orizaba, in the heart of Africa, from the frozen headlands of Cape Lieber to the orange groves, from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate, beyond the seas in every land and every clime its beautiful stars and stripes and folds have kissed the breeze and shone resplendent. In peace or war, on land or sea, wherever it waves, the language of the flag is freedom, protection to the humblest citizen of the Republic.

"January 2nd, 1776, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the ensign of England, bearing in its union the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, was striped in its field with thirteen alternate red and white stripes, emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies against the oppressive acts of the ministerial government of the Kingdom of Great Britain."

June 14th, 1777, the American Congress resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

April 4th, 1818, Congress passed a resolution, "That from and

after the Fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white, in a blue field; that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; such addition to take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission."

When the opening gun of the Rebellion was fired, the stars had increased to thirty-four. When Lee surrendered to Grant the number was thirty-six, and now we see thirty-eight.

"The flag was unfurled for the first time at the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777. It witnessed the operations against and the surrender of Burgoyne, and helped to cheer the patriots of the army amid their sufferings around the camp fires at Valley Forge. It waved triumphant at the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown; looked down upon the evacuation of New York, and shared in all the glories of the latter days of the Revolution."

We see this flag carried by the Nation's soldiery in the battles and campaigns of the war of 1812. We see it carried to the heights of Chapultepec. In memory, we see it floating proudly in the breeze above the bayonets and gleaming guns of the battalions of the Army of the Tennessee, marking distinct and clear the lines of battle in readiness and eager for the fight. From the right rear and the left rear come marching grandly to the front through open wood and tangled thicket, across marsh and meadow land, and over fields of waving grain, with long swinging strides, line on line, column on column, and here and there we catch glimpses of it again waving majestically. Beyond the batteries, in ravine and valley, creeping up the hill slopes, dotting the sides of mountains and way in advance of the lines of battle among the skirmishers we see it still again waving defiantly, dancing in the breeze, advancing, receding, disappearing, but fluttering again further to the front amid smoke and flame and bursting shells. In memory, we see the veterans of the Armies of the Potomac, the Cumberland and the Tennessee—heroes of a hundred battles—bear it to the front over slashed timber with limbs entwined and interlaced—over cheveux-de-frise and abatis—over snares and pitfalls—over torpedoes sown beneath the surface of the ground and across ditches, under a deadly fire. We see a daring color-sergeant of the Second Division, 15th Corps—whose name is forgot-

ten on earth, but written in the roll of heroes in Valhalla, scale the works of Fort McAllister, and drive down the flag staff on the parapet closely followed by the color guard, who group about him to protect the flag. The next instant all are swept away by one discharge from a howitzer, and the colors lie in the ditch torn to shreds and covered with the blood and mangled bodies of its brave defenders. An instant later it is rescued and planted again upon the enemy's works, and kept there by the men of the Army of the Tennessee till the fort is ours. The flag flying on the parapet of Fort McAllister, with its folds rent with seam and gash, blood stained and faded, and which, but a moment before was trailing in the dust, is the same that waved at Brandywine and Yorktown—at Lundy's Lane and Niagara—at Palo Alto and Resaca. It is the same flag that waved in all its beauty and glory from the main truck of the Cumberland, while that ship was sinking before the guns of the Merrimac, the blue waters of the Chesapeake crimsoned with blood closing over it at last. It is the same flag that waved at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness—on Shiloh's bloody field—on the Vicksburg hills—above the clouds on the heights of Lookout, and over all the land at Appomattox. Storms have beat upon it. Shot, shell and bullets have been rained at it. For more than a hundred years, it has marked the way for, and been the guiding star of the American soldier.

Muffled and subdued by time, yet distinct and clear we hear the inspiring notes of martial music. We see the old flag everywhere thrown to the breeze. We see our land aglow with the fires of patriotism, and then come the volunteers. Two million eight hundred thousand of the Nation's bravest and best march grandly away from all they hold dear, and bear their part in the battles and campaigns of the mightiest war in history.

At last, east and west, after a hundred battles, their duty done, there stood of all our armies eight hundred and fifty thousand bronzed veterans, victors with not a thought of conquest, warriors with thoughts only of home and friends and loved ones, led in their thoughts of peace as they had been in their deeds of war, by our own beloved commander, Ulysses S. Grant.

The years roll on. We are growing old. The storm of battle is but a memory. The tramp, tramp of the volunteers and the measured tread of the regulars is scarcely remembered except by

comrades who yet remain. The cannon that thundered at Vicksburg and Gettysburg are rusting in the Nation's storehouses, or transformed into monuments, mark the resting places of the Nation's dead. The musket, the carbine and the sabre hang idly upon the walls in a million homes, a constant reminder of the dear old days when we preserved the touch of elbows to the left and our feet kept time to the music of the Union. We are growing old. The youngest of us who marched and fought in the great Rebellion are well on in middle age—the gray hairs come creeping in, and scant locks and grizzled beards prevail in all our gatherings. Year by year our ranks grow thinner and soon even the drummer boys of 1861 will have passed away. "The limbs that fought, the hearts that swelled are crumbling into dust, but the flag for which and under which we fought survives." Our days are numbered, but the Nation's emblem will live on and on and on. To those who hate it, more terrible than the lightning—to those who love it, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

"Red, white and blue, wave on;
Never may sire or son
Thy glory mar;
Sacred to liberty,
Honored on land and sea,
Unsoiled forever be
Each stripe and star."

MUSIC by the band—"*Star Spangled Banner*."

ELEVENTH TOAST:—"The Citizen Soldier."

Response by GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

MR. PRESIDENT:

There seems to be a patriotism, or love of country, existing among people everywhere, no matter under what form of government they may live. Under some forms of government, however, it must be stronger than in others.

In countries where the people are separated in classes and the great majority have no part or lot in the fashioning or controlling the government, it would appear strange that they should feel, strongly attached to it, especially where oppression is their only reward for being faithful citizens. Yet even under governments of this kind, they raise great armies, build strong navies and fight bravely under their own flag. They may, however, be stimulated

at times by the hope of gain and plunder, at other times by the hatred they bear to people of other countries with whom they are at war. The strong tie, however, would seem to be the love of home, and the kindred attachment for the soil on which they were born, but how much stronger must be the love of home, the attachment to country where the people are a part and parcel of the government itself; where the power and control of the government rests and resides in and with them; where they are the parts that make up the whole and are all that there is of it. This is our republic. Each and every citizen is a sovereign. Where pure patriotism is as untrammelled as the sea and as boundless as the air. And, sir, truly and well did the citizen soldier of this republic show his love, his veneration and attachment for his country. His will as unyielding as the fires of a volcano, his determination as unbending as the storm, and with courage as faithful as the sun, he went forward to do and die that his Nation might move on in its course of liberty as smoothly and trackless as the stars.

When the blasphemous challenge of secession and barbarism was sent across Charleston Harbor to the patriotism of the citizens of our Republic, the lovers of liberty throughout the world doubted our willingness, as well as our ability to grapple with so bold an adversary. But, sir, the challenge was readily accepted, and as the news spread throughout the land, the stalwart yeomanry of the North sent the watchword trembling all along the line, and leaping from lip to lip crying, "Union and liberty, or death."

The smouldering fires of patriotism were rekindled in every breast, and in a very short time became one universal blaze, and with an inspiration of the nation's past, its present and the hopes of its future, the citizens came forth from the snow-capped hills; from the valleys and the plains; from every pursuit and profession. I fancy I can see them now, and that I can hear the shrill notes of the fife and the rattle of the drum; "they come like the waves come, when navies are stranded; like the winds come when forests are rended." If the fertile soil of the North had been sown, by the fabulous hand of magic, with Dragons' teeth, it could not have sooner produced a crop of armed men.

War began, and marches commenced, the clash of arms resounded over hill and dale. Tramp, tramp was heard in the storm and in the sunshine, over mountain and across valleys, through wood,

thicket, swamp, and glen; across streams, some wide and some narrow, some deep and some shallow. At times the soldiers were joyful, and others sad. The rattle of the musket and the thundering of red throated artillery continued through days, months and years. Engagements were constant, and blood flowed like the rain's fall. Armies melted away, and navies disappeared. From the crimson ground, bathed by the blood of our fallen heroes, an appeal ascended to Heaven where angels gathered around the great white throne, and wept tears of sorrow for the anguish of our country. But when the end came, the wife embraced her husband, the mother her son, the sister her brother, and neighbors fell upon the necks of each other, and wept for joy. Happy day. Cheer upon cheer went up, when our old starry banner gleamed forth with the brilliancy of the starry decked plains of heaven, and flashed out with all its glory.

These citizen soldiers were not adventurers; were not mere seekers for vain glory. They were, as citizens, prior to their entering the army, energetic and intelligent, the majority were of the best blood of the land. They were not in search of fame or fortune. They fought for the unity of our country, the flag of our fathers. They battered down the walls of barbarism; they struck down prejudice against color and race. They bore up the cross of humanity and opened the pathway to christian charity. They stamped out the smouldering embers of slavery and kindled them anew with the pure fires of freedom. They broke the chains that held a part of humanity in the gulf of despair, and lifted a race up into the sunlight of a christian civilization. They were the builders of constitutions and liberators of men; they were the destroyers of barbarous statutes and the framers of human ones. They were the preservers of the rights of the greatest people now in history. With their swords they wrote the imperishable underlying constitution of free government. They preserved the "jewel of liberty in the family of freedom," where it will put forth its lustre and reflect its glory forever.

When their work of war was ended, they went to their homes. The mechanic to the shop; the farmer to the plow; the lawyer to his brief; the physician to his drugs. Some found their places open and some found them filled. Some had lost their clients and some their patients, but soon they were all absorbed again into society; the surface became smooth; the angry billows of war had

rolled away. Many, many found that others who did not engage in the war, had taken their places.

The farmer had supplied himself with labor, the merchant and banker the same. Clients had found other lawyers, the sick other physicians, and so in nearly all the pursuits of life. They were shut out, but no cry of despair was uttered, no complaint was heard. With the same heroism that they faced death, they went forward in search of new fields. Many went to the mines, many to the plains of the far west, to hew out new fortunes and start new homes. No demoralization had seized them; they learned self-reliance and self-sacrifice. Many who had made great fortunes in their absence, were left to enjoy the fruits of their success.

The sneers of many at the poor soldiers was passed with silent contempt; the example set by them to the civilized world has no parallel in history.

The South was saved as well as the North. This was made all one country, with like interests. We must be one country, one people, with one common object; that of making this the greatest and best Nation in the world, and that the tree of liberty planted by our forefathers, whose roots were refreshed and watered by the blood of our citizens, shall bloom, grow and produce fruit that may be tasted by all mankind.

To our dead comrades who fell in battle, who suffered and died in hospital, who died in the loathsome prison pen, some sleep in beautiful cemeteries, some in sunken and unknown graves. They live in the hearts and memories of all loyal people. Their names shall live on with time, and become dearer as the wheels roll on.

They will ever stand

"As lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows on high;
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had reared to count his ages by."

MUSIC—"Old Shady," Arion Club.

TWELFTH TOAST.—"The Army of the Potomac."

Response by GENERAL ED. S. MEYER.

The Secretary, not being able to get from General Meyer a copy of his response, gives the following clipping from a newspaper:

He said the Army of the Potomac was placed like a wall of fire between the nation's capital and the menacing host. It was composed of the flower and figure of American manhood. Through all its vicissitudes, its unswerving loyalty held it alive to its duty, and it never gave up. In the midst of impenetrable darkness and apparent defeat it recovered and marched to victory. It followed for four years its different leaders, but it won all the victories with its own blood. The old Army of the Potomac struck the keystone from the rebellion, and saw the whole fabric totter and fall. He closed by saying there would be no brighter page in American history than that on which were recorded these trials, struggles, reverses and final triumph of the grand old Army of the Potomac.

THIRTEENTH TOAST;—" *The Loyal Women.*"

Response by GENERAL FALLOWS.

GENTLEMEN:

It has become a social axiom which nobody pretends to deny, unless it be some intensely disappointed and crusty old batchelor, or else a dyspeptic, misanthropic woman-hater, that woman is necessary to human society in general. It is equally true that she is no less necessary to man in particular.

Mrs. General Logan visited, a short time since, one of the most beautifully situated of our soldiers' homes. She met a very old soldier, scarred and worn, who was hobbling about with great difficulty. One might justly have supposed that he had got beyond any special regard for anybody but his own sex.

But, gentlemen,

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.

She said to him: "This is a beautiful place; you must be happy here?"

"Humph," he replied. "Well, yes, madam, it is a beautiful place, but, good heavens! how can a man be happy where there are no women?"

The American woman is necessary to the American man. Her royal intrinsic worth makes her doubly dear to his heart, and doubly necessary to his destiny. The creation of the poet's fancy and of the artist's imagination is pulsating flesh and blood in the high hearted womanhood of the American republic.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel's light.

She is a woman made more beautiful, strong, commanding, and helpful still when thoroughly loyal to that country beneath whose glorious sky, and under whose benignant institutions she develops into the most enchanting "type and tabernacle of love" the world has ever seen. She is a woman (as is every true woman) averse to war as war, earnestly striving to shower the benedictions of a peace-maker instead of the maledictions of a hate-maker, wherever her influence may extend. A woman who was in liveliest sympathy with the wish and sentiment of Thomas Buchanan Read, when, within sound of the enemy's guns he fervently said:

O that some beautiful bird of the south
Would build her nest in the cannon's mouth,
And stop this awful roar.

For the roar of every cannon sent a tremor through the loyal, loving woman's heart, and the news of every battle clouded the brightness of her home, presaging too often "the horror of great darkness," which was to settle down upon her life.

But when the war had been forced upon an unwilling people, making union or disunion the momentous issue, then the loyal woman's patriotic purpose rose to the urgent necessity and greatness of the occasion. Her courage mounting on the suppressed sobs of her soul's sorrow to heights never reached before, urged on to the rescue of the endangered flag the husband of her youth, the first born of her sacrificial affection, the Benjamin of the household, and the lover who had plighted her his vows.

Had there not been generals enough of the sterner sex—men of transcendent military ability—to lead the armies of the Union to victory, you may be sure there would have come from the loyal women of our land a Deborah (Sherman) or a Joan of Arc (Grant) to meet the imperious demand. A loyal woman wrote that work, equal to three hundred thousand men, "Uncle Tom's

Cabin," and another wrote that magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (rendered so beautifully in our hearing last night by Miss Mitchell), which was sung by more than a million of Father Abraham's martial choir:

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord.

The mighty instinct of motherhood, quickened by an ecstatic patriotism, made the loyal woman feel the birth-pangs of the new nation, and cry out, though in anguish almost unbearable: "O God, give a speedy and happy deliverance to the country of my love."

I met, during the war, in the caboose of a freight train on a Wisconsin railroad, a mother who had sent four sons to help save the Union. Two of them, I think, were in the regiment of one of Wisconsin's bravest soldiers and most gallant officers, my honored comrade and our distinguished guest, General Lucius Fairchild. She said to me: "Sorely though I miss my boys, if I had four more who were old enough I would send them with the rest."

The loyal woman was swifter than Achilles to run on errands of mercy for the boys in blue. She was more alert than Argus with his hundred eyes, and more active than Briareus with his hundred hands, to devise and carry out plans for their comfort and consolation in the hospital and in the field. By her piety and devotion she kept open the communication between the headquarters above and the loved ones who were fighting below.

Many a lad has come back from the dangers of a score of the bloodiest fields of battle to throw his arms around a loyal mother's neck and say: "Mother, I knew you'd pray me through."

The dying soldier has gone more readily to the front because a loyal, sympathizing woman was by his side; and the heaven-angel has taken up the work of ministry and blessing where the earth-angel laid it down.

Honor! unspeakable honor! then to the loyal women of our land, loyal to-day as ever, to home, to husband, to child, to sweetheart, to country, and to God.

FOURTEENTH TOAST.—"*The Army of the Cumberland.*"

Drank standing.

MUSIC by the band.

FIFTEENTH TOAST.—"*The Volunteers.*"

Response by COLONEL AUGUSTUS JACOBSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:

Brave deeds done for humanity never die, but grow younger with age.

When upon this soil was born the first child of our race, the genius of America stood by the humble cradle and said: Unto you and unto your children forevermore do I give this noble land. It is a land unequalled for resources. Manifold and plentiful shall be the harvests. There shall be enough and to spare for all, full measures shaken down and running over. Hitherto the world has been full of strong governments and weak people. In this land, in schools free for all, shall be taught ideas clear as diamonds, and broad as the universe. Intelligence shall make the people strong, and the strength of the people shall be the strength of the government. There shall be a fair field for all, and favor to none. By doing noble deeds each man shall here at pleasure write his own patent of nobility. The sweetest lay of the poet, the cunningest strain of the musician and the never ending note of the trumpet of fame shall be for the child of the humblest cottage.

Then in due time came our revolutionary fathers, and declared that all men are created equal. George the Third said it was not true, and he sent over here thousands of Englishmen to deny it. Then the men of '76 took down their old fowling pieces and flint locks, loaded them to the muzzle with the Declaration of Independence, and fired enough of it into Englishmen to make them weary of all denial. Then came peace, and struggling humanity began to flock hither. We fed the hungry, clothed the naked, gave land to the landless and homes to the homeless. We took from their dark dungeons the dazed victims of oppression and set them in the sunshine and fresh air of American liberty. We gave so fair a field to all that the sons of European peasants, with a thousand generations of hewers of wood and drawers of water behind them, have here become chiefs. From his native bog and into the steerage, out of the steerage, and through the Castle Garden of his day, in rags and tatters, carrying all his earthly belongings in a pocket handkerchief on a shillelah, came the Irishman whose son, Andrew Jackson, became the hero of New Orleans and President of the United States.

And we taught all, native and foreign born, to love, cherish and

uphold the Union and the nation, not only for ourselves, but as the nursery of self-government for all mankind. We taught all to love and cherish as their own every inch of the soil of this imperishable Republic.

The more Liberty laughed with delight, the more Slavery growled with rage. In the very midst of our dreams of national grandeur, Slavery, frenzied to lunacy, seized weapons to establish upon our territory an alien government and an alien flag. Then uprose the people, and cried, War! Lead us to war! From mountain and prairie, from hill and valley, with the power of the untold millions that are to be, laden with the manly tones of our comrades since slain for liberty, came the voice of the people: Upon our soil to the end of time, there shall be but one flag, one government and one nation, and it shall be our flag, it shall be our government, and it shall be our nation.

The band strikes up. The bugle sounds. The drum beats. There are kisses and there are tears. They part who shall never meet again. The heart of the Nation is in its throat. The commanding officer mounts. He draws his sword. Attention—Battalion! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Forward—march! and the volunteers move off into history.

All about us doing the work of every day life are men such as were the volunteers. Peter Woodland stands in the Hudson river tunnel, by the air lock. The tunnel caves in! There is yet time for him to save his own life. There is only an instant of time in which to save the lives of his comrades, and if life for them, then not for him. Peter Woodland stands there, helps eight of his comrades to pass out into life, and for himself welcomes the waters of the Hudson, which quickly come and transform him into an immortal hero.

The volunteers were men like Peter Woodland. Each volunteer was capable of the supreme test of heroism, that of freely laying down his life for his fellow men. I see the volunteers now, on the march, through the dark moss-clad forest of the South. I see them round the camp fire reading the last letters from home. I see one stalwart fellow steal away by himself to kiss the picture of the woman he loves. I see the volunteers on drill, on parade, on review. I see the volunteers—No! what's that? I hear volleys of musketry and the boom of cannon! The enemy is advancing! And now I see a hundred of our guns

ploughing his ranks. The attack is checked. The enemy wavers. He is repulsed. And now our line advances. Elbow to elbow our men are driving the enemy before them. They are moving up on his works. They are going over. Now they are in his works. The flag waves over them. And now I see the cavalry coming in on the flank with drawn, gleaming sabres, their steeds on the dead run, trampling down the enemy, and above the roar of battle I hear the ringing shouts of victory! victory! victory! for the Union and the Nation.

Braver men than those who fought us have not trod the earth. There is no lost cause. Liberty conquers but leaves no vanquished. Liberty conquers and fills the air with invisible olive branches. The fairies are weaving, of the tears of the bereaved, robes of immortality for those they loved. Sweeter than early violets, and imperishable are the flowers with which we cover the graves of our fallen by making this land what they died to make it.

The volunteers fought for American ideas, the school and the ballot, freedom and equality for all. The American idea is not to level men down to equality. The American idea is to raise men up to equality by means of intelligence. In our Commonwealth an ignorant man is so much, by weight, of political dynamite. The American idea of equality can only be understood by keeping one eye upon a school house. Equality is the child of Justice. The children of Equality are Concord and Peace. Government by all the people is founded upon common sense. A government of all, by all, gives a fair field to all, and gets the benefit of the brains of all. A government of the many by the few gives a fair field only to the few and gets the benefit only of the brains of the few. Inequality is the off-spring of Injustice. Inequality breeds discord and war. Had there been no inequality in our land, there would have been no war. The safety of a republic lies in equal citizenship. A government of all, by all, which gives a fair field to all and gets the benefit of the brains of all, sends to the head of the army, Ulysses S. Grant, and to the head of the Nation, Abraham Lincoln. Born into the world like hundreds of thousands of the volunteers, with only his own hands and his own brains to help him, Abraham Lincoln, the people's Father Abraham, inspired the volunteers by deeds than which none will be longer remembered, by words than which none loftier have come

from human lips, to fire all their volleys for that equal citizenship which had borne him from his humble obscurity to be in the hour of peril the matchless leader of the people.

The volunteers took a people distracted and disorganized at home; humiliated abroad, without money, without credit, cabinet officers, judges, senators, representatives and military officers leaving the sinking ship, the President-elect forced to hasten prematurely in disguise, under cover of night, to the seat of government, the flag going down, the Sumter cannon-ball crashing through the air, all this desolation the volunteers took, and moved on from Bull Run to Donelson, to Shiloh, to Cornith. And as they marched and fought, for every black man kidnapped from Africa during two hundred years, one of the volunteers laid down his life—seeing this, as they marched and fought, the volunteers split up the slave auction blocks for camp-fires, and then they consecrated the site of each camp-fire for a future school-house for the training of free, equal and intelligent American citizens—as the volunteers marched and fought, they held up the hands of Abraham Lincoln while he stood up before the people and proclaimed the year of Jubilee—as the volunteers marched and fought, their thoughts waxed great with their deeds, and they gathered up and put upon their banners all the dreams and all the aspirations for the welfare of mankind, of all the prophets and all the poets, of all the sages and all the seers, of all the heroes and all the martyrs of every race and of every clime, to be carried home for new amendments to the Constitution—the volunteers moved on to Gettysburg, whence on the Nation's birthday the intrepid legions of the East grasped in victory the loving hands of the men of the West at Vicksburg—thence through Georgia to the sea, through the Wilderness, through Dinwiddie, Five Forks and Appomattox, to peace, and then the volunteers gave back to humanity a flag waving in glory at home and abroad, a united and regenerated people, a great and mighty nation, the pride and joy of every patriot—the volunteers gave back to humanity a land consecrated by sacrifice to lofty ideas and generous principles, to American ideas and American principles; a land in which forevermore it shall be sweet to live and sad to die.

MUSIC by the band.

SIXTEENTH TOAST.—“*The Press.*”

Response by HON. R. C. PARSONS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I suppose I am asked to reply to this toast to the press on the *lucus non lucendo* principle, that I am not connected with the press at all, but as once a general, always a general, once a judge always a judge, once an editor always an editor, it may be proper for me to answer to my name as the roll is called, and make no exceptions to the demand made upon me. But I desire to say that it is with extreme reluctance I speak at all before this distinguished audience, and only wished duty forced me to perform some other service. I sincerely regret I can not address you as a brother in arms, for it is the great disappointment of my life that I was unable to take my share of the burdens of the field fighting for my country in the late war. It certainly was no lack of patriotism that kept me away. Had it been possible I should have regarded it as the highest privilege to have served my country side by side with you, and shared your trials, your victories and your honors.

And first let me state that I am requested to say, on behalf of the press and the citizens of Cleveland, that we deeply regret the absence this evening of that illustrious soldier and statesman, General Grant. Wherever the roll of the drum is heard upon the earth, there the name of General Grant is held in distinguished honor and regard. We rejoice that after having served his country with a modesty and merit all his own, both in the highest military and civil service, after having won all that can be given in the way of praise and human applause from his fellow men, he can now in the ripeness of his manhood sit under his own vine and fig tree, enjoy the fruits of a lasting peace, look back upon the battles he has fought and the victories he has won, and calmly contemplate the blessings that surround a grateful and happy people. Long may he live the foremost citizen of the Republic to enjoy the respect, esteem and affections of his countrymen. [Great applause.]

We rejoice to welcome that other son of Ohio, General Sherman, the commander in chief of the armies of the Republic. His fame is secure. It is said that wherever Achilles moved, after putting on the armor forged for him by Vulcan, the blazing splendor of his presence, heroic port, and dauntless courage put terror into the hearts of his enemies. So it was with Sherman. He

dazzled mankind by the splendor of his achievements and the number of his conquests.

And when he started on that now immortal march to the sea, as he deliberately forced his way into the midst of his enemies, the great heart of the North almost stood still in awful suspense, not knowing what fate might befall him. As no news came from him day after day, as he and his noble army seemed to have disappeared from public view, as men feared disaster and defeat had followed his footsteps, a feeling almost of hopeless despair crept over our people. And when he appeared at the head of his victorious legions, safe, sound, gloriously triumphant, how the nation shouted with joy. Do you remember how, after Horatius had defended the bridge at Rome, he plunged into the Tiber, clad in all his armor, and with what repute the people he had saved saw him rise above the waves and swim for the shore?

“And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry.
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.”

[Great applause.]

I wish I had time to speak more at length of the personal history of the other distinguished guests here to-night, but time forbids. We greet you all, men of the Army of the Tennessee, and extend to you a cordial welcome.

We know your history. We have wept and shouted over your battles. The guns of Donelson, and Shiloh, and Vicksburg, and Atlanta shook our hearts as well as yours. We rejoiced with you, and at times almost went wild with joy at your triumphant victories.

But, gentlemen, do you suppose that you owe your fame and your success to your own abilities and your strong right arms alone? Have you never heard that the pen is mightier than the sword? Did you not have a power superior to all military knowledge to instruct you, teach you what to do, and what not to do, in the press of the country? [Laughter.] When you performed some mighty feat of valor, did not the press catch up the story, and on its millions of white wings send it flying to every corner of the land? You might have lived and fought, or died unknown and forgotten but for the press. It hugged you in its mighty

arms. It bathed you in its caresses. It praised you, sang your songs of triumph, and electrified a continent with your history. And the press is always right, that is, if not right to-day it is to-morrow or the day after. It always has time for reflection and correction. [Great laughter.] Does not everybody, who reads the newspapers, know how easy it was after the battle of Bull Run to have turned that defeat into victory. There was not one editor in the land that could not see the blunders made on that field and correct them. Why, if the *Daily War Eagle*, or the *Watchful Sentinel* or the *New York Bull Dog* could only have distributed its papers to the soldiers on that day, would not all have been well? Everybody now knows that it would. Why, Mr. President, since the war was over, and I had occasion in a newspaper to criticise the movement of the armies as they went to battle, as I read my views printed on the best of paper, and saw the swelling periods full of wisdom and military knowledge, I have wondered why it was that a wise Providence had not placed a particular editor at the head of the army, and all these errors of judgment on our part might have been avoided. [Laughter and applause.] The press sits in judgment upon all earthly affairs: From that tribunal there is no appeal. It knows all about law, war, peace, statesmanship, history, the arts, science and legislation. As we read daily its stores of knowledge, as it sits in judgment on the affairs of men, as it knows the secrets of all hearts and lays bare the records of mankind, we wonder that so much wisdom can be found, so much intellect can have survived the fall.

I am not sure but the war would have been a failure but for the press. I have sometimes wondered how it was that Cæsar fought his battles in Gaul, without suggestions from the ubiquitous reporter. We know that the wife of Cæsar dreamed she held her dead husband in her arms the night before he was killed, and begged him not to go to the Senate House. If Rome had had a *Daily Eagle*, Cæsar would have been told about the proposed murder by a dozen reporters, and his life would have been spared, and Rome might have remained mistress of the world until this day.

A free press, an intelligent, honest press is the pride and glory of free men. A free press and an enslaved nation cannot live together. I do not include as a part of a free press those combinations of ink and paper, published by dirty men to gain a dirty living. They are no more a part of the press proper than the

polecat or the jackal which follows an army for carrion and offal, are a part of the majestic host which marches onward with waving plumes and glistening bayonets. [Great applause.]

Gentlemen, let us drink to a free press, an enlightened press, an upright, pure press; one that, like charity, is not easily puffed up, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, rejoiceth in the truth. With such a press the world will grow better and wiser, and men will honor and submit to its guidance. [Prolonged applause.]

The programme of toasts and responses being completed, the President declared the banquet and meeting of the Society adjourned.

CEREMONIES.

On Wednesday afternoon the Local Committee furnished carriages for the members to drive through the city—many being private carriages kindly tendered by the citizens of Cleveland—and nearly all availed themselves of the opportunity of doing so, extending their ride to Lake View, visiting General Garfield's tomb. Others went by special train furnished by the "Nickle Plate Railway."

Thursday afternoon there were two receptions. General Leggett held "open house," from two until six o'clock, a most courteous, kindly and generous attention to our members. The General and Mrs. Leggett, assisted by members of his family and special friends, welcomed the callers, making all feel the enjoyableness of the hours.

The pleasures of the social converse, music, refreshments and flowers, gave smiles and strong feelings of gratification to every visitor, and the praises were hearty.

Colonel Wm. Hamilton Harris, formerly of the army, and who served during the war, threw open his spacious home—though not a member of our Society—in his well known hospitable manner, to welcome the members of our Society—the members of the "Loyal Legion"—and their wives and lady friends. Beside the beautiful furnishing of the elegant house, its rare collection of treasures in art, it was profusely decorated with plants and flowers. Colonel and Mrs. Harris, assisted by Mrs. General Noyes, Mrs. General Fairchild, Mrs. Colonel Dayton and Mrs. Colonel Goddard, received their guests, and from two until five o'clock they were coming and gratified to the last degree. While our members should feel that a very marked and high compliment was paid them, Colonel and Mrs. Harris may be sure it was appreciated, and expressions of thanks were equally generous.

DECORATIONS.

There was no attempt made by the Local Committee to decorate "The Tabernacle," the place where the business meetings were held.

Euclid Avenue Opera House was resplendent. At the back of the stage, full width on canvas, was a representation of the Rebel attack on Fort Robinette. On either side of the stage was a Gatling gun. Leaning against the presiding officers' table was a painting of General McPherson, wreathed with laurel. The proscenium boxes were draped with flags and festooned with evergreen wreaths; on the upper right box was a picture of General Sherman, and on the opposite, a picture of General Sheridan. The entire extent of the gallery was beautifully arranged with flags, interspersed with shields which bore the names of the prominent officers and battles in which the Army of the Tennessee participated, a specially conspicuous one was "Shiloh." The vestibule of the theatre was most handsomely decorated with flowers.

Much attention was given to decorating the Banquet Hall—Roller Rink—and the effect was certainly charming. The tables were set crossing the room, one, that occupied by the President and speakers, was placed lengthwise on the west side. The north end of the hall, including the gallery, was festooned with flags and a large wreath of flowers as a shield in which was, in flowers, "Welcome to the Army of the Tennessee," underneath being portraits of Presidents Lincoln, Grant and Garfield. At the south end was festooning of flags and wreaths, encircling a painted scene representing a squad of foragers returning to camp from one of their expeditions. The wall at rear of the President was decorated with flags and shield giving names of the dead of our Society; immediately behind the President was a painting of General McPherson; still to the rear, standing as in a clump of shrubbery or young trees, are representations in paintings of soldiers, cannon, etc., etc. Suspended from the roof and made in basket form, was a representation of our Society and the corps badges of the Army of the Tennessee, and the names of Grant, Sherman, McPherson, Howard and Logan, the commanders of the Army, and the word "Welcome," the whole tastefully made of flags and shields.

COMMITTEES.

The various committees were announced by the Local Executive Committee as follows:

HEADQUARTERS EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, }
SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
KENNARD HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO. }

The Sixteenth Annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, to be held in this city October 17th and 18th, 1883, will be under the charge of the following committees:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

Captain Josiah Barber, Secretary.

General James Barnett,	Colonel Frank Lynch,
Major C. H. Smith,	Major Peter M. Hitchcock,
Captain John Mitchell,	Captain F. W. Pelton,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,	Captain W. C. Bidle,
Major A. L. Howe.	

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

General J. J. Elwell,	Hon. J. H. Farley,
D. P. Eells,	Colonel John Hay,
Major F. H. Braggins,	Major W. F. Goodspeed,
S. T. Everett,	Colonel Geo. A. Garretson,
Belden Seymour,	Edwin Cowles,
Hon. R. C. Parsons,	J. H. A. Bone,
W. W. Armstrong,	Colonel W. H. Harris,
General G. M. Barber,	Hon. R. P. Spaulding,
Colonel O. H. Payne,	B. D. Babcock,
Samuel Andrews,	John Tod,
Thomas Axworthy,	Dr. H. J. Herrick,
Hon. S. O. Griswold,	W. J. Boardman,
Captain W. C. Cowan,	Hon. M. A. Foran,
Hon. W. G. Rose,	Captain John Crowell, Jr.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Captain F. W. Pelton, Chairman.

Colonel Frank Lynch,	Captain Louis Smithnight,
Colonel J. N. Frazee,	General M. D. Leggett,
M. A. Hanna,	Dr. H. W. Kitchen,
Colonel H. N. Whitbeck,	Hon. Geo. W. Gardner,
Wm. Edwards,	Geo. W. Short,
S. T. Everett,	Thomas Jones, Jr.,
L. McBride,	Thomas Axworthy,
H. R. Groff,	Wm. Bingham,
O. J. Hodge,	Dr. N. B. Prentice.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION.

Captain Josiah Barber, Chairman.

Captain W. C. Bidle,	Lieutenant M. F. Madigan,
Major Peter M. Hitchcock,	Major A. L. Howe,
Captain J. W. Conger,	Colonel John Dempsey,
General James Barnett,	Captain J. H. Lapham,
Captain C. C. Dewstoe,	General Ed. S. Meyer,
Colonel E. S. Coe.	

COMMITTEE ON HEADQUARTERS AND HALLS.

Colonel Frank Lynch, Chairman.

Captain Louis Smithnight,	L. G. Hanna,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,	Captain Josiah Barber,
Captain Byron Pope.	

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

Major Peter M. Hitchcock, Chairman.

O. C. Scoville,	Dr. H. W. Kitchen,
Major E. H. Eggleston,	Isaac Reynolds,
Geo. W. Gardner,	Colonel E. Sowers,
M. A. Hanna,	J. F. Pankhurst,
Hon. Chas. A. Otis,	Colonel M. R. Dickey,
Colonel J. S. Pickands,	Dr. N. B. Prentice.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION.

Captain F. W. Pelton, Chairman.

Captain A. J. Ricks,	Robert Blee,
J. M. Ferris,	Isaac Reynolds,
Geo. W. Short,	Captain A. T. Brewer,
Geo. W. Gardner,	Captain Joe. Shields,
Lieutenant James Storer.	

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION.

Colonel Frank Lynch, Chairman.

L. G. Hanna,	Captain L. T. Scofield,
General M. D. Leggett,	Captain J. Barber,
Major A. L. Howe,	Major C. H. Smith,
Colonel Albert Barnitz,	Colonel H. E. Hill,
Captain M. J. Britton,	W. S. Jones,
Colonel John Hay,	Geo. E. Hartnell,
Captain Wm. Southwell,	Captain G. C. Barnes,
J. M. Gasser,	J. M. Curtiss,
Captain John Kirby,	Captain Patrick Smith,
Captain A. J. Hamilton.	

COMMITTEE ON TOASTS.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

Colonel E. A. Scoville,	Wm. Bingham,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,	Captain John Mitchell,
Colonel W. H. Harris,	Colonel M. R. Dickey,
General Ed. S. Meyer,	Lieutenant Poole,
Captain John Crowell, Jr.	

COMMITTEE ON BANQUET.

General M. D. Leggett, Chairman.

General James Barnett,	Captain J. Barber,
Colonel Albert Barnitz,	Captain Louis E. Lambert,
Colonel H. E. Hill,	Captain E. A. Webb,
Captain David Auld,	Captain James McMahon,
Captain Wm. Smith,	Captain John Crowell, Jr.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

L. G. Hanna, Chairman.

John Pankhurst,	Captain Levi Bauder,
Captain W. J. Gleason.	

COMMITTEE ON MARSHAL AND ESCORT.

Colonel J. N. Frazee, Chairman.

Captain James McMahon,	Lieutenant M. F. Madigan,
Captain W. A. Ludlum.	

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING.

Captain Josiah Barber, Chairman.

Captain W. C. Bidle,	Major C. H. Smith,
Captain E. M. Hessler,	Captain J. B. Molyneaux.
Lieutenant J. M. Carrington.	

COMMITTEE ON PARAGRAPHING.**Major F. H. Braggins, Chairman.**

J. H. A. Bone,	Lieutenant M. F. Madigan,
Morris E. Perkins,	Charles Thiele,
W. Scott Robinson,	N. S. Cobleigh,
Wm F. Swift,	Hon. John C. Covert,
Hon. O. J. Hodge,	Captain J. C. Rowland,
F. H. Pierson.	

Many of these committeemen belonged to other armies and army societies and a number of others not having been soldiers, took a generous interest as citizens of Cleveland in aiding our local committee, and were certainly valuable to it—our Society expressed its appreciation in passing a resolution of thanks.

SONGS.

No small part of the interest and enjoyment of our reunions is that of music and songs as they are sung by many in our rooms at hotels and at the exercises. Below are, therefore, printed what are termed army songs, that all may know them, believing the Society will accord full approval.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And the bright and happy days now gone before,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
'Tho I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we will breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved homes.

In the battle front we stood, when their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before they reached our lines, they were driven back dismayed,
Then we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As I think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed, his eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called his weeping son to him—
Weep not, my boy, the vetran said, I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill.
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

The Sword was brought, the soldier's eye lit with a sudden flame,
 And as he grasped the ancient blade, he murmured Warren's name,
 Then said, my boy, I leave you gold, but what is richer still,
 I leave you, mark me, mark me well,

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

It was on that dread, immortal day, we dared the Briton band,
 A captain raised that blade on me, I tore it from his hand;
 And while the glorious battle raged, it lightened freedom's will,
 For boy, the God of Freedom blessed

CHORUS.—The Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

Oh keep that sword, his accents broke, a smile and he was dead;
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade upon that dying bed
 The son remains, the Sword remains, its glory growing still,
 And twenty millions bless the Sire

CHORUS.—And Sword of Bunker Hill, etc.

OLD SHADY.

Yah! Yah! Yah! Come laugh wid me,
 De white folks say old Shady am free,
 I 'spec de year of ju-be-lee
 Am a coming, am a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
 Den away, den away, for I am going home.

REPEAT.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer,
 Den away, den away, for I am going home

Oh! massa got scared, and so did his lady,
 Dis chile break for old Uncle Aby,
 Open the door, for here's old Shady,
 A coming, a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good bye Mass. Jeff. good bye, Mass. Stephens.
 'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins,
 I 'spec by and by you'll see Uncle Abraham
 A coming, a coming,
 Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Good by hard work without any pay,
I'ee going up North where de white folks say,
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Am a coming, am a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Get up old Sambo and blow de horn,
Don't you see de dust raising ober de corn,
Dat's Sherman's Bummers sure's I'm born
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! I'ee got a wife and a nice little baby,
Way up North in the Lower Canady,
Won't they shout, when they see old Shady
A coming, a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

Oh! here's to General Grant, de brave and true,
He captured Vicksburg and Richmond too,
He made de rebels think the very devel in blue
Was a coming, was a coming,
Hail mighty day.

CHORUS.—Den away, den away, I can't stay here no longer, etc.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shown bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea."

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea;
And the stars of our banners shown brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Proceedings of the Society

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men,
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And the blessing from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resacca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

Oh proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song of our chieftain,
That echoed over river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shown brighter
When Sherman camped down by the sea!

CHORUS.—Then sang we a song, etc.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle boys! we'll sing another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee Boys will never reach the coast!
So the saucy rebels said, and t'was a handsome boast
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee, etc.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

- ELDRIDGE, MRS.,
Widow of General H. N. Eldridge.
- HALL, MRS. ADA, Paducah, Ky.,
Widow of Colonel John P. Hall.
- MILLS, MRS. JANE S., Cincinnati, O.,
- PORTER, D. D., ADMIRAL U. S. NAVY, Washington, D. C.
- RUTGER, MRS. MARY L.
Widow of Lieutenant Francis Rutger.
- SMITH, MAY, Bloomington, Ill.
Daughter of General Giles A. Smith, deceased.
- YORKE, MRS. MARY, Cincinnati, O.,
Widow of General L. E. Yorke.

MEMBERS

BY THE THIRD AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION

BLAIR, ANDREW,

Son of Major-General Blair.

HITT,

Son of Captain J. E. Hitt.

HURLBUT, GEORGE H.,

Son of Major-General Hurlbut.

WALKER, R. T.,

Eldest son of Captain J. B. Walker, deceased.

LIFE MEMBERS.

Captain J. Barber.
Major S. E. Barrett.
Major J. B. Bell.
Lieutenant John Crane.
Colonel M. Churchill.
Captain W. Z. Clayton.
Major E. C. Dawes.
Colonel L. M. Dayton.
Captain C. F. Emery,
Major J. A. Fitch,
Major-General M. F. Force,
Lieutenant R. H. Fouts,
Major P. M. Hitchcock,
Captain E. O. Hurd,
Major A. L. Howe,
Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper,
Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Krughoff.
Captain A. C. Kemper,
Major-General M. D. Leggett,
Brigadier-General C. E. Lippincott,
Colonel Frank Lynch,
Captain Wells W. Leggett,
Captain Louis E. Lambert,
Brigadier-General G. F. McGinnis,
Captain F. H. Magdeburg,
Captain John Mitchell,
Lieutenant M. F. Madigan,
Major Henry M. Neil,
Captain F. W. Pelton,
Surgeon S. C. Plummer,
Surgeon J. B. Potter,
Brigadier-General L. F. Ross,
Captain C. Riebsame,
Brigadier-General J. B. Sanborn,
Major-General Jno. E. Smith,
Captain C. W. M. Stark,
Colonel W. T. Shaw,
Lieutenant Henry Sherman,
Major Charles H. Smith,
Lieutenant-Colonel L. S. Spalding.
Colonel D. N. Welch.

MEMBERS

OF THE

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

Adams, H. C., Lieutenant, Indianapolis, Ind. .
Alexander, W. L., Captain, Des Moines, Iowa.
Andreas, A. T., Captain, 99 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Andrus, W. D. E., Lieutenant, Rockford, Ill.
Ankeny, R. V., General, Des Moines, Iowa.
Atkins, S. D., General, Freeport, Ill.
Avery, William, Colonel, Woodstock, Ill.

Baker, E. L., Captain, Red Wing, Minn.
Baker, A. J., Lieutenant, Centreville, Iowa.
Bain, Wm., Lieutenant, St. Louis, Mo.
Baldwin, W. H., General, Cincinnati, O.
Banks, J. C., Lieutenant, Cincinnati, O.
Banks, Lyman, Captain, Muscatine, Iowa.
Barrett, S. E., Major, 156 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Barnes, J. W., Colonel, Memphis, Mo.
Barber, J., Captain, 249 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.
Barnum, W. L., Colonel, 19 Major Block, Chicago, Ill.
Bane, M. M., General, Salt Lake City.
Barto, A., Captain, Sauk Centre, Minn.
Bacon, John M., Colonel, Washington City, D. C.
Beach, W. Morrow, Surgeon, London, O.
Beardsley, J. M., Major, Rock Island, Ill.
Beem, Martin, Captain, 17 Howland Block, Chicago, Ill.
Belknap, W. W., General, Washington, D. C.
Bell, J. B. Major, Toledo, O.
Bennett, J. LeRoy, Captain, Honore Building, Chicago, Ill.
Bingham, J. D., General, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas.
Bixby, A. S., Captain, Danville, Ill.
Blizzard, A. C., Lieutenant, Malcolm, Iowa.
Blakeslee, E., Captain, Ironton, Wis.
Bolton, Wm. H., Colonel, Chicago, Ill.
Bennett, T. W., General, Richmond, Ind.
Bohn, A. V., Major, Leadville, Colorado.
Bond, J. W., Surgeon, Toledo, O.
Borland, J. J., Lieutenant, 242 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.

- Boggis, James H., Captain, Lock Haven, Penn.
Bostwick, N., Surgeon, Mt. Vernon, O.
Bowen, John B., Surgeon, Bridgetown, Cumberland Co., N. J.
Bragg, F. A., Major, 358 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Brinton, John H., Surgeon, 1423 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Bristow, B. H., No. 20 Nassau St., New York City.
Brush, D. H., General, Carbondale, Ill.
Brush, Sam'l T., Lieutenant, Carbondale, Ill.
Brush, C. H., Colonel, Ottawa, Ill.
Bryant, George E., Colonel, Madison, Wis.
Buckland, R. P., General, Freemont, O.
Burns, Wm. S., Captain, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.
Busse, G. A., Captain, 180 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Butler, Speed, Major, Springfield, Ill.
- Cady, W. F., Surgeon, LaFayette, Ind.
Cadle, C., Jr., Colonel, 5 Mason St., Cincinnati, O.
Calkins, W. H., Major, Laporte, Ind.
Callender, B. M., Captain, 254 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.
Campbell, S. L., Captain, Cincinnati, O.
Campbell, R. M., Captain, Peoria, Ill.
Campbell, J. Q. A., Lieutenant, Bellefontaine, O.
Carpenter, C. C., Colonel, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.
Carpenter, S. D., Surgeon, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Castle, H. A., Captain, St. Paul, Minn.
Cole, Nelson, Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Cavender, John S., Colonel, St. Louis, Mo.
Caldwell, J. I., Surgeon, Adel, Iowa.
Carroll, H. S., Lieutenant, Clarksville, Mo.
Chadwick, C. C., Captain, 88 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.
Chase, R. J., Captain, Sioux City, Iowa.
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Clark, W. C., Lieutenant, Lithopolis, Fairfield Co., O.
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- Darling, B. F., Captain, Dennison, Crawford Co., Iowa.
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Dyer, C. H., Major, Chicago, Ill.
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White, Major M. Hazen
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Woodworth, Surgeon John M.
Wright, General Crafts J.
Yorke, General L. E.

OFFICERS

ELECTED AT TEMPORARY ORGANIZATION,

Raleigh, N. C., April 14th, 1865.

President,

Brigadier-General W. B. Woods.

Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

ELECTED AT RALEIGH, N. C.,

April 25th, 1865.

President,

Brigadier General John A. Rawlins.

Vice Presidents,

One from each Army Corps.

Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton,

Corresponding Secretary,

Surgeon John M. Woodworth.

Treasurer.

Captain Addison Ware.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1866.

President,

Major-General John A. Rawlins.

Vice Presidents,

Major General John A. Logan,
Major General F. P. Blair,
Major General R. J. Oglesby,
Major General Giles A. Smith,
Major General W. W. Belknap,
Brigadier General Cassius Fairchild.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1867.

President,

Major-General John A. Rawlins.

Vice Presidents,

Brevet Major General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.,
Major General Giles A. Smith,
Major General John McArthur,
Major General W. W. Belknap,
Brigadier General Cassius Fairchild,
Brigadier General John S. Cavender.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1868.

President,

Major-General John A. Rawlins.

Vice Presidents,

Major General John A. Logan,
Major General G. M. Dodge,
Brevet Major General B. F. Potts,
Brevet Major General W. Q. Gresham
Brigadier General T. C. Fletcher,
Brigadier General J. M. Rusk.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1869.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Major General G. M. Dodge,
Major General C. C. Walcutt,
Colonel John Mason Loomis,
Brigadier General J. M. Rusk,
Colonel D. C. Coleman,
Brigadier General W. J. Landrum.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1871.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

General James R. Slack,
Colonel Thomas Reynolds,
Colonel C. Cadle, Jr.,
Captain George Puterbaugh,
Colonel W. H. Heath,
General J. M. Thayer,
Captain George A. Henry.
Colonel B. H. Bristow,
Colonel James H. Howe,
Captain J. Barber,
General J. W. Sprague,
Colonel C. B. Hinsdale.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1872.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

**Colonel George E. Bryant,
General Ed. S. McCook,
General Wm. E. Strong,
General John W. Fuller,
Major John E. Simpson,
General Edward Hatch,
Colonel Wm. F. Vilas,
General L. E. Yorke,
General John B. Sanborn,
Colonel N. R. Ruckle,
General I. J. Bloomfield,
General John W. Noble.**

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1873.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Major General John A. Logan,
Colonel A. H. Markland,
Major General John Pope,
Brevet Brigadier-General J. M. Hedrick,
Colonel George E. Wells,
Major General John E. Smith,
Lieutenant John Crane,
Brigadier General R. N. Pierson,
Colonel Frank Lynch,
Brigadier General F. S. Hutchinson,
Major J. P. Smith,
Brigadier General John Tilson.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer.

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1874.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Major General W. W. Belknap,
Major General John W. Fuller,
Major General G. F. McGinnis,
Captain J. A. Wasson,
Brigadier General J. M. Rusk,
Colonel Thos. C. Fletcher,
Brigadier General W. R. Marshall,
Major General Chas. C. Walcutt,
Colonel W. M. Ferry,
Major L. S. Willard,
Major General J. M. Thayer,
Major Geo. R. Steele.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1875.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

General Wm. Vandever,
General C. E. Lippincott,
Captain John H. Monroe,
General J. W. Sprague,
Major E. C. Dawes,
General Robert Macfeely,
Colonel E. M. Joel,
General W. Q. Gresham,
Colonel George E. Bryant,
General B. H. Bristow,
Captain A. S. Bixby,
General J. B. Sanborn.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1876.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Major General John A. Logan,
Colonel John M. Woodworth,
Major J. W. Powell,
General Wm. T. Clark,
Colonel Kilburn Knox,
Captain D. H. Gile,
General George G. Pride,
Lieutenant W. B. Stevenson,
General Max Woodhull,
Major Wm. Bowen Moore,
Major Ed. Spear,
Captain S. M. Laird.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1877.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

**General Walter Q. Gresham,
General Thomas C. Fletcher,
General A. L. Chetlain,
Colonel W. J. Landrum,
Colonel Thomas Reynolds,
Colonel Charles A. Morton,
Colonel R. F. Patterson,
Major J. G. Everest,
Major A. A. Perkins,
Captain W. S. Williams,
Captain Geo. H. Heafford,
Surgeon A. E. Heighway.**

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer.

Major-General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1878.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Brigadier General Green B. Raum,
Brevet Brigadier General Theodore Jones,
Major J. A. Fitch,
Colonel F. C. Deimling,
Brevet Major H. C. McArthur,
Colonel Wm. S. Oliver,
Brevet Colonel J. C. Stone,
Brevet Brigadier General Dwight May,
Brevet Brigadier General E. H. Murray,
Lieutenant Colonel W. P. Davis,
Major R. M. Thompson.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

• Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer.

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1879.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Brigadier General Joseph Reynolds,
Brigadier General Benj. Spooner,
Colonel Frank Lynch,
Major Wm. E. Ware,
Captain C. C. Chadwick,
Major M. A. Higley,
Brigadier General L. F. Hubbard,
Colonel Geo. E. Bryant,
Colonel W. J. Landrum,
Captain J. B. Raymond,
Brigadier General M. M. Bane.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1881.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents

General E. W. Rice,
Colonel J. E. Tourtelotte,
General J. C. Stockton,
Captain W. S. Williams,
Captain W. H. Barlow,
Major Samuel Mahon,
General L. F. Hubbard,
General Willard Warner,
General Reuben Williams,
Colonel Addison Ware,
Major J. J. Bell,
Colonel W. M. Vogleson.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major General M. F. Force.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1882.

President,

General W. T. Sherman.

Vice Presidents,

Colonel G. D. Munson,
Colonel John M. Bacon,
Major H. M. Neil,
Surgeon C. Goodbrake,
Brevet Brig.-General H. N. Eldridge,
Major A. A. Perkins,
Major A. L. Ogg,
Captain J. H. Monroe,
Colonel George E. Bryant,
Captain E. L. Baker,
Colonel John W. Noble,
Brigadier-General John D. Stephenson.

Recording Secretary,

Colonel L. M. Dayton.

Corresponding Secretary,

Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper.

Treasurer,

Major-General M. F. Force.

